UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

WALT WHITMAN AND THE CIVIL WAR

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILADELPHIA
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To

DOROTHY

PREFACE

THE central idea of this book was born of a long-standing interest in Whitman and his work, and the discovery that, though many phases of his life had already been diligently investigated, his relation to the Civil War had been left relatively unexplored. I cannot too warmly acknowledge my gratitude to Professor Edward S. Bradley, of the University of Pennsylvania, who ably directed the progress of this book, and whose unfailing sympathy and friendly encouragement helped to solve many a difficult problem which arose in connection with the organization of the material. I also wish to express my indebtedness to Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn, also of the University of Pennsylvania, who suggested the subject of this book. To Professor Emory Holloway I am deeply thankful for his interest in my work and for the many suggestions and points of information he kindly contributed. For permission to use the material in this volume I cordially thank the officials of the Library of Congress, especially those in the Manuscript Division; the trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library; and Mr. Oscar Lion, of New York City, who courteously put his extensive Whitman collection at my disposal. I am also glad to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to Mr. Clifton J. Furness for allowing me to copy his rich collection of notes gathered from the Bucke and Perry collections. Professor S. Foster Damon has done all in his power to make my visit to the Brown University Library both pleasant and fruitful. I tender my thanks to the New York Public Library, the New York Historical Society, and The American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, for supplying me with much needed information and for promptly answering every query I addressed to them. Mr. Will S. Monroe, of Waterbury, Vermont, has been good enough to lend me copies of letters Whitman wrote to Trowbridge.

Mr. Alfred Goldsmith of New York, known to all Whitman scholars, has sent me some valuable information. Colonel P. M. Ashburn, Librarian of the Army Medical Library, has taken great pains to answer every question I sent him regarding Whitman and his services in the war. To all those, too numerous to mention, who have contributed in any way to the making of this book, I express my sincere gratitude.

C. I. G.

Philadelphia
October 15, 1932

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ABBREVIATIONS

Only those works to which references are frequently made are given in this list of abbreviations.

Barrus	Clara Barrus. *Whitman and Burroughs, Comrades.* Boston and New York, 1931.
Barton	William E. Barton. *Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman,* Indianapolis, 1928.
Camden	Horace L. Traubel. *With Walt Whitman in Camden,* Vol. I, Boston, 1906; Vol. II, New York, 1908; Vol. III, New York, 1914.
C. P. W.	*Complete Writings of Walt Whitman.* Vols. I–X, New York, 1902.[1]
Donaldson	Thomas Donaldson. *Walt Whitman, the Man,* New York, 1902.
Furness	Clifton Joseph Furness. *Walt Whitman's Workshop,* Cambridge, 1928.
Holloway	Emory Holloway. *Walt Whitman, an Interpretation in Narrative,* New York, 1926.
Inc. Ed.	*Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. Inclusive Edition.* Edited by Emory Holloway, New York, 1924.
Perry	Bliss Perry. *Walt Whitman, His Life and Work,* Boston and New York, 1906.
U. P. P.	*Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman.* Collected and edited by Emory Holloway, Vols. I, II, Garden City, N. Y., and Toronto, 1921.

[1] The ten volumes of this edition are divided into two sections: the first, consisting of *Leaves of Grass,* is in three volumes; the second, comprising the *Prose Works,* is in seven volumes. In conformity with the usage in the indexing of this edition, references have been made to Volumes I–X. By this arrangement the first volume of the *Prose Works* becomes Volume IV of the set.

INTRODUCTION

THE purpose of this book is to edit, without revision, a number of Whitman manuscripts which either deal with or belong to the period of the Civil War. While the function of the editor is obviously not that of the critic, some work of interpretation is called for in arranging the sequence of the notes and in indicating their significance. It is hoped that by this means a fuller and truer estimate of Whitman at the most crucial and dramatic time of his life will be made possible.

If many of these jottings seem fragmentary and stenographic, it is because they were written by the poet in haste and under particularly trying conditions; they were set down in his diaries or hospital notebooks wherever he happened to be—in camp, by the bedside of a wounded sufferer, or on the street. Thus, what they lose in stylistic distinction, continuity, and literary skill, they gain in vividness, concision, concreteness, and power. Whitman writes while the experience is still poignantly fresh in his mind. What is here set down in black and white was originally forged on the anvil of pain. This is no metaphor: Whitman devoted himself to the cause of salvaging the wrecks in the hospitals with as much zeal and self-sacrificing enthusiasm as the soldiers who fought the battles of the war. They served on the field, he performed his duty as a volunteer nurse in the hospitals.

The unpublished manuscripts included in this book, though covering a wide range of subject-matter, all bear, in some way, on Whitman's relation to the war. The book has been divided into two parts. The first part contains all original material—whether worked into the form of articles or the rough draft for a poem—which has attained some degree of literary elaboration. First is the series of seven articles from the New York *Leader*, which form an integral part of the book, since they

were all written and printed in 1862. Like the "Brooklyniana" articles, they are of considerable importance in that they throw new light on Whitman's activities during the obscure year 1862. The first four articles conclusively prove that he was drawn into the war and ministered to wounded soldiers before he began his duties in the Washington hospitals. His work as a self-appointed missionary among the sick and wounded was no accident; it was a deliberate decision, and he served his apprenticeship, so to speak, as a nurse in the Broadway Hospital. The last three articles, the two on the Bowery and the one on the Bowery Theatre, are included by virtue of the fact that they were written during the war; they reveal his intimate knowledge of the streets of Manhattan and his early love for the theatre. Following these is the article, "The Fifty-First New York City Veterans," a spirited and racy account of the regiment in which George Whitman served so illustriously. Next comes the article, "Return of a Brooklyn Veteran," which gives a vivid description of George Whitman's military career. Then there are a number of previously uncollected letters which Whitman wrote to his mother and to various other friends, and, finally, a few manuscript poems which presumably were intended for *Drum-Taps*.

The second part is devoted to material which was not developed to any degree of finish, the rough jottings of the camp and the hospital. First is Whitman's diary for part of the year 1863. This is followed by various sections presented in the following order: war memoranda; cases of soldiers mentioned in his published works; cases of soldiers not mentioned in his published works; a number of literary jottings which Whitman either elaborated in his prose or hoped some day to use; cases of neglect and mismanagement in the hospitals; hospital incidents and miscellany; Lincolniana; and finally a section on George Whitman's imprisonment. A list of newspaper clippings relative to the Civil War, found in the Harned Collection, is given in the Appendix.

The material for this section has been gleaned mainly from the Harned Collection in the Library of Congress, and unless

specific mention is made, it is to be understood that items in the text have been taken from that collection. Besides newspaper clippings, letters, and miscellaneous manuscripts, the Harned Collection contains twenty-four notebooks belonging to different periods of Whitman's life. Selections for this book have been made only from those notebooks and manuscripts which have any relation to the Civil War. There is an old leather-bound notebook which belongs to the year 1859. There is a notebook stamped with gold "1862," but also relating to 1863 and containing the material for the article "The Fifty-First New York City Veterans," and for a number of the poems of *Drum-Taps*. The diary covering the period from January 1863 to December 1863 was kept in a diary printed for 1862; Whitman simply went through it and changed the numerals of the days of the month. The next notebook, bound in morocco leather, has stamped in gold letters on the cover, "Christian Commission," and on the inside is written, "Walt Whitman— Soldier's Missionary to hospital, camp, & Battle Ground." This raises an important issue: was Whitman ever a member of the Christian Commission?

It is worth while pausing a moment to consider the question of Whitman's connection with the Christian Commission. If he joined it soon after his return from the front, that is, some time in January, 1863, he did not remain with it for long. Professor Holloway, whose opinion I have asked, gives me permission to quote him as follows: "No evidence that I have seen would lead me to conclude that Whitman was ever officially associated with the Christian Commission. I think it unlikely that he was." Yet Traubel states that Whitman gave him a big yellow envelope on which was written, "From Office Christian Commission 343 Pennsylvania av. Washington, D. C. Commission of Walt Whitman of Brooklyn N. Y. Jan 20 1863." (*Camden*, III, 573.) And on March 10, 1863, James Redpath sent Whitman a letter in which he says that he asked Emerson to solicit some of his friends to contribute to "your Christian Commission Agency." (Donaldson, p. 143.) Yet as early as February 26, 1863, Whitman speaks of himself (*C. P. W.*, VII,

81.) as a missionary visiting the hospitals on his own account, and on March 19, 1863, (*Ibid.*, p. 92.) he calls himself "a regular self-appointed missionary to these thousands and tens of thousands of wounded and sick young men here, left upon Government hands, many of them languishing, many of them dying. I am not connected with any society, but go on my own individual account, and to the work that appears called for." No statement could be more explicit. Therefore, assuming that Whitman was officially associated with the Christian Commission, he did not serve in it longer than a month or, at most, two.

Professor Jean Catel, the author of two books on Whitman, *Rhythme et Langage dans I^re^ Edition des "Leaves of Grass"* (1855), and *Walt Whitman, la naissance du poète,* falls into a number of errors in this respect. To the *Revue Anglo-Américaine* (June 1926) he contributed an article, "Walt Whitman pendant la Guerre de Sécession d'après des documents inédits," which contains some material from unpublished manuscripts in the Harned Collection. Professor Catel places the time of Whitman's official connection with the Christian Commission in the beginning of the year 1862, whereas it was not until he returned to Washington that he could have accepted this post. Professor Catel further says that in 1864 Whitman left Washington once more for the front, having been sent there as delegate to the rear by the Christian Commission. As was pointed out above, Whitman had long ago severed his connection with that institution. Yet, regarding Whitman's homecoming in the autumn of 1864 and his visits to the Brooklyn hospital, Professor Catel still asks, "Est-il encore dans la dépendence de cette organization; ou bien agit-il, maintenant, de sa propre initiative et par ses moyens personnels? Nous ne le savons pas." We do know; the evidence is incontestable.[1]

Also incorrect in this matter is Mr. Barton in his book, *Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman,* which is marked

[1] See article by the present writer, "Walt Whitman in the Civil War," in the *Revue Anglo-Américaine,* April 1932.

throughout by a hostile spirit toward Whitman. He blames Whitman for his egotism in appropriating all three titles: Soldier's Missionary to Hospital, Camp, and Battlefield, and for lack of gratitude to the organization which supported him when he first began his work as a hospital nurse. Mr. Barton is cautious in his statements: "Just how long he remained in the employ of the Christian Commission," he says, "we do not know. His pay was presumably very small, but the delegates were supposed to be paid." [2] (*Ibid.*, pp. 60–61.) We know that the Christian Commission paid its *permanent* delegates as much as fifty dollars per month, though some delegates went to the front as volunteers, as gratuitous workers. The point is we have no evidence at all to show that Whitman was at any time supported by this organization. We might go further and question, as Professor Holloway does, whether Whitman was ever officially connected with the Christian Commission. Professor Holloway informs me that in W. A. Chandos-Fulton's "Local Press," under XI, note 2 (there are no page numbers in the Long Island Historical Society's scrapbook), there is this statement: "Since 1862 [*sic*] he has been attending the Military hospitals in Washington, as nurse and companion. His services are entirely voluntary." The Christian Commission notebook contains no evidence of his connection with this organization, and, so far as the present writer knows, there is no reference in any of his letters or published work to his services as a delegate of this or any other commission. And Whitman, especially in the letters to his mother, was unusually open and communicative about his activities in Washington. Moreover, the files of the Christian Commission, which give a list of all the delegates appointed from 1862 to 1865 inclusive (see *Annals of the United Christian Commission*, Philadelphia, 1868, pp. 602–638), do not contain Whitman's name. Nor is it possible to agree with Mr. Barton that Whitman deliberately concealed this connection, and that this "was thoroughly charac-

[2] From *Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman*, by William E. Barton, Copyright 1928, Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

teristic of Walt, and not wholly to his credit." (Barton, p. 60.) In attempting to solve this problem, Mr. Barton oversteps the strictly defined limits of evidence. "We can scarcely imagine that Walt would permanently have enjoyed work for such an organization—neither can we believe that his irresponsibility and irregularity in the matter of time and services would be permanently acceptable." (*Ibid.*, p. 61.) Such assertions are capped by a flat contradiction which occurs on the same page. At one point he says that we do not know why Whitman gave up this work, and further down the page we find him declaring that the Christian Commission discharged him—though he does not give references to support either statement.

At no time does Whitman speak of the Christian Commission in terms of disapprobation. There can be no doubt now that this organization, in spite of its sectarian aims and principles, played a prominent part, together with the Sanitary Commission, as an agency of relief. Besides its main function of keeping awake in the army the sense of the religious life, it shipped numerous consignments of food and other necessary articles to the front. The wounded were supplied with immediate necessities and their pension arranged for. Besides relieving want and distress, its main purpose was to counteract the madness and brutality of war, by preaching the gospel of Christ.

Let us now resume the thread of our discourse. Finally, there are a number of small thin white hospital notebooks which Whitman carried about with him on his visits to the hospitals and in which he entered the names and addresses of the patients, the nature of their wounds, and their particular wants. This heterogeneous material helps to explain Whitman's peculiar method of composition, the nature of the experiences he lived through during the war, and his personality which expressed itself in actual life as well as on the printed page.

The Whitman tradition is now in the process of crystallization; each year new interest is aroused in Whitman's personality and in his work; his book wins new adherents, new admirers. *Leaves of Grass* is seen not only as a great work of

original character but also as a germinal force, ever increasing its range of influence on American life. Because of this augmented interest in Whitman's poetry, many controversial problems have arisen which call for solution. His disciples, the "hot little prophets," to use Professor Perry's fine phrase, resort to extravagant eulogies, and William Douglas O'Connor's picture of him in *The Carpenter* seems to have started a cult of hero worship. His detractors, on the other hand, assail him as one who would neither work nor fight. The staunchly conservative Higginson started the mud-flinging contest by calling Whitman a slacker who idly stayed at home during the first two years of the war while the destiny of the nation was at stake. This charge has recently been taken up with equal bluntness and animosity by Mr. Barton in his book, *Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman*, in which he further essays to prove that many of the associations supposed to exist between Whitman and Lincoln were mythical. The body of notes incorporated in the present book will, it is hoped, help to settle some of these vexed issues.

The Civil War exerted a profound influence on the life of the poet. It made apparent to him his mission as a man and as a writer. For the first time he realized intensely the meaning of "These States." The faith was born in him that out of this bloody trial and sacrifice the Union would emerge strengthened in its integrity, united by new ties of loyalty and brotherhood. Its manifest destiny would be achieved. Purged of the evil of slavery, fortified by this grim struggle, it would conquer new fields of progress in industry, agriculture, and art.

His patriotism was of a noble stamp. Now that the war had come, he felt that it must be faced. Though not a jingo or militarist by nature, he maintained that the war must be brought to a decisive close, and that all energies must be bent to this purpose. Much as he loved and respected the people of the South for their innate courtesy and fine traditions, he perceived that the time for compromise or hesitation was at an end. The rebellion must be suppressed, the Union must be preserved at all costs. For the Copperheads, he had nothing but

detestation. The nation needed concerted action; dissension could only breed disaster. His Quaker leanings might prevent him from enlisting in the army and shouldering a gun; it could not weaken his patriotic conception of what he owed his country in this crisis.

The 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass* had voiced the individual soul; it had been the formative and experimental expression of a self striving for complete realization. With the outbreak of the War, he could identify himself with his people; he could be the poet of nationality. He declared in "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads," "It is certain, I say, that, although I had made a start before, only from the occurrence of the Secession War, and what it show'd me as by flashes of lightning, with the emotional depths it sounded and arous'd . . . that only from the strong flare and provocation of that war's sights and scenes the final reasons-for-being of an autochthonic and passionate song definitely came forth." And further on he states even more explicitly, "Without those three or four years and the experiences they gave, 'Leaves of Grass' would not now be existing." [3] The influence of the Civil War on his work can, therefore, hardly be exaggerated. It was for Whitman a national crisis, a living epic, a creative force.

Besides singing the pride and patriotism of Nationality, Whitman was ready to serve in the capacity that best fitted his character. It was with a feeling of consecration, a sense of being called, that he "elected" to visit the hospitals in and about Washington as a nurse and companion of the wounded. The recent discovery of the articles in the New York *Leader* disproves the charge that Whitman was drawn into the vortex of the war only by an accident, and that he loafed and invited his soul for the first two years of the war. We can see now that he was entirely justified in deciding to concentrate in the main

[3] For a discussion of the curious and significant anachronism involved in this statement, see Trowbridge's article in *The Atlantic Monthly,* February, 1902, p. 174. He accuses Whitman of having a faulty memory, though he doesn't quote the qualifying phrase as given in "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads,"—"although I had made a start before."

on his hospital experiences, for these were closest to him. His vision of the war was conditioned by the sights he witnessed as unofficial nurse in the hospitals. His war letters, printed in various newspapers, gave promise of a great work. O'Connor read with deep emotion one of Whitman's war letters in the New York *Times*, describing his hospital experiences. "Only it fills me with infinite regret," he writes, "that there is not a book from you, embodying these rich and sad experiences. It would be sure of immortality. No history of our times would ever be written without it, if written with that wealth of living detail you could crowd into it. Indeed, it would itself be a history." [4] Yet, considering the experiences he had lived through and the material he had so faithfully accumulated, we might have expected a more unified and coherent history of his relations to the war. He frankly admits that the value of his prose pieces is not chiefly literary. Their only merit is that they are vividly and honestly told. They are in many cases, as he himself realized, a mere recital of names, dates, and events, told with bare simplicity. Whitman was not blind to his own faults. From the point of view of form or content, *Specimen Days* cannot be legitimately regarded as a book. Whitman never completed an organic book of prose. And his account of the war, though gaining in immediacy by its chronological arrangement, lacks the unity, the order, the development of ideas and incidents essential to the making of a book.

The tragic vicissitudes of war did not shake Whitman's central conviction about slavery and his attitude toward the South. About all his utterances on the subject of slavery, from the time he was editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* to the end of his life, there is, with but few exceptions, a striking consistency. He was sane and temperate, and refused to be carried away by the passions of the hour. Slavery, it is true, was a noxious evil, and he wished, no man more so, to see it destroyed. But slavery was not the only evil in the world. In 1875 he was to write in his *Memoranda during the War:* "As to slavery, abstractly and practically, it is too common, I say, to identify

[4] *Camden,* II, 402.

it exclusively with the South. In fact, down to the opening of the War, the whole country had about an equal hand in it. The North had at least been just as guilty, if not more guilty; and the East and West had. The former Presidents and Congresses had been guilty—the Governors and Legislatures of every Northern State had been guilty, and the Mayors of New York and other northern cities had all been guilty." The main thing, after all, was the preservation of the Union. There is a remarkable resemblance between Whitman's views and those of Abraham Lincoln.

Aside from all this, Whitman's life in Washington was memorable and intense. There he formed noble friendships and passed through unforgettable experiences. There he consorted with the mercurial, the eloquent and talented William Douglas O'Connor; the young and admiring disciple, John Burroughs; Eldridge, his former publisher; Pete Doyle; and a host of soldier friends with whom he kept up a correspondence and who loved him sincerely, even if they did not fully understand him.

This book, in one way, supplies an omission in Whitman's life. Throughout his later years he constantly nursed the ambition of writing a complete account of his services and experiences in the war. Had he not been so sadly deprived of his health, his vitality shattered, he might have realized his plan. As it was, in spite of the serious physical handicap under which he labored, he managed to write his *Memoranda during the War,* and to contribute a number of articles to the newspapers and magazines on his war experiences, which were among the most moving and most human, if not the most artistic, contribution to the prose literature of the war, unsurpassed in their sincerity and emotional intensity. These necessarily included but a small portion of the material he had gathered at first hand. The notebooks (some of them stained with blood) which he kept at the time could have formed the nucleus of a vivid and heartrending book, revealing a phase of the war no one had as yet dared to treat in all its realism and horror. It is unfortunate that this record and interpretation of Whitman's mind and activities during the period of the war must lack

completeness. However, the writer has endeavored to bring together all the manuscripts which he could find, practically all of which have never before been printed, which would reveal Whitman's character and the nature of his contribution to the Civil War.

Since it touches matters of life and death, war is the absolute test of a man's worth, his courage, integrity, and convictions. Yet no war, as Whitman himself emphatically asserted, is ever justified. It is to Whitman's credit that he was at no time a jingo who gloried in the triumphs and trappings of war. He saw all too closely its ugly, its horrible and debasing side. He saw no romance or beauty in killing off the enemy, especially when the enemy happened to be blood-brothers, citizens of the same country. It was fitting that he should write "Reconciliation":

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost.
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world.

Part I

ORIGINAL WRITINGS

CITY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE record of Whitman's life during the first two years of the war, up to the time when he left for Washington to seek out his wounded brother, remains strangely obscure, even though we know that he contributed a series of twenty-five historical articles, "Brooklyniana," to the Brooklyn *Standard*, a weekly newspaper. With the exception of one section which deals with the Brooklyn City Hospital on Raymond Street, the articles are sheer hack work, written under the pressure of earning some money and bearing but slight traces of Whitman's individuality. Professor Perry, in fact, says that from April 12, 1861, and for the next eighteen months, "there is practically no record of Walt Whitman." [1] And Mr. Carpenter says, "Few as are the data that bear on Whitman's life during this period of two years, we can surmise how much he was moved by the great turmoil about him." [2] This period has now been investigated, and the material discovered conclusively shows that Whitman did not remain aloof from the struggle, untouched by the burning issues of the hour.[3] Besides the evidence of the diaries he kept at this time,

[1] Perry, p. 132.

[2] George Rice Carpenter, *Walt Whitman*, 1909, p. 89.

[3] A number of writers, hostile to Whitman, have seized on this obscure period in his life to point out his lack of patriotism, his indifference to national issues. Mr. Barton writes, "He loved to loaf and invite his soul. He had been doing this for nearly two years since the war broke out, and he might have continued to do it if George had not been wounded." (Barton, p. 31.) And Mr. Harvey O'Higgins in his article in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (May, 1929, p. 704), goes even further when he says, "but when the Civil War broke out on April 12, 1861, he disappeared for eighteen months from the sight of his biographers, and the only entry in is notebook, for that period, is the following, dated April 16, 1861, four days after the beginning of hostilities: 'I have this day, this hour, resolved to inaugurate for myself a pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded robust body, by ignoring all drinks but water and pure milk, and all fat meats, late suppers—a great body, a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body.' "

there is the clear, soul-stirring contribution of *Drum-Taps*, many poems of which were composed before 1862, and some of which date back to the beginning of the war. Though Whitman had in some ways anticipated the drift of events, the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon and that war had been declared came to him as a painful shock. In the 1860 edition of *Leaves of Grass* is included a poem, "To the States," which voices his fears that politics in the hands of incompetent men like Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan would land the country in war. "What a filthy Presidentiad!" he exclaims, and then goes on to say, almost prophetically:

Then I will sleep awhile yet, for I see that these States sleep, for reasons;
(With gathering murk, with muttering thunder and lambent shoots we all duly awake,
South, North, East, West, inland and seaboard, we will surely awake.) [4]

Then when the storm-clouds of war which had been gathering for so many years finally broke in all their fury, Whitman knew not a moment of hesitation. Deeply moved by all that was going on about him, the drilling, the recruiting, the soldiers marching away to camp and battlefield, all his latent patriotic instincts were aroused. Go to war he could not. He was not the type of man to level a gun with intent to kill. But he could enter with perfect comprehension and intensified vision into the motives that prompted men to abandon their trade or profession and don the blue uniform. His faith in the manhood of his country, his pride in the response of the men of his city, were beautifully confirmed. About this time he wrote down the rough draft of a poem, from which we can gauge his attitude toward the war.

Why now I shall know whether there is anything in you, Libertad,
I shall see how much you can stand
Perhaps I shall see the crash—is all then lost?

[4] *Inc. Ed.*, p. 236.

Welcome the storm—welcome the trial—let the waves
Why now I shall see what the old ship is made of
Anybody can sail with a fair wind, or a smooth sea
Come now we will see what stuff you are made of Ship of Libertad
Let others tremble and turn pale,—let them ?
I want to see what ? before I die,
I welcome this menace—I welcome thee with joy.[5]

It is therefore of importance to learn that Whitman contributed a series of articles to the New York *Leader* in 1862,[6] which deal with the Broadway Hospital and reveal the interesting fact that he visited the sick and wounded soldiers in this hospital long before he left for the front in December, 1862. The clue for this find was furnished by a letter written by John Burroughs in October, 1862, in which he says, "He wrote a number of articles for the 'Leader' some time ago, on the hospitals. Do you remember them?" [7] Although the files of the New York *Leader* for that year contained a few articles by John Burroughs, there were no signed contributions by Whitman. The only articles relating to the hospitals were signed "Velsor Brush," and this alone was a sufficient clue. The maiden name of Whitman's mother was Louisa Van Velsor. Moreover,

[5] MS. in the Harned Collection. Mr. Barton (p. 23) gives a different version; he omits the first three lines. See Furness, p. 84. Mr. Furness disarms criticism by saying, "This is a highly composite MS. in the Library of Congress." (*Ibid.*, p. 227.) Another fragment dealing with the same theme—Mr. Furness includes it as an integral part of the same poem—is entitled "Ship of Libertad."

Blow mad winds! ?
Rage, boil, vex, yawn wide, yeasty waves
Crash away—
Tug at the planks—make them groan—fall around, black clouds—clouds of death
Ship of the World—Ship of Humanity—Ship of the Ages
? (Ship that circlest the world—Ship of Promise

[6] These are the dates on which the articles appeared:

I. March 15, 1862.
II. March 22, 1862.
III. March 29, 1862.
IV. April 12, 1862.
V. April 19, 1862.
VI. May 3, 1862.
VII. May 17, 1862.

[7] Barrus, p. 3.

Professor Holloway, in his *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*,[8] prints an article, written after 1855 and apparently intended for some newspaper, which is signed "By Mose Velsor, of Brooklyn." Whitman was therefore in the habit of using this pseudonym. The name Brush was the name of Whitman's grandmother, Hannah Brush, who married Jesse Whitman in 1775 and gave birth to Walter Whitman, the father of the poet.

Besides the external evidence, the internal evidence points unmistakably to Whitman's authorship. In the very first article, March 15, 1862, there are references to a stage-driver, Charles Greene, and a fireman, Frank Osborn. We know that Whitman took frequent rides with the stage-drivers, and that when they became sick he visited them in the hospitals, where the doctors spoke of him as "a saint." [9] And, in view of what he was to write less than a year later, how familiar does this sentence sound: "After I have passed through them [the wards] of late, especially in the South Building, which is now filled with soldiers, I have many hours afterwards, in far different scenes, had the pale faces, the look of death, the appealing eyes, come curiously of a sudden, plainly before me." Furthermore, in the sixth article, May 3, 1862, he says that his personal knowledge of the Bowery Theatre goes back to twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, when he was a lad of fifteen, which would make him about forty-three years old—precisely his age at the time these articles appeared.

The corroborative evidence, however, is even more striking and substantial. In a hospital notebook, marked "number 13," and containing entries for 1862 as well as for 1864, Whitman has a number of jottings which are of particular interest since they clearly confirm the authorship of the articles in the New York *Leader*. They are the rough notes out of which grew the journalistic account of The Broadway Hospital. The second article, March 22, 1862, reads:

[8] II, 97.

[9] Holloway, p. 179.

The entire number of patients admitted during the past year (1861) was 3,624. About two-thirds of the patients pay their board, or have it paid for them by the State Government, or that of the United States. At present the United States has quite a good many soldiers, from the Volunteer Regiments, passing through New York. For these they pay seventy-five cents a-day per man.

In the notebook Whitman writes:

the Hospital exists now on its own resources—it has no property producing income—about 38 per cent of the patients are gratuitous —resources are payments of pay patients—and receipts from the U. S. government, and N. Y. State gov. for soldiers and sailors— The U. S. pays 75 cents a day for soldiers.

Another entry in this notebook is duplicated almost word for word in the same article, under the paragraph heading, "How the Broadway Hospital Is Kept Up." "It has never belonged to the city, and the city has never contributed any money to it at any time—the State gives [10] 12,800 [11] a year for many years— this terminated in '59 and now there is no donation." Another entry for February 24 reads, "about 380 patients now in the establishment—pay patients—men are cheaper $4 a week— and women $3 a week—patients admitted in '61 3624." It is interesting to note that the above figures coincide exactly with those in the article.

Another notebook, stamped in gold "Walt Whitman—1862," and belonging to 1862 and 1863, also contains notes which were used in these articles. For example, one page contains a note on "Delirium Tremens," which is developed with greater and more graphic detail in the fourth article, April 12, 1862. "Robust, brown sailor seven days ashore—monkeys after him, dogs biting him—men & women beating him." Then one note is headed "North House," and refers to Doctors Smith and Baker as Assistants, and mentions Doctor North and Doctor Cutler

[10] Above this word is written "gave and also "donated." In the article Whitman decided on the use of the word "donated."

[11] The figure in the article is "about $13,000."

as House Surgeons. In fact, Whitman, in his characteristic method of giving instructions to himself, says, "Mention Dr. North & Cutler as House Surgeons." Further down on the same page he speaks of Doctor McKee, "lately house Physician to the N. Y. Hospital," and Doctor Hogan, both of whom are mentioned in the above article. A pencil line drawn once or twice through this entry would seem to indicate that Whitman, while writing the article in question, had had this notebook before him, and crossed out those bits of information which he had put into the article. On another page, dated April 3, 1862, the entry runs as follows: "Now 307 altogether average 350—Volunteers—70 or 80." These figures will be found duplicated in the article below.

"Deaths in the Hospital from standing up on the table—young man physician—fracture of vertebrae—incidents take an epidemic form—that is if there is one case of concussion in the brain, there come three or four more. Crimes the same—" The third article, which is an elaboration of these notes, did not appear until April 12, 1862. On the next page of the notebook Whitman describes an operation by Doctor Markoe: "Much improved last Friday. Symes operation, performed by Dr. Stevens in the theatre, last Friday— [12] bones of the foot amputated, while the flap of the heel brought around, so as to make a cushion to walk upon—successful—formerly they would have cut it off, on the upper third—or at most a little lower down." He next jots down some changes in the hospital staff, the following men being appointed as Juniors: Doctor Barker "on medical side," Doctor Jenkins "on 2d surgical side," and Doctor Foster "on 1st surgical side," Doctor Alfred North is listed as House Surgeon, and Doctor Cutler is mentioned as being appointed "in place of Dr. Little." Whitman also sets down the information that arrangements had been made in the hospital to receive three hundred soldiers, who were expected to arrive soon. There is no need of going into exhaustive comparisons, since there can be no doubt now that these articles

[12] The next part, "of soldiers wounded at Bull Run—foot taken off," has a pencil line through it in the manuscript.

were written by Whitman. But the fragment in the notebook headed, "Dislocation of the jaw," repeated practically verbatim in the fourth article, is a most conclusive piece of evidence. "A poor woman came to the Hospital with a double dislocation of lower jaw—so that the jaw just hung helpless, and firm (it was from gaping,) had been [13] so 18 hours. She came to Dr. North, the House Surgeon—She was etherized—the jaw was then prest in a proper manner, and put back in its proper connection—and the woman went away rejoicing—Dr. Stevens operation—no pay—gaping." All of this material is to be found developed in the article.

The evidence for the authorship of Article Seven, which appeared on May 17, 1862, is equally definite and conclusive. The notes that follow, taken from the same notebook, form the basis of the last few paragraphs in the article.

A waiter comes out and sprinkles the floor—then the waltzing band strikes up—very good music—the young fellows select their partners—waltzing altogether—the "officer" rushes in and taps a young fellow on the shoulder—he is violating the rules by wearing his hat.

The placard at the shooting gallery informs soldiers & civilians, officers & privates who wish to perfect themselves in shooting that they will be taught free.

Another nominates Gen. Fremont for the Presidency in 1864. The young fellows are good looking—and still they waltz, waltz, waltz. Some till they are red in the face.—a gay assembly—a dance hall, perfectly respectable, I should think—some officers.

From these notes alone, one would be justified in concluding that Whitman wrote the series of articles signed "Velsor Brush."

These articles and notes, belonging as they do to 1862, are of great interest and importance since they show Whitman's active study of hospital cases before he took up his duties in Washington and on the field. They add new biographical ma-

[13] "had been" is here crossed out in the manuscript.

terial of considerable value, and demonstrate the fact that Whitman had been in contact with the war and had visited many wounded soldiers long before he went to Washington.

Finally, the last three articles, "The Bowery," supply new data regarding Whitman's intimate knowledge of the streets of New York City and his early passion for the theatre. The beauty and excitement that he found on Broadway, that crowded and glittering thoroughfare, he also found on the East Side, on the Bowery. Whitman loved this city, its very name, every nook of it, its curious haunts and sections, and he enjoyed nothing more than watching the tide of faces passing by as he rode along Broadway on the top of a stagecoach or explored the East Side. Few men had this intense passion for life as it streams by in the making, raw, vivid, actual, and human. Particularly the Bowery with its shops and people and bustle fascinated him.

His passion for the theatre was even greater, and he reveals acute appreciation of the dramatic productions he witnessed as a youth. He could taste of the enchantment of the theatre without satiety. He saw the best actors of his time and knew their worth. He had a critical eye for the nuances of acting, a sensitive ear that could judge the quality of the human voice. His conception of the drama was essentially didactic; its purpose was to convey sound lessons of instruction.[14] But what he sought for more earnestly was an authentically native theatre and drama, and New York was to be its Mecca, the center of literature and art. He was anxious that America should no longer play second fiddle to Europe.[15]

In *Specimen Days* Whitman recalled with enthusiasm the years he had spent as a boy, spellbound by the stage, listening to operas and dramas. "All through these years," he writes reminiscently, "off and on, I frequented the Old Park, the Bowery, Broadway and Chatham-square theatres, and the Italian operas at Chamber-street, Astor-place or the Bat-

[14] See *U. P. P.*, I, 152.
[15] See *U. P. P.*, I, 158.

tery." [16] He was an assiduous theatre-goer, writing for the papers even as a youth and securing free passes. The old Bowery and the elder Booth—these were precious memories to him which he never forgot. Besides attending the Park Theatre where he heard Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, and Hackett, he loved to frequent the Bowery Theatre where the great actors, Booth and Forrest, were to be seen. He especially admired the former, as one who acted with true genius and who, while defying all the set rules of acting, could interpret a scene with passionate energy. Though small of stature, Booth had a commanding presence and was impressive in whatever role he might be cast. Whitman admired him most in Shakespearean roles. "Even yet I cannot conceive anything finer than old Booth in 'Richard Third,' or 'Lear,' (I don't know which was best,) or Iago." [17]

The Bowery Theatre was then under the management of Thomas Hamblin. Sometimes, on the night of a veteran actor's benefit, Hamblin would present five or six stars all at once. A large, imposing man, Hamblin was a good actor as well as manager, and was often cast with Booth. Nor did Whitman forget some of the Bowery actresses. He had a vivid recollection of the plays they appeared in and the parts they took. Besides the usual Shakespearean revivals, the Bowery Theatre gave many popular plays like *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Lion Doomed*, *Mazeppa*, *Jonathan Bradford, or the Murder at the Roadside Inn*, and *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*.

The sixth article in the New York *Leader* adds considerably to our knowledge of Whitman's dramatic taste. It sets down many impressions and reminiscences not recorded in the much later article, "The Old Bowery." Though Whitman wrote practically no dramatic criticism, his comments on the actors and their interpretation of different parts show keen insight into and a full knowledge of the stage and the art of acting.

[16] *C. P. W.*, IV, 24–25. Cf. articles in *The Gathering of the Forces*, II, 309, 344.

[17] *Ibid.*, p. 26. For a fuller expression of Whitman's appreciation of Booth's genius, see *C. P. W.*, IV, 26, 292; VI, 185, 186, 190; VII, 22, 49, 56, 193.

City Photographs

I

THE BROADWAY HOSPITAL

(Opposite the head of Pearl Street)

Its Old Memories

Here is a great Hospital, almost a century old, and within whose walls, during that time, some hundred and twenty or thirty thousand men, women and children, either out of our own city or concentred here from other parts, have been ministered unto. What retrospective ghosts of New York, and many a distant land, are at once called up!

There they are, many pining and wasting week after week with painful and incurable diseases—burning fevers, racking rheumatism, erysipelas, palsy, consumption, pneumonia, and all the long list; many brought in from sudden accidents, resulting in amputation, often followed by death.

Then come up, too, all the tragic and thrilling associations, full of the romance of reality that is ten-fold deeper than anything born of the litterateurs. For, indeed, there exists to-day hardly a family in New York, high or low, and certainly no immigrant family, but has had some acquaintance or relative, at one period or another, within those old stone walls, back there behind the trees.

Then this Hospital has quite a venerable name among the medical profession and surgeons of the city, and so, stretching over the world, with its long-stringed staff of doctors, professional consultors, etc., including, directly or indirectly, I hear, every physician and surgeon of any note ever resident on Manhattan island. An immense catalogue of members, many precious to the curative science—some venerable ones, with their portraits hanging about on the walls of the parlors or halls (Drs. Mott, Samuel L. Mitchell, David Hosack, Wright Post, F. U. Johnston, Cheeseman and others).

So out of such a long prepared opportunity, dear reader, why should not you and I derive the themes—and, perhaps, most

serviceable and edifying ones—for a half-hour's sketch, just for a change?

From the Entrance

Through an open space on the west side of the street, very plainly, between its short avenue of elm trees, as in passing you glance aside from the splendid hubbub of Broadway, you see the Hospital walls of dark gray stone, grim as some old castle. Along the street in front, roll and tumble in full tide the ceaseless currents of people. How silent and aloof the building stands away back there! Each glimpse, each sound about it is significant. Hear the clang of the iron gates, as some serious-faced visitor emerges from the depressing influences inside to the busy life of the world-famed street. See, up toward the porter's lodge, stands a wearied woman, rocking in her arms a fretful child. She has been waiting there more than an hour in the wet and cold, till the official "3 o'clock P. M." arrives. It seems as if no one with a man's heart but would have used the discretion to admit that poor woman; but the scalleywag whom the establishment has for a porter shows a metallic and flunkey face that never answered to warm heart's impulse.

The little two story building to the left is the place for preparations in morbid and healthy anatomy by the curator, Dr. J. J. Hull. In the second story is the Museum, valuable to students and amateurs. By-and-by there will be something more to say of Dr. H. and his Hospital Museum.

Here, near at hand, you see the grounds and buildings to better advantage. There is sufficient space and outside ventilation. The situation is high, and overlooks the North River. There is the Main Building, as it is called, the Old Hospital, whose facade you catch from Broadway; and besides, the two large edifices called the North and South Buildings.

The Hall and Governors' Room

Ascending the stone steps, and opening the stout doors in the main building, there you are in the hall, or ante-room—an open space like—out of which a large door opens at once to the large carpeted apartment, with its huge round table, where the official

business of the institution is transacted by the twenty-six Governors of the Hospital at their stated monthly meetings. This Governors' Room is full of portraits (with others in the anteroom) of well known physicians and surgeons—some of them dead (I have already mentioned some) and some still living—their names, and most of their faces, familiar to all New York medical students. Such old bygone veterans are here as Dr. Richard S. Kissam, who served as Surgeon for the Hospital for thirty years, and died in harness in 1822; Dr. Wm. Hammersley, who served an equally long time; Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers who served twenty-nine years, and died in 1851; with Doctors Alexander H. Stevens, Thomas Cock, Joseph M. Smith, Alfred C. Post, R. K. Hoffman, Gurdon Buck, John Watson and John H. Griscom, all memorable in their art.

Still other reminiscences are called up by the Governors' Room itself, with its official looking table and arm-chairs. The familiar forms of Matthew Clarkson and George Newbold, the first of whom was President of the Hospital for the twenty-three years preceding 1822, and the latter occupied the same office for a still longer period of time, and down to within a year or two since; with the presence of Peter A. Jay, Andrew Elliott, Robert Bowne, Isaac Carow, John Adams (Treasurer for the thirty-six years preceding 1854), and of Robert J. Murray (Secretary for over thirty-two years), and of George T. Trimble, the present President of the Institution—all seem easily invoked, and to come noiselessly and take seats around the table here. Another venerable form also comes, that of Gulian C. Verplanck.

Clerk Roberts and the Office

Before touring it through the establishment, as our sketch now intends to do, mention must be made of Robert Roberts, clerk of the Hospital, to be seen through the door-sash, there in the office in front, just off from the hall. Clerk Roberts (so I hear) is full of anecdotes and venerable local yarns, which he will tell, when off duty, if rightly approached—with a sort of Elia-like humor of his own to give zest to them.

Opposite to him, as he sits over his big ledgers and account books, is Alfred Carhart, the Assistant Superintendent, deeply in-

tent on certain figures and checks that have to do with tea, butter, beef, flour, sugar, etc.

James Darrach, the Superintendent, is busy in the office. Dr. McGee is looking over a record, and Apothecary Johnson is just going out.

The Wards

Of course the main interest of a Hospital culminates in the sick wards. On the first floor of the main building, besides the apartments mentioned, with others for the resident family in charge, are two large women's wards. In these are also several little sick children. The men's wards are up-stairs.

Up-stairs also, in a convenient situation, is the office of House Surgeon, Dr. Roosa, a gentleman who will not only please you, if you be a judge of character, at a first impression, but with his hearty tone and professional excellence, will confirm the impression deeper the longer he is known.[1] In the same office is Dr. Alfred North.

A description of the adjoining ward will indicate many points of resemblance general to them all throughout each of the buildings. It is called Ward No. 3. It is pleasantly situated on the second floor, at the north end or wing of the edifice. It is a large apartment, very clean of course, white-washed, with high-ceilings, well-lighted, perhaps a hundred feet long and twenty-five wide. Gratings here and there along the wall, near the floor, let in the warm, pure air; and other gratings near the top, let out the bad air, and keep up a good ventilation. The temperature is regulated by a thermometer and can be raised or lowered at pleasure. There seems to be no chance for draughts of cold, or any sudden changes.

Along each side of this apartment are ranged the beds, single iron cots, with their heads to the wall, and an ample space down the middle of the room between the two rows. There are twenty-four beds in the ward. On the wall at the head of every occupied

1 For interesting and sympathetic reminiscences of Whitman's visits about this time to the Broadway Hospital, see the long letter by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa in the New York *Mail and Express,* June 10, 1896.

bed hangs a little card-rack, upon which is inscribed the name of the patient, his disease, and the kind of diet prescribed for him. Here is one for example:

"Charles Green—fracture of leg. Beefsteak."

This young man, while working as a driver on Broadway, on the Fourth avenue line of stages, was run over, and his leg broken in one place and badly mashed in another. He has been lying helpless there in the cot for the last five weeks, with his leg in a "box." Nor can any outsider realize how tedious and lonesome this simple lying still business is, until he has tried it. Charley, however, has an occasional visitor to cheer him up. That gentleman at present by his bedside is Mr. Townsend, the well-esteemed superintendent of the Fourth avenue stages, who has come to see that his disabled employee is well taken care of, and does not want for anything.

In the next cot is Frank Osborne, a young fireman, belonging to No. 2 steamer; he was knocked down while running to a fire, and had his collar bone and several ribs broken.

As we walk slowly along the room, we meet all surgical cases—this being one of the wards devoted exclusively to them. Here lies a poor fellow who had his hand nipped in a steam engine, and two fingers so lacerated that they have been taken off by the surgeon. And here a foundry workman, who was struck on the head, accidentally by a hammer. All the other previous cases specifically mentioned will recover; but the last one is hopeless, and must end in death.

But off there in the corner is the very fact of death, almost on the instant. Poor James Watson! three weeks ago a picture of athletic manly health, size and good looks—and but twenty-six or seven years old. Thrown from a railroad car at Jersey City, he received a frightful wound and fracture of the bones of the ankle. Upon being brought to the Hospital, after consultation, it was decided by the surgeons that his chances of recovery were better without amputating the foot. I saw him sink day after day for a fortnight; at last, Hospital fever set in. He has now been in a dying condition for thirty or forty hours, and can last only a little longer. Two or three friends are around him, but he is unconscious of their presence and of his own sufferings. In the course of an hour or two more, that fluttering labored breath, will cease altogether, and his body will be borne down stairs to the dead house, and, under the direction of his friends, prepared for burial.

Some Sentimentalism to Conclude

What a volume of meaning, what a tragic poem there is in every one of those sick wards! Yes, in every individual cot, with its little card-rack nailed at the head.

After I have passed through them of late, especially in the South Building, which is now filled with soldiers, I have many hours afterwards, in far different scenes, had the pale faces, the look of death, the appealing eyes, come curiously of a sudden, plainly before me. The worser cases lying quite helpless in their cots—others, just able to get up, sitting weak and dispirited in their chairs—I have seen them thus, even through all the gayety of the street or a jovial supper-party.

But my sketch must close for this week, or rather, be suspended, to give in another article, in the next number, some remaining items of the personal and historical collect of this interesting old institution.

Velsor Brush.

City Photographs

II

THE BROADWAY HOSPITAL

(Opposite the head of Pearl Street)

Continuing, from last week, the exploration of the above establishment (intended for the general and non-professional reader, of course), it is to be said here that nobody will find out the points of this old and extensive Hospital, with its management and deeply interesting particulars and history, on one or two visits. Though I have been there twenty times, I feel unable to do justice, even to this kind of account of it, which only aims to skim over the surface.

Some Statistics—Diseases—Patients

In the three buildings comprising the Hospital, there are, at the time of sketching them (middle of March, 1862), about 400 pa-

tients, illustrating nearly all sorts of diseases, except infectious ones and insanity. A large proportion, however, are surgical cases, contusions, fractures, wounds, &c. When an accident happens in any of the down-town wards, the patient is generally brought here at once, either by friends or policemen.

The entire number of patients admitted during the past year (1861) was 3,624. About two-thirds of the patients pay their board, or have it paid for them by the State Government, or that of the United States. At present the United States has quite a good many soldiers here, from the Volunteer Regiments passing through New York. For these they pay seventy-five cents a-day per man.

South Building—the Medical Staff

In the new south part of the Hospital are the sailors' wards, &c. The House Surgeon of this division is Dr. Little, whose office is on the second floor; Dr. Hogan's office is also on this floor. I am under obligations to them both, for their courtesy during my visits, and for professional explanations of cases. Drs. Cutter and Sturges should also be mentioned, and Dr. Kennedy. Also Dr. Vandervoort, the librarian. Of the library itself I have not here time to speak. It is quite a large collection, and is situated in the Old Hospital.

An Operation in the Theatre, for Calculus

I saw a surgical operation of some importance in the South Building, in the theatre devoted to such work. It was by Dr. Peters, surrounded by quite a swarm of surgeons and students. It was with the knife, cutting for calculus in the bladder (stone, or gravel); the patient, James Kelly, a young fireman, from the engine-room of a U. S. steamship. The patient was thoroughly chloroformed, and the operation, as near as I could judge, was admirably put through. The calculus (stone) extracted at last by Dr. P. with gentle but firm hand, holding a pair of nippers, seemed to me larger than the end joint of my thumb, and round as a cherry. Young Kelly was then bundled up and carried back to his cot, down stairs.

I saw him the next day, and asked him if he was indeed in-

sensible during the entire operation. He said he was perfectly insensible as if he had been dead. On coming in the theatre he had mounted the operating table and lay down upon it—saw the students, &c., crowding around—saw me standing up, a little one side —inhaled, from its sponge, the chloroform . . . and then the next thing he knew, when he woke up, he was lying faint and sore in his cot in the ward—and, for his first sign of sense, he noticed the light glinting on the brass number of his ward, over the door, just opposite his bed.

He afterward, I believe, progressed favorably, and has either gone out cured or will soon go.

From the conversation I had with the surgeons, it seems that all this technically called lithotriptic class of diseases (the stone) has decreased quite remarkably in New York, of late years. Some attribute the improvement to Croton water. In former times, both abroad and here, there were some awful cases of this malady; the tortures were almost beyond human endurance. The calculus was sometimes sought to be reached by powerful solvents and sometimes broken by instruments. Every literary man will remember poor Montaigne's case—how he suffered the fifteen or twenty last years of his life from this trouble and how much there is about it all through his Essays, and the Italian Journey.

In our day, as I take it, from the talk of the surgeons, the severest calculus in the bladder is supposed to be in their power, by means of chloroform and the knife in the hands of a competent operator. Calculus in the kidneys themselves is perhaps the worst, with agonizing pains and inflammations.

The Hospital Museum has a very large and curious collection of calculi, some of them of almost incredible size, and many small ones, extracted, at one time and another, from patients suffering under this complaint.

Pathological Museum

This—as I think I have mentioned before—is in a little two-story building, standing by itself, between the Old Hospital and Broadway, to the left of the inner gate, as you enter from the great thoroughfare. Here are collected many valuable specimens and practical memoranda of the most remarkable cases that have been treated in the Hospital, for the past fifty years. The curator of the

pathological cabinet, &c., is Dr. J. J. Hull, who spends much of his time in preparing and preserving for surgical, medical and scientific enlightenment, any marked illustrations of disease, deformity—and also, from time to time, interesting normal specimens of anatomy, &c.

These being collected together in the upper story of the building, with the accumulations of past curators and surgeons, and contributions of one kind and another from the medical staff of the Hospital, make a very good museum of its kind. The most horrible and painful liabilities of humanity are exemplified by the memoranda of this cabinet. Here are cases, exactly modeled from the living or dead subject, of tumors, of huge, looming size, on the chin, the side or back of the neck, or top of the head—the latter excrescence, in some cases, larger than a peck measure.

Then, again, a specimen, from a case in the Hospital, of the fearful affliction called *Elephantiasis* (by some supposed to be identical with the old Hebrew and Egyptian leprosy). In this case here in the Hospital the disease attacked the legs, which attained an enormous size (it is almost always, I believe, in the legs or face). Loathsome sores ensue, which discharge offensive matter; till by and by the fiend works his way through the tissues to the joints and bones, and the hapless patient literally rots to death! It is what is called a tuberculous disease technically (*lepra tuberculosa*), of the category of scrofula, I suppose. The chances of recovery are very small. The whole malady, treatment, &c., is very baffling; but fortunately it is rare in this country.

How the Broadway Hospital Is Kept Up

It is quite a prevailing idea that this institution belongs to the city, and is kept up at its expense; but that is a mistake entirely. The city contributes nothing to its support, and, I believe, never has contributed anything. The State authorities, by act of Legislature, donate, or rather have donated, all along, in times past, about $13,000 a year to the Hospital; but I am informed that this source of supply is now cut off, and the establishment depends on its own resources, which are payments from the pay patients (about 60 per cent. of the whole number), and also its receipts from the United States Government for board and medical attendance for sailors and soldiers, and also from the New York State Government

for similar services. The Hospital has no property producing annual income.

Price of Board

Men are charged $4 a week, and women $3. There are some rooms (and very nice ones they are, especially in the South Building) which a patient can have all to himself for the price of $1 a day. This includes all the expenses of board, &c., and medical attendance constantly at hand.

The Nurses

Some of the nurses are real characters, and favorable specimens, at that. I saw a vigorous-looking woman a Swedess by birth, Mrs. Jackson, who has been a nurse here for thirty years. I saw another nurse among the soldiers in the North Building, Mrs. Mack, whose good size and healthy and handsome appearance, I thought ought to do good, salutary service, even just to see her moving around among the sick.

Aunty Robinson

But by what I hear from the doctors in the Hospital, no sketch of that establishment could be fair unless it put in a word about Aunty Robinson, a colored nurse, who has officiated there in that capacity for over twenty years. This good creature has all the appearance of one of the most favorable samples of the Southern *mammy,* or house nurse, in the families of the high old Carolina and Virginia planters. She has big old-fashioned gold ear-rings in her ears, and wears a clean, bright red and yellow blue handkerchief around her head, and such an expression on her face, that I at once made up my mind, if ever I should be unfortunate enough to go to the Hospital as a patient, I should want to be nursed by Aunty Robinson.

Further Items of Interest

There still remain many points of interest about the Broadway Hospital, which I may give in another and concluding paper. The

North Hospital, full of soldiers, is well worthy of exploration.

Then there is a long history, not without romantic incidents of the earlier years of the institution, and so down to the present time, including the "Doctors' Riots," which created so much alarm, and were so celebrated in their time.

VELSOR BRUSH.

City Photographs

III

THE BROADWAY HOSPITAL

(Opposite the head of Pearl Street)

I continue, from last week, the running sketch of this establishment, which seems to curiously expand under one's hands.

Long Array of Governors and Presidents—Old New York Families

The chronological list of the Boards of Governors of this institution, and its Presidents from 1770 down to date, 1862, offers material for a curious and edifying study. During that time, there has been a succession of Boards, including altogether about 250 names; and there is hardly a New York family, old or new, of any eminence, but is represented among them. All the old names are here; you see them throughout, dotting the list. Here appear the Alsops, Beckmans, Jays, Costers, Chaunceys, De Peysters, Duanes, Goodhues, Gracies, Kings, Desbrosses, C. C. Colden, the Hones, Whitehead and Valentine Hicks, William and James Jauncey, the Kortwrights, Livingstons, Verplancks, Van Wagenens, Varicks, Olyphants, Van Cortlandts, Rays, Rutgerses, Stuyvesants, the Stevenses, Schermerhorns, Roosevelts, Posts, Newbolds, Minturns, John Murray, John Murray, Jr., and John R. and Robert J. Murray, (four veterans, beginning before the Revolutionary war, and so coming down quite to this day), the Lawrences, Le Roys, Lispenards, Thomas Eddy, and the Astors, Allens and Lenoxes.

All these, and others of equal eminence in the list of New York families, have had, and many to-day have, place in the practical direction of the Hospital, as Governors or members of its executive departments.

I have no doubt neglected several names fully worthy of mention with the foregoing.

First Class Old New York Surgeons, and Their Achievements

Outsiders can hardly estimate what a profound and fervid enthusiasm there is involved in the profession of surgery and medicine, among the young fellows and advanced students here in New York. All the excitement of politics, with the struggle for office, and the attainment of popular or party applause—all the ups and downs of life in Wall street among stocks and "Erie"—all the merchants' and contractors' excitements, and chances of great profits, and as great losses—can hardly be said to outweigh the absolute stimulus of *glory* there is (on a much smaller field, of course, but far higher) in the struggle for acknowledged eminence of merit and name, among our surgeons and physicians.

The history of this Hospital, and its elder physicians, affords specimens of some of the first-class men, and surgical operations, of the world.

Dr. Wright Post

In a former part of my account, Dr. Wright Post's name was mentioned. The public may not be aware that surgery has its heroic first *originators* and daring hands as much as any science; —that deeds are done in quiet by its votaries, as really important as those, for instance, which the world now rings with, from Ericsson and the cool and brave Worden; and that some of the first of these deeds have had their locality in the establishment mentioned. For it is recorded of this Hospital, and of Dr. Post, that the first achievement (and with a favorable result,) in the American world, of the bold, original and successful operation of Sir Astley Cooper, of tying the common carotid artery for aneurism (performed by that celebrated surgeon in 1807), was in this institution on the 7th of January, 1813. The case is recorded with great faithfulness and detail in the American Medical Register of this city, in 1814; and it contributed to establish for modern surgery, some of its main physiological and practical principles.

The same renowned savan, in 1817, in this Hospital, tied the right subclavian artery, for brachial aneurism, above the clavicle.

The case recovered, being the first successful achievement of the last operation on the medical records of the world.

I hear old fellows speak of Dr. Wright Post pretty much the same as the theatre-goers of an age ago would speak of Kemble, Siddons—and later ones of the great Kean.

Dr. Valentine Mott

By all accounts, this distinguished surgeon possesses also a rare originality and instinct (almost inspiration) in the crises of his important work. The books speak of a celebrated case of his, an operation on the arteria innominata. The subject was an old American seaman, and the case was operated on in the Hospital in 1818. It consisted in securing in a ligature the arteria innominata for aneurism, and was the first ever performed for that complaint in the world. The patient bade fair for recovery, but afterwards relapsed and died. It was, however, one of the most signal operations up to date. Dr. Mott himself says of it: "Although I feel a regret, that none can know who have not performed surgical operations, in the fatal termination of it, and especially after the high and just expectations of recovery which it exhibited, yet I am happy in the reflection, as it is the only time it has ever been performed, that it is the bearer of a message to surgery, containing new and important results."

John Kearney Rodgers

This is another eminent surgeon (now dead), whose accomplished head and hand have done some of the best work for the Hospital in times past, and for science and humanity. It is mentioned of him, in the Hospital chronicles, how, in October 1845, Dr. R., in the midst of a large crowd of professional brethren and students, and with brilliant originality, instinct, and delicate hand—never, perhaps, surpassed—performed the operation in which the left subclavian artery was tied, for aneurism, on the inner side of the scaleni muscles.

Other Surgeons and Physicians

If I knew better about the Hospital, I would like to mention specifically all the prominent physicians and surgeons who have had

to do with it, some of them giving here, without a cent, the results of precious years of labor and experiment, in the shape of some operation that they would have charged a wealthy patient certainly hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars for. I must not forget particularly to mention Dr. Joseph M. Smith, senior physician, whose records and lectures have been of service to me. As I hear of them, Dr. Gurdon Buck, Dr. George A. Peters, and Doctors A. C. Post, T. F. Cock, Bulkley, Watson, Halsted, Markoe, Willard Parker, Draper, besides others whose names have been previously given, should be borne honorably in mind, they being identified with the Hospital in its relations to science and practice. Also Doctors J. T. Metcalfe, W. H. Van Buren, John A. Swett, James Macdonald, Benjamin Ogden, and Dr. R. K. Hoffman, who is quite a veteran here. Two or three of these are dead. Going away back, the names of Doctors Bard, Middleton, Jones and Treat are to be mentioned as associated with the foundation of the Hospital, and, without the least pecuniary reward, laboring and getting it into shape. Such men deserve, I say, to have their memories embalmed.

Dr. John Watson

I wish to make special mention of this man, on account of his noble discourse on "Thermal Ventilation and other Sanitary Improvements adapted to Public Buildings," delivered in 1851, in the theatre of the Hospital.

Ventilation

To be plain at once, and say my say about this, I do not think there is a public edifice in America—school, court-room, capitol, hospital, hotel, theatre, ferry-boat, church, or big boarding house—that is anything like *ventilated* according to the imperious requirements of health and comfort. Proper ventilation should be a main theme, indispensable throughout, in the studies, education and plans of an architect. It is a science in itself, and no mere matter of a few flues, gratings, &c.

In the three great buildings of the Broadway Hospital, the heating and ventilation are by steam; and I have to acknowledge that during my visits there, which were transient, the results seemed to me sufficiently good to be worthy of commendation.

(Yet the demon of human effluvia, and the other demon of miasm that hovers around all inward and outward rottennesses, and appears at last to get fixed, and cling with tenacity to the very walls and window-panes of the cleanest hospital!—can it be that there is something in steam-heat, which is not only ineffective in driving away those demons, through good ventilation, but at times seems rather to connive with them?)

Surgical Instruments

Of course they have here (as in all the American hospitals) the very best and completest collection of surgical instruments, many of them with original improvements and variations. In this last matter our surgeons are acknowledged, I believe, to be the smartest in the world. Europeans themselves give them the highest credit. I have heard that, even years ago, Sir Astley Cooper, according to a competent authority, failed in his first attempt to tie the left subclavian artery within the scaleni muscles, "for the want of the improved American artery instruments."

(As to dental instruments, if that be considered a branch of surgery, the Americans have invented and perfected them, out and out, without help from any quarter.)

Bequests by Will from the Wealthy Dead

It is a singular and (to me) melancholy fact, that while during the existence of this establishment (nearly a century) the bequests and devises of the good, wealthy, dying men and women of New York, to churches, tract societies, missions for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, and so on, have certainly amounted to millions, and almost as certainly tens of millions of dollars, carefully given by will, for such purposes—the bequests of our wealthy dying citizens to this large and useful Hospital, standing in their very midst, and ever active for good works, have been but a few hundreds or spare thousands of dollars. I can count on my fingers, on one hand, all the good people who have bequeathed to the institution; and they are not from among the wealthiest people, either. Here is the record:

Dr. S. Robinson,	$1,000	Henry J. Sandford	$5,000
Elizabeth Demilt,	5,000	R. H. Nevins,	5,000

Then another bequest from James Arden Ivers, of Rockland County, who had been a patient in the Hospital, in the Marine Department; and who, at his death, after certain legacies, devised his farm and personal estate to the benefit of the Hospital; and the proceeds for that purpose amounted to $16,000.

Will it be believed that the above-named noble and generous persons, now dead, are the only ones through all this century who have devised one penny to the institution, in all New York? Think of the insane thousands of dollars spent monthly on tracts! Every year somebody dying hereabouts and leaving a fortune to foreign missions; while this day the Broadway Hospital has to pinch and patch to make both ends meet!

Old Painters of New York

I have had a casual allusion to the portraits that fill the Governors' room and the hall. Here are the likenesses of many of the celebrated physicians and surgeons I have mentioned, and of the Presidents of the institution. The subjects are not only to be looked on with respect, for their position and acquirements—but there are, many of them, real pictures. Examine them well—with the eye of an expert, even. This one, for example, shows the hand of Jarvis, and this the coloring of Henry Inman. The old artists of America, too, have thus their memorials in the Hospital; for these pictures were made by the best of them. Here are portraits by Sully, Peale, Dunlap, Ingham, Hicks and Elliott. There they hang in the large, dim, silent room, like the portrait gallery of some old European palace, full of other meanings and references than the present, and look down upon you, from the walls, with living eyes.

A panorama of noble heads! Surely, no one can look around at these portraits, as given us by the pencils of our old painters, without feeling how wondrously such departments of science as the surgeon's give definiteness and elevation to physiognomy. For my part, as I stand in the presence of these fine and eloquent faces, I acknowledge without demur that none of the world's many avenues of fame or heroism affords any higher field for the most courageous soul than the one represented by the doctors.

Velsor Brush.

City Photographs

IV

THE BROADWAY HOSPITAL

(Opposite the head of Pearl Street)

Condition of the Hospital at Present

Wishing to make my parting bow to this worthy old establishment, by bringing things up to date, I took another tour through the three buildings during Wednesday afternoon, April 2d, 1862. I found, on inquiry, 307 patients at that period in the Hospital—somewhat below the usual average, (which ranges from 350 up to 400.)

In the present paper, which concludes the series devoted to the Hospital, I will sketch the observations of this visit of Wednesday, and also give a few interesting statistics of the numbers, nativities, diseases, &c., of the inmates; and the sum total admitted to the establishment from its beginning.

Changes in the Hospital Staff

The regular eight months' change in the resident medical staff has just gone into operation. Dr. M. K. Hogan (who shows himself fitted by native qualities and educational accomplishments for the curative art) is now House Physician to the Hospital, and Drs. Smith and Baker are assistants. Dr. McKee (lately House Physician), is deserving of special mention for his previous care of the Soldiers' Department. Dr. Hogan is specially vigilant over this department.

The new House Surgeons for the ensuing eight months are, Dr. Alfred North in the First Division (in place of Dr. Roosa), and Dr. Cutler in the Second Division (in place of Dr. Little). The Juniors are Dr. Barker on the medical side, Dr. Foster on the first surgical, and Dr. Jenkins on the second surgical side.

Caution to Skylarkers

It may not be amiss to mention here, while I think of it, a case of death that had just occurred in the Hospital, the day I was

there last, from skylarking. A young man, who had been himself a medical student, was practicing feats of fun and agility among his companions, in his room or store, down town; and among the rest he took a notion to stand on his head on a table, near the wall, with his feet straight up. The table slanted off and the young fellow had a bad fall, which resulted in his being brought to the Hospital with a broken back. He lingered a couple of days, of course beyond the hope of relief or recovery, and then died.

Delirium Tremens

The ward devoted to these cases was only sparsely filled at the time of my visit of last Wednesday. There was one case, a brown-faced, middle-aged Hercules of a fellow, from some United States ship; a thorough-bred Jack Tar, whose rope-sinewed arms were covered all over with tattoo—who had come ashore some ten days before, on leave and with a pocketful of money. For seven days he had been on such a "bust" as only fellows from men-of-war can stand, and live through it—one perpetual stream of hell-fire, in the shape of three-cent vitriolized brandy! Then came the "man with the poker."

The poor fellow told me, with perfect naivetë, what he had endured for some fifty hours, under his horrible dementia. For a long while he had been attacked, covered, pulled at, buffeted, &c., by swarms of grinning monkeys and apes, who put him to every conceivable torment and annoyance. Then he had the company of a large, fierce, black dog, that amused itself by incessantly springing at him and biting him, first on one spot, and then another; and then crowds of infuriated men and women would chase him and belabor him with cudgels, and pull his hair, &c. As I saw the case, and heard from the nurse's lips also, it was pitiful to see the agony the poor fellow endured under his delusion.

Another man here was laboring under the idea that there was a beautiful, angelic lady floating up in the air, over his bed, reaching down to him a glass of liquor. He mounted on a table to take it, and the attendants had to pull him down.

In this ward I have myself seen cases of New York men of standing, talent and fortune, stopping here to receive the advantages the place offers for the cure of delirium tremens.

U. S. Volunteers in the Hospital

There is something especially melancholy in the sight presented in the groups of sick United States soldiers, mostly in the North Building—which is exclusively devoted to them. A very large proportion of them are robust-framed young men from the country—from northern New York, and from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and so on.

I have spent two or three Sunday afternoons, of late in going around among these sick soldiers, just to help cheer and change a little the monotony of their sickness and confinement—and indeed, just as much, too, for the melancholy entertainment and friendly interest and sympathy, I found aroused in myself toward and among the men. Many of them have no relatives or acquaintances at all in New York, and time moves on slowly and dully enough to them.

Many of these soldiers, though quite full-sized, I found upon inquiry to be lads of only eighteen, nineteen, or twenty years of age; some of them never before in a city, brought up, so far, on farms, or occasionally away in the lumber woods, or perhaps taking a trip down or up the rivers.

One Sunday night, in a ward in the South Building, I spent one of the most agreeable evenings of my life amid such a group of seven convalescent young soldiers of a Maine regiment. We drew around together, on our chairs, in the dimly-lighted room, and after interchanging the few magnetic remarks that show people it is well for them to be together, they told me stories of country life and adventures, &c., away up there in the Northeast. They were to leave the next day in a vessel for the Gulf, where their regiment was; and they felt so happy at the prospect. I shook hands with them all round at parting, and I know we all felt as if it were the separation of old friends.

A Benevolent Lady among the Soldiers

There is a lady comes from time to time, quiet and without any fuss, here among the sick and lonesome volunteers. She brings illustrated and other papers, books of stories, little comforts in the way of eating and drinking, shirts, gowns, handkerchiefs, &c.

I dare not mention her name, but she is beautiful. I see evidences of her having been there, almost always, on my visits. Doctor Hogan has several times mentioned her to me, and so has the excellent Mrs. Mack, the nurse; and often and often have the soldiers mentioned her, and shown me something she has given them. She is clearly averse to the eclat of good works, and sometimes, to avoid show, sends her gifts by a servant to Mrs. Mack for the soldiers.

There are other good, benevolent women who come or send here —and men, too.

Three Hundred More Soldiers Coming

The officers of the Hospital have made an agreement with the General Government, by which some 300 more sick soldiers are to be received and cared for in the Institution. As the spring advances there can be, if necessary, temporary buildings erected on the grounds, in which the soldiers can be accommodated.

At the time of my visit on Wednesday there were several soldiers brought in from the 105th New York Regiment.

Measles has been very prevalent the last winter among the soldiers. At one time I would find "Rebeola" on two-thirds of the little card-racks at the head of their beds.

Observations in General—Cases, etc.

In ward 8, in the North Building (which seems to me to be a model hospital, in its architectural points), I found, on this visit, two or three curious cases. Two of empyema, very severe—the matter, or pus, running out of the incisions made in the side—a cough, or strong breath, making it run quite freely. Another case of an Indian-looking German, named Korsner, who has been there in that ward for nearly four years, lying in a kind of half stupor, never talking to any one. He is a pensionary of the United States Military service.

In ward 12, I found a German boy, just brought there from a grocery in Forsyth street, where he had been working. He had a fever and miserable bad blood—the doctor tells me without doubt from having been half starved by his boss—fed on mean, cheap, deficient food.

Amputation by Dr. Markoe

As an evidence how advanced, from former times, is the art of surgery, I will mention an operation at this visit. It was performed, in the amputating theatre, by Dr. Thomas Markoe, on an United States soldier, who had been badly wounded in the foot, in one of the late engagements. It became necessary to amputate to save life. Under the old dispensations, the operation would have taken off the leg nearly up to the knee (at what is called the upper third), but in this case it was done by Dr. Markoe, after what is known as the Symes' operation. The bones of the foot forward were all amputated, and then the flap of the heel brought around and left to make a cushion to walk upon, so that the crippled leg will only be a trifle shorter than the other.

Deaths from Casualties

As I said in a former article, the tragic interest of mortal reality that concentrates around the wards of this Broadway Hospital is to me indeed great. As an illustration, I will mention that there have been 24 deaths here the past year (1861), from stabs and gun-shot wounds; and 82 from falling off buildings, or down ladders, platforms, and the like. There have been 14 deaths from railroad accidents, and 22 from burns and scalds. There have been 8 deaths caused by stages, or other vehicles, running over people. Only 2 deaths, however, from suicide.

There have been 164 inquests held at the Hospital in past year.

A Curious Fact in Casualties, etc.

It is quite marvellous how remarkable forms of maladies, and also casualties and accidents, take an epidemic form. For instance, among medical cases, if there happens, after a long interval, to come in a solitary case of valvular disease of the heart, it is very likely that, from one quarter or another, there will rapidly follow, two, three, or perhaps four or five, more cases of the same complaint; all coming, in this manner, in a heap. The same with accidents from severe burns, or from powder-explosions, and also from

concussions of the brain, or remarkable cases of fracture, of some particular part.

Dislocation of Jaw, from Gaping

Dr. North had quite a curious case, on Wednesday, of a woman who came there with a dislocated lower jaw, from gaping. The jaw hung quite helpless, but firmly fixed—and had been so for eighteen hours. The poor woman refused to become an inmate of the Hospital, but was very anxious to be treated at once—which Dr. N. proceeded to do. She was etherized; the jaw was then pressed in a proper manner, and put back in its connections, almost in an instant. The poor woman was then brought to, with as good a jaw as ever, and went away rejoicing.

I take this opportunity to thank the surgeons of the Hospital for the opportunity of seeing several very fine operations, and for their interesting explanations of them to me, before and afterwards.

Most Numerous Diseases

Throughout the Hospital, amid the long list of diseases, the most numerous (the past year, for instance, to give the reader an idea) are such as intermittent fever, of which there were 233 cases; rheumatism, 205 cases; remittent fever, 125; typhoid, 95; bronchitis, 62; delirium tremens, 79; phthisis (pulmonary consumption), 167; rubeola (measles), 131; pneumonia (inflammation of lungs), 49; ulcer, 120; erysipelas, 49; dysentery, 35; dyspepsia, 23; and of abscess, 42 cases.

There have been 109 cases of incised wounds—9 of them of the throat; 85 cases of lacerated wounds; 62 of gunshot wounds; and 75 of the scalp.

There have been 10 cases of poisoning (technically called), 6 of them by opium; 6 of sun-stroke (all recovered).

Any quantity of contusions and fractures; of the latter, 25 of the skull; 24 of the wrist alone; 15 of the clavicle (collar bone); 16 of ribs; 41 of the femur (thigh-bone); about 140 cases of broken leg, &c. I cannot begin to mention the various remarkable surgical cases that come to this Hospital.

These, with the endless string of medical cases, throat diseases, fevers, &c.

Nativity of Patients

Out of 3,363 patients the past year, 1,415 were natives of the United States, 1,042 of Ireland, 374 of Germany, 190 of England, 70 of Scotland, and the remainder divided among the rest of the world.

Grand Total of Patients

The whole number of patients treated in this grand old Hospital, from its outset in 1792 down to the 1st day of January, 1862, has been 122,805. Even this number, however, does not include the whole of the patients that may be rightfully said to belong in the sum total of those treated in the Hospital from its origin.

Bloomingdale Insane Asylum

This is considered a part of the establishment, being under the same control, Governors, and financial supervision, as the Hospital I have been sketching. I shall sketch the Bloomingdale Asylum in a future Paragraph.[1]

Conclusion

This Broadway Hospital, in its history, really dates back to the year 1770, before the Revolution. Its charter from the Royal Governor is as old as that; its first building was burnt down, 28th February, 1775. Another building was erected, however; and then the Revolutionary war interrupted good works. During the occupation of New York, the Hospital was seized and used by the British, for their sick, and as barracks.

After the close of the war, as soon as possible, the founders' plans were resumed and carried out—on the 3d of January, 1791, the first official statement of patients being rendered.

From that time, down to date, it has continued on its course, almost every year increasing its facilities, as well as bringing a larger call upon it, until now its stands in the front rank of such establishments, especially for surgery.

[1] The present writer has found no trace of this article in the files of the New York *Leader* from 1862 to 1865 inclusive.

I will not take the ungracious course of mentioning certain points where change and reform need to come in to-day, but prefer to be thankful that an institution so complete, and with such advantages, is situated down town here in New York, always ready to dispense its curative and surgical blessings.

Velsor Brush.

City Photographs

V

THE BOWERY

Strolling Thither Last Monday—The Name

Along the crowded sidewalks—along, up the hill that opens Chatham square into the Bowery, and so advancing into that great thoroughfare, I had such a pleasant time strolling last Monday afternoon, enveloped on all sides with hubbub, haste, and countless thousands of people—I must here resume the thing, after a fashion, and tuck you, reader, under my arm. Then the reminiscences that flit around us as we stroll—we will arrest them too.

The Bowery! Pleasing phrase or name, of arboricultural assumptions, which I am in favor of retaining now and forever; but it must be confessed the verdure of the place is at present very bogus. A brown and faded cedar branch or two, nailed on top of an awning-post—the puny flower-pots of the "Apollo summer garden" and the drab and brown collections in "the old herb root store," are the sole remains of this once so copiously rural, shrubby, viny, orchardy, cabbagey road. And then, considering its Dutch origin, and the marks it once afforded of their habits and customs—how ridiculous are the fates! Now we see on the spot the pavement called Dutch, and every third or fourth cellar seems to be a small domestic factory of cheap Dutch caps for men and boys, set forth in array about the coping.

The Four Crossing Rivers

Here, at the lower end of the Old Bowery (for the street is now cut through with a wide swathe, and runs down to Franklin square, but the currents that have so long ebbed and flowed in the old

channels seem hard to be diverted, so that the New Bowery, below there, is very much like an illegitimate offspring that don't yet succeed to any of the property, although it may one of these days). Here, at the outset of the Bowery, we plunge at once into tides, indeed real vortices, of some of our modern kinds of life in a great city, and significant, in certain respects, of *this* city, out of all the rest of the world. Here Chatham street, Catharine and Division streets and the Bowery, all come together, and, as it were, fall in and deliver and transfer to each other, like four big rivers. Here pass the purchasers to the numerous second-hand auction shops of the square. (You can see the heaps of goods, household, &c., just yonder.) Here precipitate themselves, early in the forenoon, hundreds and thousands of delicious New York girls, going to their work, to all kinds of shops down town; and by this route of course they return, very thick, between six and seven in the evening. Here cross, and criss-cross, myriads of men—young and would-be young men—old and middle-aged, native and foreign, Jews and Gentiles. Here you may catch, as it passes in large quantities, the physiognomy of "the east side of the town." Here, if there happens to be an alarm of fire in the Seventh or Eighth District, you will, in its fullest extent (and with joy, if you accept strong sensations, and take the precaution to brace yourself by an iron lamp-post), realize the practical meaning of the phrase, "h—l broke loose," and will fancy that there is now going to be a powerful demonstration made toward the extinction of the long-talked-of and dreaded element of those regions. Much more demands its little *jot* here, where these four streets come together, and where, perhaps, the most pronounced personal and idiomatic New York characters, or the germs thereof, are to be found on exhibition, in one way or another. But let us move on.

Sights and Sounds, etc.—Carpet Stores

The sounds, the sights, are indeed those of the Bowery, not of its high-bred, aristocratic brother, half-a-mile off. But these, too, give pleasure, though different from those. The scale here is conventionally lower, but it is more pungent. Things are in their working-day clothes, more democratic, with a broader, jauntier swing, and in a more direct contact with vulgar life.

Carpet stores exist in the Bowery. You will be sure to know the

spot;—sometimes one—sometimes two or three stores together—oppressively gorgeous. Nos. 19 and 67 Bowery—and then the celebrated Andersons, 99, 103, and I think, still a third place, immediately above (for I like to specify, and also here asseverate, once for all, that when I do so specify, I do it to give definiteness to my sketch, and don't get a cent for it, honest).

Carpet stores! Let me privately confess to a weakness, about this time of year,—a strange propensity, to wander off and go and stand on the other side of the way, opposite one of these flowery establishments, and gaze. It is, perhaps (although you ain't sure), a four or five story brick-fronted house, pierced with windows. But you see neither brick front nor windows. It is poured over, from the very roof down, with the richest, intensest *colors,* in worsted, silk, ingrain, three-ply, tapestry and rug—all glistening, variegated out there in the strong sunlight. Swooping down, I say, from the very eaves, long, slender cataracts of crimsons, greens, blues—just swaying in the wind. Or, if you please, covered over with costly banners, heavy woven—here they hang forth, so much of them that you can't see anything else from top to bottom, only little gaps, just off the sidewalks for you to pass in.

Bowery Hotels

At Bayard street we come to the hotels—wherein, too, our Bowery has things after its kind. A great reference, upon investigation, to that large and substantial, but not fashionable class, who (as he who runs may read) have come from the country. In the groups at the doors, in the dining rooms, at the bars, you smell the fresh smell of market wagons, cattle on the hoof, the well-loaded schooner or hay-boat, and also smell money in the pocket, besides.

Here are the Worden House, the New England Hotel, Held's Hotel, and others—all deserving custom, and getting it. Supercilious youths, at the new Delmonico's, or the huge pale-faced Fifth avenue, will, of course, turn up their noses at restauration and a night's repose in the Bowery, near Bayard street. But what do you care, you full-blooded samples from the rural districts, and from marine bays and sounds, as you eat your hearty dinner or supper, or, early retiring, sleep without demur, having deposited a well-stuffed pocket-book in the safe in the office, or haply under your pillow?

Yet the complexion of this part of the Bowery is not invariably that of conscious innocence. Nay, it must be said that the pocket-books just alluded to sometimes go home shorn of their good proportions by methods that are not pastoral, nor related to poultry or pork.

The Sports and the Branch

From Bayard street up to Canal, we, by the exercise of our perceptives, make discovery of a number of young and middle-aged gentlemen out of that class to which an expressive art of nomenclature, (by no means the least of the fine arts) flourishing wild among young fellows in New York, has adopted and affixed the name of *the Sports.* These adjoining public-houses and basement saloons are off and on sprinkled with them—not so full as they used to be years ago, for the war has drawn off many of them, best and worst; but I notice some handsome fellows left standing about, with cigars in their mouths.

Here is the Branch. Here is the Bowery Theatre, whereof we will have more to say in our next. Here used to be on this block, a little realm, full of little potentates from the stage of the theatre, the saw-dust of the circus, and the arena of the professionally trained fighting-man. Here, winter after winter, were Levi North, Hiram Franklin, Melville and Macfarland, to be daily seen. Here Tom Hamblin reigned, and John R. Scott and fat Tom Flynn, and funny Gates.

The Reception of Tom Hyer [1]

Whoever was present at the Branch, or indeed anywhere in the lower part of the Bowery, the night after the famous pugilistic victory, thirteen years ago, won by Tom Hyer over Yankee Sulli-

[1] Tom Hyer, born in 1816, started life as a butcher-boy in the Old Centre Market. Successfully trained there in the manly art of self-defense, he turned professional, and in his first fight defeated a cabman, known as "Country McClosky." His match with Yankee Sullivan aroused great interest. Sullivan, an escaped convict from Australia, was the favorite in the betting. His real name was James Sullivan; his nickname arose out of his habit of fighting in the ring with an American flag about his waist. The fight between Sullivan and Hyer took place in 1849 at Rock Point,

van, saw what a culmination and torrid heat of enthusiasm the east side of the town could be capable of. Hyer was a young butcher, who represented the prowess of the markets, the dock, Columbia street and the Bowery, all combined. The fellows, the firemen, &c., made his cause a personal one, and when he came back toward the close of the day triumphant, and it was known that his headquarters were at the Branch, and that he himself was or would be then and there present, of course that row adjacent to the Bowery Theatre was besieged, jammed all night with clustered crowds, as by bees migrating and hiving. It proved a matter of life and death then to get inside through the doors of the Branch, or to get out either. I suppose no hero ever received more of an ovation, genuine or characteristic, than Tom did at the Branch that night.

Circus-men, Showmen, etc.

The public houses along here used to be filled winters with the circus-men, showmen, &c. You will see a few driblets of such remaining; but the former and peculiar glories of the neighborhood of the Branch seem to have taken to themselves wings. I saw, last Monday, as I walked by, that the place itself had moved and hung out its shingle two or three doors further off.

Migration of the Sports

I think the Bowery, this section of it, is the birthplace, and was for a long time the chosen and favorite ground, of the Sports of New York. Here they held their revels, even the first class ones; here they reigned supreme. But it is in the fortunes and localities of Sports as it is with nations. This quarter may be called the Spain, or perhaps the Poland, of Sportdom. Other powers, new ones, have come up, and on other territories, have outstript it. Now the first class Sports are to be found, as is well-known to whom it may concern, on Broadway, between Grand and Bleecker streets.

But let not the Bowery despair, nor the range between Bayard

Maryland. Hyer became as the result of this match the first white, American-born, heavyweight champion. Resolved never to enter the ring again, Tom Hyer announced his retirement, and Yankee Sullivan was then generally recognized as the champion.

and Canal streets. Fashions of all kinds ebb and flow, with unaccountable caprice. Some time, perhaps soon, the curious eddies may whirl back right in the direction of that old neighborhood again. For Spain is coming up; her old glory seems renewed, and to glint brightly. (But what dare I say for Poland?)

I shall speak of the Bowery Theatre next week, and then ramble farther on.

VELSOR BRUSH.

City Photographs

VI

THE BOWERY

The Old Theatre

Into any veracious sketch of the route we are sketching, there ought to enter, and form a good constituent part thereof, something about the Bowery Theatre—the Old Bowery, as, even after its coming up new from frequent destructions by fire, it has long been called.[1] Indeed, there might be made, not only one sketch, but a good-sized and very interesting volume, exclusively devoted to this dramatic temple.

My first personal knowledge of the Bowery Theatre was about twenty-seven or eight years ago, when I was a lad of fifteen.

Five or Six Lustrums Since

Just before that period, after a dreary season of depression and just keeping of heads above water, the fortunes of the Bowery were suddenly raised by the bringing out of the thrilling melodrama of "Jonathan Bradford, or the Murder at the Roadside Inn," which filled the house week after week, and had an astonishing and long, long run.[2] This started the Bowery on a career of prosperity that continued for fifteen or twenty years.

[1] This theatre burned down four times, in 1828, 1836, 1838, and 1845. The second time it burned down, on September 22, 1836, it caused a loss to Hamblin, who had recently become sole proprietor, of about sixty thousand dollars. The theatre was then rebuilt and opened anew on January 2, 1837.

[2] This play was first given at the Bowery Theatre on September 23, 1833, with Hamblin in the role of Jonathan Bradford.

"The Golden Farmer" was another very successful piece, a season or two afterwards. (But this last drew better at the little Franklin Theatre, down in the square—on account of the real genius of the acting in it of William and John Sefton.) [3]

Then there was "Mazeppa" (then span-new and well-played), with Gale and a well-trained young horse.[4] Also, "The Last Days of Pompeii," a capital melodrama.[5] In this, Hamblin was great as *Arbaces* the Egyptian, Ingersoll as a gladiator,[6] Thorne as a young Pompeian noble,[7] and Mrs. Flynn [8] as Nydia, a blind flower girl. These, and other new and successful pieces, and the regular routine of Shakespearean plays, &c., ranged through four or five years, after the production of "Jonathan Bradford."

Hobbledehoy Recollections

All these are among my hobbledehoy dramatic reminiscences. I saw them all from the time I was fourteen till seventeen or eighteen. At first, I remember, I used to go with other boys, my pals; but I afterward preferred to go alone, I was so absorbed in the performance, and disliked any one to distract my attention. Let

[3] The play, *The Golden Farmer,* which created a great sensation, was first produced at the Bowery Theatre on January 18, 1834. The Franklin Theatre, which could seat at the most about six hundred people, was first opened on September 7, 1835, and *The Golden Farmer* was given there on October 5, 1835. William Sefton in the part of the Golden Farmer and John Sefton as Jeremy Twitcher made this play extraordinarily popular, and it was repeated over one hundred times during the season.

[4] The equestrian drama, *Mazeppa,* was produced at the Bowery Theatre on July 22, 1833, with Gale in the role of Mazeppa and Mrs. Gale as Oneiza. The spectacle of the horse, to the back of which the hero is tied, made this play a popular success. It was revived on February 20, 1837, and played every night for four successive weeks. Cf. *C. P. W.,* VI, 189.

[5] First produced on February 9, 1835, this play, an adaptation by Miss Medina of Bulwer's novel, was highly popular and had a continuous run of one month, and was frequently revived.

[6] David Ingersoll, a young tragedian, first appeared in New York on December 27, 1833. He died in St. Louis in 1837.

[7] Charles Robert Thorne, born in New York in 1814, made his début at the Park Theatre on April 23, 1829, but soon after joined the Chatham and Bowery Theatres.

[8] Mrs. Flynn, wife of the actor and stage manager Thomas Flynn, made her first appearance at the Bowery Theatre on October 18, 1832, and was a prime favorite. She died on October 28, 1851, at the age of thirty-seven.

me confess how I crammed all that range of time as an insatiable romance-devourer (from a circulating library) and a perpetual theatre-goer. But it was very pleasant. Illusions of youth! Dreams of a child of the Bowery!

I used to go early and get a good seat in the pit. It was no such pit as it afterwards became, although the Bowery always showed more democracy and better animal specimens than the Park Theatre (with which house I was perfectly familiar). The dark green curtain before me—that curtain of curious stuff, like Chinese crape! What a mimic world of heroes and heroines, and loves, and murders, and plots, and hopes, and all which swells and pants in a hobbledehoy's imagination, that same curtain signified and formed a wall to by-and-by make way for! It used to go up (for I noticed every little thing) with quick and graceful leaps, like the hopping of a rabbit—and to come down at the end of the play like a quick green waterfall. It always gave me an odd delight to see the manner of this curtain's motion. I liked it better than the heavy, slow, dignified rolling up or down of the painted canvas of the Park, which I remember used to strike the stage always with a bounce—ridiculous, like some recalling jolt or nudge, after the pathetic conclusion of tragedy.

Booth's Richard (in His Prime)

I recollect with vivid distinctness, somewhere along this time, one of old Booth's performances—his great Richard [9]—on a night that formed an era in the experience of theatre-goers, for years afterwards, and indeed down to this day. For you may yet hear that night spoken of among the elder New Yorkers, and some of the best specimens of them, too; for the capacious house was crowded (it was Tom Flynn's benefit) [10] with an audience of as good men as the city could turn out.

The prices of the Bowery were then seventy-five cents to the boxes, and thirty-seven to the pit. It was a favorite resort for young

[9] Junius Brutus Booth began an engagement at this theatre as Richard III, on November 13, 1833.

[10] Thomas Flynn, born in England, December 22, 1804, was a close friend of Junius Brutus Booth and was stage manager of the Bowery Theatre in 1833–34.

New York, of a somewhat different type from the young New York of the present day.

Booth at this period was in his pride and prime. He was irregular, it is true; that is, he did not always act with sustained perfection, from beginning to end of the play—for he had strange moods and caprices, and followed them. But when the elements were propitious, and he gave the audience what he was capable of throughout, you saw and heard something to be remembered for your lifetime, and to give you new standards, and the highest ones, of art. And it was such a performance, that took place here at the Old Bowery, some twenty-four or five years ago (or a trifle more or less).

I had a good seat in the middle of the pit. The audience was electric—just the kind to call out a great actor's best. He was well supported.

Ingersoll played *Richmond.* (What middle-aged New Yorker, of the east side of the town, but remembers young, manly yet, boyish Ingersoll, Hamblin's pet? And how he used to play such parts as Phythias, to Forrest's *Damon?* [11] and the brother of Spartacus, in the "Gladiator?" [12] and *Cassius,* in "Julius Caesar?" For such were the plays, and finely sustained, that we used to go and see at the Old Bowery.)

Charley Thorne, who was then young and strong, and rosy and full of fire, played *Tressel.* The character has but one speech—but that's a tip-top chance. I am not sure but it was Thorne's debut in New York.[13] At any rate, I remember that in that speech, to the old king in the garden, he came upon the audience, and apparently upon the actors, too, like a sudden revelation—he threw into it the power of an avalanche, and very great pathos. I recollect the audience rewarded him with two distinct rounds of applause; and from that moment he was in the front rank of the Bowery favorites.

Of Booth himself, from beginning to end, he not only seized and awed the crowded house, but all the performers, without excep-

[11] Edwin Forrest first appeared at the Bowery Theatre on November 6, 1826. On November 27, 1833, after an absence of four years, he again played at this theatre in the character of Damon.

[12] This play, written for Forrest by Dr. Bird, was first produced at the Park Theatre on September 26, 1831.

[13] According to Ireland (*Records of the New York Stage,* I, 598), Thorne made his stage début in the role of Octavian.

tion. It was one of those achievements of acting, in a certain sense, too good and too powerful for the ordinary reward of hand-clapping or bravos of applause. The dream-scene, the night before the battle, the fight with *Richmond,* and the fierce and demoniac death, were all incomparable.

A hundred times since, off and on, in one place or another, I have met persons who were there—who saw Booth's great *Richard,* on the occasion of Tom Flynn's benefit; and upon comparing notes I have found that the acting of the man that night produced the same ineradicable impression upon them all. And some of them had seen the greatest actors of the British or Continental theatres.

Comparisons, etc.

I went to see the old man's son, Wilkes, play his *Richard,* during his engagement a month or so at Mary Provost's theatre, having heard the said Wilkes' acting praised. It is about as much like his father's, as the wax bust of Henry Clay, in the window down near Howard street, a few blocks below the theatre, is like the genuine orator in the Capitol, when his best electricity was flashing alive in him and out of him.

From what I have gleaned of old stage-frequenters, here and abroad, I have made up my mind that in a comparison of J. B. Booth and Edmund Kean, the advantage of the latter mainly was that he was almost uniformly good; but that Booth, with his fitful flashes, though soaring very high, often failed to keep up to his own mark. Yet, at times, at rare times, Booth probably played beyond all actors that ever lived.

Tom Hamblin

One little paragraph must be specially devoted to him. He was best in such characters as *Coriolanus,* for instance. He was of the Kemble school, and his large size, good build, and classic physiognomy, told greatly, of course, in all his performances. His fortunes in his management ranged through the usual ups and downs, but as a favorite actor with the public Hamblin held out to the last. But a little while before his death, at quite an advanced age, he played a very successful and drawing engagement.[14]

[14] Thomas S. Hamblin, born in England, May 14, 1798, or, according to another authority, in 1800, became manager of the Bowery Theatre in 1830,

John R. Scott [15]

There are many, and good judges, too, who always preferred Scott to Forrest. They resembled each other in physique and in style of acting; but Scott had, in the sentimental passages, a more winning voice and more magnetism with his audience.

Perhaps some old frequenter of the Bowery will remember Scott, some twenty-five years ago, in a piece called "The Sledge-Driver," the scene laid in Russia, and the plot somewhat like that of "The Lady of Lyons." It was full of manly tenderness, and Scott [16] acted it always to admiration. He was tip-top also in nautical character.

Other Performers

Among others that I recall of the Bowery in those times are, among the women, Mrs. Pritchard (with her unsurpassed *Lady Macbeth,* and her *Margaret* in "La Tour de Nesle"); [17] Mrs. McLean,[18] Mrs. Herring,[19] Miss Woodhull,[20] and the plentiful-sized Mrs. Stickney; [21] and among men, Jackson,[22] (afterward manager), George Jones,[23] &c.

and after a long and varied career both as actor and manager, died on January 8, 1853.

[15] This actor made his first appearance at the Park Theatre, in the play *Macbeth,* on July 2, 1828, not making his début at the Bowery Theatre, where he became a great favorite, until August 11, 1834. He died in 1856.

[16] Mrs. Planche's drama, *The Sledge Driver,* was first produced at the Bowery Theatre on September 15, 1835. Scott played the role of Ivan Daniloff and scored a huge success.

[17] Mrs. F. Pritchard (really her maiden name), a native of England, last appeared on the New York stage in 1836, and died in 1843.

[18] Mrs. McLean first appeared on February 10, 1835, at the Park Theatre. She was not a first-class actress but played well in minor roles.

[19] Mrs. Herring first played at the Bowery Theatre on November 18, 1833, and was a favorite there for a long time.

[20] Miss Clara Woodhull, who later married the tragedian, Alexander Pickering, made her début at the Richmond Hill Theatre and afterwards played at the Bowery Theatre. She died in 1837 at the age of nineteen.

[21] Mrs. Stickney, formerly Mrs. Jones, made her first appearance at the Bowery Theatre on November 6, 1834. Because of her great corpulence, she was later forced to play the parts of "old women."

[22] A. W. Jackson, born in 1806, became manager of the Bowery Theatre in 1845, where he amassed a fortune. He died in 1866.

[23] George Jones, who used to play at the Bowery Theatre, proudly called

I see I have so far forgotten to mention Miss Medina, the authoress, whose pieces were always good and successful, and who was afterwards the second Mrs. Hamblin. Then there was Mrs. Shaw.[24]

Farewell, Old Bowery!

But nearly all I have named are dead, and the old theatre seems, these current days and nights, to sulk and mourn for them. I went by there the other night, and it was all gloomy enough. No more crowds around, no gas-clusters beaming down light in showered plenty, no more prosperous peanut stands.

So farewell, Old Bowery Theatre; and, for our next, let us take in hand the "German element," namely lager bier, and the scenes and persons clustering round it.

Velsor Brush.

City Photographs

VII

THE BOWERY

Lager Beer, The Germans, etc.

The Bowery, and the demesnes east of it, represent the real democratic lager element of New York. There is lager enough on Broadway, but it is not imbibed, as it is here, with the genuine workingman's thirst; nor associated, as here, with so many memories of friendship, and with the ideas of relief from toil, and with the social relaxations and pleasures of life.

All the east side is full of German operatives. To go off for a couple of hours of an evening, or six or seven hours of a Sunday, is their main hold upon life outside of their daily work. And these hours are identified with lager.

himself "the American Tragedian," and later rendered himself notorious by assuming the name of Count Joannes. See *C. P. W.*, VI, 188.

[24] Mrs. Shaw, who later became the fourth Mrs. Hamblin, first appeared in America on July 25, 1836, and after 1839 played at the Bowery Theatre where she was an acknowledged favorite for many years.

A Popular Lager-Beer Hall in the Bowery

Through a somewhat lengthy passage, you reach a great round open place, formerly a circus, or something of that kind. Here is plenty of room, and the roof of canvas, red, white and blue, makes it all cool and nice for summer. The crowd is dense; they surround the little and big tables, and fill up the interstices.

Waiters clutching in their hands astonishing quantities of glasses, glide to and fro, working their way through impossible places, with snake-like agility. (This feat of carrying a couple of dozen glasses in each hand is worth noticing.)

There is a stage, with theatrical and lyric performances; also a brass band, in another part of the house, up in a gallery that runs all round the house; the brass is very loud and vehement.

Among the audience are numerous descendants of the race that escaped from Egypt and crossed a certain sea dry-shod. Here they are in the Bowery, many of them with hats of the Mose-style. Some of them have brought their wives and babies—the latter they frequently toddle and dance to the sound of the music. Of course Germany predominates, although the European continent is all more or less represented. There are, here and there, young couples, apparently not long married—some of them very loving. But their loving is unnoticed; there is great freedom of the individual permitted here. There are some good-looking women. The best of the matter is a general show of health and hilarity, and those make up for other deficiencies.

There is a restaurant on one side of the large room. On another side, cigar and confectionery stands, &c. Somewhere around is a shooting-gallery attached, for amid all the din of the band, the click of glasses, the unrestrained laughter and talk of six or eight hundred people, and the raps on the tables to call the waiters, you hear the crack, crack! of the bogus rifles, firing wooden missiles at a target against the wall (at two cents a shot).

Boys run round with trays of pretzels; others with cheap cigars. At a bar off one side, you see three men drinking each a large cylindrical glass of wheat beer—that aristocratic cousin of the popular russet lager. With the rest, you hear the merry pop of the innocent soda water, in bottles, the corks being abruptly liberated from their bonds of twine. In the midst of all the bell rings

and the curtain rises for a performance, in German on the stage.

Now there is some trouble. There is an "officer," with big black whiskers, a fearful looking man, deputed to keep the peace in this reckless assemblage. Everything has gone on well enough till this moment, but now he becomes frantic in his futile endeavors to make the standees become seated, so that all can see the magnificent achievements on the stage. But all the evening each one of the mass has been doing what seemed best in his own sight, and now the tide is resistless. There is much hubbub. The officer with the ferocious whiskers has a special squabble with a weak, pale-faced young man (evidently a journeyman shoemaker), who has come there to do the handsome with a chosen one of the other sex.

The pale-faced young man retorts upon the officer with indignation, in a foreign tongue. Whiskers attempts to bully him, but the frau takes a hand in. Then whiskers suddenly beholds (although positively invisible to me and the rest) a mortal row over in a distant part of the hall, which requires his attention and personal presence.

Meantime the actors and actresses on the stage proceed with admirable nonchalance, not disturbed in the least by the rumpus, which at one time made more noise by far than the play (or whatever it was).

But lo! a balloon is suddenly let down, as from the high meridian, covered with an inscription in large, strange characters. I ask for their decipherment from a learned person in my neighborhood. He courteously informs me that it is an advertisement of a ball, of some guild or society, to come off the ensuing week, with the place, price of tickets, &c. I look with horror at this method of abstracting money from the daily and weekly papers; also with some curiosity at the ingenious utensil. After about five minutes it ascends, and is lost to sight.

The mixture of sounds now affords one who hath ears to hear that sort of thing, something very novel and varied. The band up in the gallery plays ambitious pieces from the great composers, &c.; but it does not disturb you so much in connection with all the rest. In every direction are men's voices, animated with lager. There is much friendship—occasionally an embrace. I hear the orders sung out from the waiters in the restaurant to the carver very plainly. A disturbed infant, a rod off, is squalling at the top

of its strength. Then there is the continual clicking of glasses, the calling of friends to each other from outside to inside; a boy crying as he passes with a tray, "Cakes, pretzel, ice cream;" and the pounding of a beefsteak to make it tender back in the restaurant. These are only samples, for there are plenty more to make up the combination.

Such are the sights and sounds at a lager establishment, pure and simple. Then there is the larger hall, with dancing accompaniments for the crowd.

Lindmuller's

Have you never spent an hour of an evening at Lindmuller's dance hall? Then you shall go thither with us this instant, only promising that you may consider yourself transported, without expense or trouble, to the east side of the Bowery, opposite Spring street.

Lindmuller's might be taken for a large hot-house, with the usual glass roof. It, too, like the spot previously described, is roomy and democratic and devoted to lager; but the further specialty here, is in letting joy be unconfined, and everybody going in for a good buxom dance.

Up around the one story, toward the roof, along the pillars and gas-fixing, &c., are trained slender threads of vines; but their pale green leaves have a suspicion of the artificial. All the ample center of the "halle," a space of sixty or seventy feet by forty, is kept clear for the waltzers. Around this are motley groups, seated or standing, with their glasses of lager, and looking at the dance. It is about 10 o'clock, Thursday evening, May 9th, '62.

Now a waiter dashes out and sprinkles the floor with a watering-pot. Then the waltzing band strikes up—very good music—the young fellows seize their partners, and off they whirl.

Now a trivial episode occurs. The "officer" (here shaved very clean) rushes through the crowd of dancers, and taps a young man on the shoulder; the mild young man having violated the etiquette of the hour by engaging in the merry dance with his hat on. The young man removes the offending article, and proceeds.

The crowd of dancers thickens, and becomes thick and agitated. Some grow very red in the face. One fleshy young lady shines con-

spicuously, like the full moon among the stars. If there is any accidental jostling, it is received with great good nature, altogether the people seeming to have a first rate time.

Here, too, on one side, is a shooting gallery. A placard annexed informs patriots who wish to join the army, and desire first to perfect themselves in the art and mystery of hitting the mark, that they will here be taught free by an accomplished professor.

Another placard, a little distance off, nominates John C. Fremont for the Presidency in 1864.

Meanwhile, the young fellows (good-looking and healthy) waltz, waltz, waltz away. Of course there are the inevitable cakes and pretzel.

Velsor Brush.

FIFTY-FIRST NEW YORK CITY VETERANS[1]

ON October 29, 1864, there appeared in the New York *Times* the article, "Fifty-First New York City Veterans," which, though unsigned, was undoubtedly written by Whitman. It is included in *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose*,[2] and in a footnote [3] Professor Holloway says, "Although this letter is without his signature (probably because of the laudatory mention it contains of George Whitman), it is certainly Whitman's. The article in the *Union* (see *infra*, II, p. 29) had promised just such a letter; the references at the end of the present communication show that it was written by some one close to, if not a member of, the Whitman family; the article, cut from the *Times*, was found, after Whitman's death, in a collection of his news letters with the date of publication marked on it in his own handwriting; and, finally, parts of the material used here are to be found in one of his notebooks dating back to the period."

On the reverse side of the cut article, to be found in the Harned Collection, Whitman set down the date on which the article was printed and added, "reg't captured at Petersburg." The notebook to which Professor Holloway refers contains rough and copious notes for an article on this regiment, which in quality and length is almost entirely different from and on the whole greatly superior to the one printed in the New York *Times*. Can it be that the latter is a condensed or editorially revised version of the article as he originally sent it, or was he forced by the exigencies of space to limit it to a bare and rapid

[1] The article in the manuscript is without a title. Since it resembles the one which appeared in the New York *Times*, it has been deemed advisable to give it the same title.

[2] II, 37–41.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 37.

enumeration of battles and events? At one point in the printed article there is a parenthetical remark, "We skip rapidly over many of its journeys, stoppages, and even some of its fights, as space forbids describing them." [4]

There can be no doubt that the manuscript notes, hastily written as they were, would have been a far more vivid and valuable contribution. They form a racy and dramatic narrative which bears in almost every line Whitman's individuality of style, and yet is free from the involutions and idiosyncrasies which mar his later prose. The article in the New York *Times* is matter-of-fact and wholly undistinguished.

The material jotted down in this notebook was gathered by Whitman from conversations with soldiers and officers during his visit to the Army of the Potomac, then stationed at Falmouth and slowly recovering from its disastrous defeat at Fredericksburg. Whitman, as we know, had gone there to seek out his wounded brother George. For intimate and moving glimpses of soldiers in action, of the stir and movements of war, of cases of individual heroism, the draft of this article is unequaled by anything Whitman wrote, save his account of the battle of Bull Run and his description of scenes in the hospitals.

51st N. Y. Col. Ferrero [5]

Started for New York, Oct. 30, '61.—went to Annapolis, and laid in the Camp of Instruction two months & six days. Sailed Jan. 6th '62 in transports for Hatteras—terrible storm & blow. Some vessels sunk.—Short of water & rations—started from Hatteras Feb. 4th up Pamlico Sound—arrived at Roanoake Feb 6th battle of Roanoake,—bombardment of the rebel works, rebel batteries, by our own gun boats near all day on the 7th—latter part

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 37–38.

[5] The Fifty-first Regiment, New York Volunteers Infantry, was formed in New York City, and took for its patronymic the title of Shepard Rifles, in honor of Colonel Elliot F. Shepard. During the war the Regiment had in succession the following Colonels: Edward Ferrero, Robert B. Potter, Charles W. Le Gendre, and John G. Wright.

of the day troops landed—Capt. S. Sims [6] & Company G were first ashore—bad weather, raining miserable weather. No fires would burn &c. men lay in the wet &c.—Morning 8th the battle commenced —51st marched [7] through a horrible swamp to avoid a road battery—the Brooklyn colors were the first planted ashore—the 51st were ordered on in some of the most difficult positions, rebel force 4500 men and several batteries, some of the guns very fine. On the charge, the Brooklyn boys were ahead with the foremost.—loss of the 51st 4 killed and 28 wounded.

Dec. 21 '62

Regiments in Ferrero's Brigade

Men for duty		
170	21st Massachusetts	the three old reg. formerly Reno's
180	51st N. Y.	
300	51st Pa. was not in Roanoake	

35th Mass.—came in brigade 10th Sept

11 New Hamp. came in 1st Oct.

Stopt in Roanoake in the barracks till 6th of March—went aboard transports—sailed on the 11th destination unknown—arrived at Slocum's Creek, Neuse river, on the 13th, landed, formed on shore (raining like blazes,) and started for 16 miles distant Newbern, passed lately-deserted barracks, earthworks, &c.—marched 13 miles, and bivouack'd, (rain continues, bad as ever.)—morning of the 14th started for [8] Newbern, attack'd the rebels, protected in their breastworks—after 4 hours fighting, the battle was won—(all this was 3 miles from Newbern)—in this affair the 51st lost 103 kill'd and wounded, 8 of them officers [9]—when near Newbern, found it was in flames—that night bivouack'd outside of Newbern—

After entering Newbern, (which was not till a week or two after the above battle,) the regiment there till July 5th on which date the 51st starts for Newport News. (The 51st has lost 5 men by drowning.)

[6] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 160, 214, 250, 260.

[7] "debouched" is written above this word.

[8] Above this is written the alternative expression "advanced toward."

[9] The article in the New York *Times* gives a different figure, "killed and wounded, some twelve officers and one hundred and fifty men." (*U. P. P.*, II, 37.)

Landed at Newport News, July 9th, and lay in good quarters, till Aug. 2nd—then struck tents, and went aboard transports to Fort Monroe—from there went up the Potomac to Aquia Creek, and thence to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburgh—Aug. 12, left and arrived at [10] Culpeper Station where they arrived Aug. 14th.—15th (under General Pope) moved on to Cedar Run, (there pitched into corn, sheep, and vegetables)—19th made up a large camp fire and at 10 o'clock at night moved off to Rappahannock, at Kelly's ford. forded the river, (under a bad rain.)—Aug. 23d. left and the next day reach'd Sulphur Springs.—25th at Warrenton.

—Aug 29th at Bull Run, on the 30th in the battle.—This is the third general engagement the 51st was in, (loss 10 killed and 50 wounded) [11]—they were of great help in saving the artillery and baggage wagons.

Frederick B. McReady
(Orderly Sergeant, Co. G. 51st N. Y. Vol.)
115 Schermerhorn St.[12]
Capt. Saml. H. Sims Co. G. 51st N. J.
Lieut. Frank Butler " " " " "

About Mules—Jan 3d—forenoon the drove of mules, as many as a thousand, going up K Street. The outriders the leaders ahead —the obstinate laggard away behind.[13]

—Sept 1st left Centreville at 5 A. M. and at dusk, (in the midst of the damnest rain) came off the sharp engagement [14] of Chantilly, loss of the 51st, 7 wounded, some of them proved mortal—(the above was the *fourth battle*)—marched on and on, about a month's marching, and bivouacking—Sept. 14th the *fifth battle*—the battle of South Mountain,—commenced at dusk, and lasted till nine o'clock P. M.—slept on their arms—slaughter of rebels heavy—loss of the

[10] Above this is written "marched to."

[11] Again the figures differ. "The regiment lost ninety-two men in this fight." (*U. P. P.*, II, 38.)

[12] Whitman refers to McReady a number of times in *The Wound Dresser*. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 134; VII, 155, 214, 250, 262, 268, 271.

[13] As indicated by the date, this was apparently written after Whitman had returned to Washington. For an excellent description of cattle droves passing through the streets of Washington, see *C. P. W.*, IV, 80.

[14] Whitman had originally written "battle." He later revised it, in order, probably, to avoid repetition of the same word.

51st 6 killed and 15 wounded—15th and 16th march'd, fought, shot and shell from the enemy pretty heavy—17th *Sixth battle*

Dec. 20 '62. "Shebangs" the little huts of green boughs, pine or what not, put up for the impromptu shelter of soldiers in Virginia &c.

Monday Dec 22 '62 in the Hospital on the ground at Falmouth—John Lowerie—Co G. 51st N. Y.—arm amputated—plucky—(trade machinist).[15]

Amos H. Vliet—feet frozen—Hospital tent—51st N. Y.[16]

Thomas F. Nichols—Co D.

Saml. A. Appel
Co. B. 51st Penn. Vol

Adj't. Abm. W. McKee.

The 51st has been in *seven general engagements,* and *sixteen skirmishes*—acquiring a reputation, (in common with the whole 2d brigade (of the 2nd division of the 9th Army Corps) for endurance, perseverance, and daring, not excelled by any in the whole army of the U. S.—at Antietam and Fredericksburgh they did the work of old veterans—At the former in taking the bridge, (conjointly with the 51st Pa.) the regiment performed a deed of daring hardly excelled anywhere. Gen. Burnside pronounced it the best thing he had seen in the whole war.—At Fredericksburgh, the regiment held an important hill acting as an advanced picket in force, going on 9 o'clock on the evening of Dec. 14th and holding it till Monday night, at 12 o'clock—they lay flat on the mud.

17th *Sixth battle* of Antietam—in this battle the 51st fought the fight for an important bridge (see rebellion record,) between two hills—the rebels on one side—advancing on the bridge, shouting loudly &c.—(loss 80 or 90 kill'd and wounded) [17] order was

[15] Cf. *C. P. W.,* VII, 95, 135.
[16] See p. 133.
[17] "The regiment lost 1000 men here." (*U. P. P.,* II, 38.)

given by Col. Potter to "charge the bridge!"—the 51st did go with a cheer, cleared the bridge, to the end—fight lasted all day—51st were again at the end of the day ordered on further desperate service, taking the bridge again—the battle was—

Seventh battle, that of Fredericksburgh

Col. Robert B. Potter

After Colonel Ferrero was promoted, Lt. Col. Potter became colonel of the Regiment, acting for the first time as such, at the second battle of Bull Run. On inquiry I found his chief merits are courage and coolness. When he orders the men to lie down, for protection in an engagement, he will be very likely to walk coolly in front of them, observing operations all around. "Lie down yourself, Colonel," the men will cry out. "Some of the rebs will see you." "Yes," he will answer, "but I want to see them too." [18]

The regiment now numbers about 300 men—on the rolls 550—started from N. Y. with 1000 total and have had 80 recruits since.

They call the new men "bounty regiments"—"$700 men"
"healthy beat" a man who would shirk, and make something up
"dead beat"—a man who would shirk and not make something up.

eating the green corn—grated through tin pans with rough holes pierced in them—the troops had to do this repeatedly in Virginia on Pope's retreat.

"army pies" and "wash" hard crackers and coffee.
"western milk" i. e. whiskey (when put in your coffee)

After a march at dusk, in fifteen minutes after the men get the order to halt, they will have their camp fires burning in all directions, and the grub in process of cooking, coffee, pork, beef, potatoes boiling, chickens, or anything they stole or grabbed in any way.

The balloon—

Monday, Dec. 22—forenoon very pleasant. Sun shining, a partial haze—Saw the balloon up—a great huge, slow moving thing, with

[18] For references to Colonel Potter, see *C. P. W.,* VII, 96, 160.

a curious look to me, as it crawled up, and slanted down again, as if it were alive. The haze, I suppose, prevented any good use—for it staid up only a little while. A beautiful object to me—a graceful, pear-shaped thing, some 30 by 50 feet, (at a guess.) I examined it, by and by, when it was grappled on the ground, in a picturesque ravine, west of Gen. Sumner's headquarters, swelling up there in its diamond-shaped netting, with a watchful sentry over it night and day.

The 51st at Night, 20th Dec.

My walk out around the camp,[19] the fires burning—groups around—the merry song—the sitting forms—the playing light on the faces—they would tell stories—one would tell a story of a dead man sitting on the top rail of a fence—he had been shot there at sundown, mortally wounded, clung with desperate nerves, and was found sitting there, dead, staring with fixed eyes in the morning—

Charley Parker

Then I heard of Charley Parker, a young man in Company E. in the 51st; how he was shot on the advance at Fredericksburgh, died hard, suffered much, frothed at the mouth—his body on the return, found entirely stript by the Secesh, and was decently buried by his companions. How he was a noble, beloved young man; one of the soldiers knew his father, and how than Charley no one could possibly be a greater credit to his family. A clean, gallant soul, lad of the 51st; old Brooklyn.

Monday forenoon, Dec. 22.—I write this in the tent of Capt. Sims, of the 51st New York.

Sight at the Lacy house—[20]

at the foot of tree, immediately in front, a heap of feet, legs, arms, and human fragments, cut, bloody, black and blue, swelled and

[19] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 39–40.

[20] Mr. Barton contends that Whitman never visited the Lacy House, but his reasons are inconclusive. "He was not in the Lacy house. He heard soldiers tell that they had seen on the day after the battle these and other

sickening—in the garden near, a row of graves; some distance back, a little while afterwards, I saw a long row of them.

The walk along the Rappahannock in front, a pleasant shore, with trees—See that old town over there—how splintered, bursted, crumbled, the houses—some with their chimneys thrown down—
the hospitals—the man with his mouth blown out
the balloon

Sunday Dec. 21st.

Regimental Inspection Parade

51st N. Y. V.

Fine pleasant day, bright & sunshining but cool enough to freeze; about 11 o'clock Col. Potter had a regimental inspection, and read the articles of war. The men looked well to me, not in the sense of a march down Broadway, but with the look of men who had long known what real war was, and taken many a hand in—held their own in seven engagements, about a score of skirmishes &c.—a regiment that had been sifted by death, disablement &c. from eleven hundred men, (including recruits,) down to about two hundred—any one of whom had now an experience, after eighteen [21] months, worth more, and more wonderful, than all the romances ever written—whose story, if written out, would be first class.[22]

Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, Dec. 19, 20, and 21, was at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburgh.

The grub was good—had a tip-top time every way.—Capt. Sims, Lieut. Frank Butler, Orderly McReady, and ——— all used me well

gruesome sights, and he took over their experiences as his own." (Barton, p. 49.) Yet in a letter to his mother, dated December 29, 1862, Whitman writes, "One of the first things that met my eyes in camp was a heap of feet, arms, legs, etc., under a tree in front of a hospital, the Lacy house." (*C. P. W.*, VII, 129.) Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 38.

[21] "Fifteen" has been crossed out and "eighteen" written over it.

[22] Whitman was extremely proud of the record made by this regiment, and seems to recognize its possible literary value. In one of his articles to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, March 19, 1863, he refers to this regiment as "that old war worn regiment whose flag has flaunted through more than a score of hot-contested battles, the Fifty-first New York." (*C. P. W.*, VII, 96.)

—grub good [23]—went around among the camps—saw the hard accommodations and experiences of campaign life—the shelter tents —the improvised fireplaces in holes in the ground, with small subterranean passages and small mud chimneys, lengthened out by a barrel with both ends knocked out—Went round mornings and evenings among the men—heard their conversation &c.—the bivouac fires at night, the singing and story telling among the crowded crouching groups.—Every one speaks so well of George—they say he is so brave, steady, is good natured, of few words—he is now Captain.[24]

Artillery drill—Va. Fal. Friday Dec. 26

The artillery drill, off on the open plain, the movements by sound of trumpet—The battery of six guns—the order, *limber to the left*—the horses quickly attached, the trumpet blast a signal, and off they go.

The men attached to the guns
—Picture of a battery drill
The order—*limber to the front,* the bugle sounds, and off they go on a full run

The picturesque scene of a battery drill on the open plains, the men at their positions, the orders, and signal by trumpet—off they go on a run

[23] Cf. Barton, p. 43. Mr. Barton contends, on the basis of what evidence he does not declare, that the fifth occupant, whose name Whitman left blank, could not have been his brother, George.

[24] This last sentence would seem to refute Mr. Barton's statement that Whitman's "note-books do not mention the brother whom he had gone to the front to find." (Barton, p. 44.) Mr. Barton, furthermore, compares this account with the letter Whitman wrote to Nat and Fred Gray (*U. P. P.,* II, 21.) and detects, as he claims, a number of flagrant discrepancies. There are really none. He refrains from quoting the passage from the notebook which says, "saw the hard accommodations and experiences of campaign life." Mr. Barton also denies that Whitman "went out under a flag of truce to direct the burial of the dead." (Barton, p. 48.) But he gives no proof to support his charge. As a matter of fact, a despatch from Falmouth, printed in the New York *Herald,* December 21, 1862, tells us that a flag of truce was sent to the rebel headquarters to ask permission to bury the dead. Men then went across the river to the battlefield which was thickly covered with the unburied corpses. There is no reason to suppose that Whitman could not have taken part in this expedition.

The cannons of pale yellow
—the hurrying horses, the ammunition wagons, carrying an extra wheel behind—some of their horses in the rear.

Antietam—the fight at the bridge. 17th Sept.

This was a stone bridge over Antietam Creek, in a position naturally almost impregnable and was fortified by the rebels.[25] Orders were given to carry this point at all hazards, and the work was deputed to the 51st N. Y. and the 51st Penn. At 1 o'clock these regiments made a charge with the bayonet, carrying this through with determination and courage never surpass'd.—They cleared the bridge, gained the opposite side, and held it—in the contest losing a large number of officers and men.[26] *The 51st going on picket,* on the hill in advance, on the battlefield of Fredericksburgh—Sunday 14th Dec., the day after the engagement—

—The general engagement was Saturday 13th. Sunday was comparatively quiet, with occasional picket firing. On Sunday night, the 51st was ordered on a picket in force, to relieve the men holding a hill in advance of our line, south of Fredericksburgh, perhaps two miles beyond the river. The 51st men went on this duty about 9 o'clock Sunday night. Any member of the regiment will recollect [27] till his dying day the circumstances of this night and the following day, up to 12 o'clock Monday night—the regiment being on continuous duty in a most dangerous position about 27 hours. During the whole of that time, every one from the Colonel down was compelled to lie at full length on his back or belly in the mud, which was deep and tenacious. The surface of the ground, slightly elevated just south of them, served as a natural bulwark & protection against the rebel batteries and sharpshooters, as long as the men lay in this manner; but the moment the men raised their heads or a limb, even if only a few inches, snap & *o-o-st* went the weapons of Secesh. In this manner, the 51st remained spead out in the mud, all Sunday night, all Monday and Monday night till after midnight. Although the troops could plainly hear the rebels whistling &c. the latter did not dare to advance upon them. Al-

[25] "Rebels" is crossed out and "Secesh" written over it, but this is also stricken out.

[26] Cf. *U. P. P.,* II, 38.

[27] "remember" is crossed out and "recollect" put in its place.

together this was a night to be remembered. Soon after midnight, the 51st (as a blind) took up their march (the relief soon followed) through Fredericksburgh, over the pontoon bridge to Falmouth where they halted and took their old camping ground. The 51st was relieved Tuesday morning, 16th, about 3 o'clock, after four days' absence.

Just after early candle light—Papers! Papers!

At dark a horseman will come galloping through the camp, with something white thrown across the pommel of the saddle in front of him, and you will hear the cry, papers! papers! Then quite a rush out of the tents, and the shinplasters fly around lively—the New York papers are 10 cents, and the Washington and Philadelphia ones 5.

Falmouth. Tuesday morning Dec 23 '62

I write this standing on high slope between Gen. Sumner's headquarters and the railroad terminus down towards the river. The day is soft, brightly beautiful. Down below is spread out a picturesque scene. The countless baggage wagons, with their white roofs, the numerous strings of mules, the railroad locomotive, the broad spread[28] of slopes and hills winding their way over the railroad track, and making a huge S. towards the river, which is only a few hundred yards distant, are the whole of the 51st N. Y. 51st Penn. and 100 men of the 11th N. H. going on picket duty along the shore.

Va. On the Falmouth side, Friday, Dec. 26th, '62

Early this morning I walked out, in the open fields, one side of the camp. I found some of the soldiers digging graves—they were for the 51st N. Y. and 11th N. H. There was a row of graves there already, each with a slat of board, generally a piece of barrelhead, on which was inscribed the name of the soldier.[29] Death is nothing here. As you step out in the morning from your tent to

[28] Above this word is written "stretch."
[29] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 38.

wash your face you see before you on a stretcher a shapeless extended object, and over it is thrown a dark grey blanket—it is the corpse of some wounded or sick soldier of the reg't who died in the hospital tent during the night—perhaps there is a row of three or four of these corpses lying covered over.[30] No one makes an ado. There is a detail of men made to bury them; all useless ceremony is omitted. (The stern realities of the marches and many battles of a long campaign make the old etiquets a cumber and a nuisance.) [31]

I walked on over to a camp of teamsters, in the woods—or rather what had been the woods, but was now pretty well cut down; a few trees standing at intervals, stumps all over and plenty of boughs and branches strewing the ground. The teamsters were in groups around, here and there, mostly squatted—by the fires, idling, or cooking breakfast, &c.

Near by was the camp of the 26th Penn., who have been out since the commencement of the war. I talked with a couple of the men, part of a squad around a fire, in the usual enclosure of green branches fencing three sides of a space perhaps 20 feet square—breaks the wind from the north and east. Where there are boughs to be had these sylvan corrals are to met with in all the camps—some of them are built very finely, and making a picturesque appearance for a camp. They serve as the company kitchens, and the same purpose of rendezvous, of an evening that the public house, the reading room, or the engine house, did at home. (describe one of these sylvan corrals)

Brigade consists of 51st New York, 51st Penn. and 21st Mass. (about 1800 men.) (See further on)—At Leesboro' Sept. 7th joined by the 35th Mass. with 1000 men.

To a stranger the men in the ranks appear great growlers: a large proportion of men in the world even the good fellows would burst if they couldn't grumble.

[30] Cf. "A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," *Inc. Ed.*, p. 259.

[31] Mr. Barton quotes a portion of this passage, p. 45. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 38. In the despatch printed in the New York *Herald*, December 21, 1862, we learn that there was no other way of burying the dead than to dig long lines of trenches and heap the corpses in them. Chances of future recognition were thus lost. Cf. "A Sight in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," *Inc. Ed.*, p. 259.

The men I talked with in the 26th Penn. appeared to be in the best spirits and less growling than any I had met with yet. To a stranger the men in the ranks appear great growlers. By & by you learn this is nothing; a large proportion of men in the world even the good fellows would burst if they couldn't grumble.[32] The tents of this camp were quite comfortable, such moderate weather as we are having now. One of the men came out of a tent close by with a couple of slices of beef, and some crackers, and commenced cooking the mess in a frying pan, for his breakfast. It looked very good. Another man was waiting with similar articles, to have the use of the frying pan. As I examined the little shelter tent through the open entrance, the ground strewn with pine twigs, and protected on each side with a pine log for an entrance, the knapsacks piled at one end for pillows, (three men asleep in one of the tents.) I thought, rough as it was, that men in health might endure it, and get along with more comfort than most outsiders would suppose—as indeed the condition of the men around me was a tolerable proof.[33]

The mass of our men in our army are young—it is an impressive sight to me to see the countless numbers of youths and boys—there is only a sprinkling of elderly men. On a parade at evening, there you see them,—poor lads, many of them already with the experiences of the oldest veterans.[34]

100? The ∧ days fighting—march—on the bivouac

After leaving Newport News for Falmouth (via Aquia Creek) left Falmouth, about 500 men,[35] ☞ * brigade consisting of 51st Penn. and 21st Mass. (about 1800 men)—*Aug 12* for Culpeper—now begins a most emphatic and ———[36] experience, being a continued life of rapid marching, on the bivouac, fighting, the sound of cannon, hardly a day intermitted for the best part of 100 days. (The regiment now has a part of Maj. Gen. Pope's Army.)—15th Aug. at Cedar run to Kelly's ford—19th started on the retreat, marching double quick most all the way—lay at Kelly's ford region two

[32] See *C. P. W.*, IV, 79.
[33] *Ibid.*, IV, 40.
[34] *Ibid.*, IV, 42.
[35] This refers to the part where Whitman noted "see further on."
[36] Whitman left this blank in the notebook.

days—had a fight with the rebel Longstreet—23rd left Kelly's ford, following the line of the Rappahannock, the rebels on the other side—24th at Sulphur Springs—left the springs next morning, and arrived at Warrenton the same day (25th)—alarm of the enemy, line of battle formed, proved false report—marched to Warrenton Junction, arriving 26th, laid there that day—27th started for Gainsville.

28th started for Manassas, arriving there 29th. 30th and 31st were engaged in the battle—2d Bull Run—the troops behaving with great coolness, courage and in perfect order—About 11 o'clock at night left the battle field, (being the last regiment that left, and having the credit of saving the artillery,) and bivouack'd that night at Centerville. Left the latter place Sept. 1st at 5 A. M., arriving at Chantilly at dusk—here occurring a sharp engagement, (Battle of Chantilly), lasting till 10 o'clock at night. (It rained furiously and the conflict was in the woods.) Sept. 2 at 3 A. M. started for Fairfax Court House, arriving there soon after sunrise —2 P. M. for Alexandria, reaching the latter place at dark—Sept. 3d in temporary camp near Alexandria—4th at 8 P. M. started for Washington,—encamped at Park Garden in Washington at 3 A. M. on the 5th—[37] lay there 5th and 6th—7th marched from Washington to Leesboro' Md., arriving there the same evening—here joined by the 35th Mass. 1000 strong—6th laid at Leesboro'—9th march'd to Brookville. 10th march'd to Damascus—11th and 12th on the march to Frederick City—13th to Middleton—14th engaged in the Battle of *South Mountain* (one of the fiercest fights of the war)—15th march'd toward Sharpsburgh—16th (as all the past four days,) fighting, shelling, constant fusillades, every hour on the alert; and shelling the enemy) near Sharpsburg, lying till 17th when the reg't was hotly engaged in the *battle of Antietam,* taking this bridge at the point of the bayonet, (in conjunction with the 51st Pa.)—and towards night rising and holding it against the violent efforts of the enemy to retake it. (See back.) 18 lay in the

[37] The notebook at this point contains the quatrain in Whitman's handwriting:

The greatest march that was ever made
Since the days of old King Pharaoh
Was the march that was made by the 2d brigade
Under Brigadier General Ferrero.

At the bottom of this is written, "Gen Sturgis."

neighborhood, (no grub for two days,) expecting an attack from Secesh but they now retired for scores and hundreds and hundreds of miles—all this through mud, rain, heat, snow, cold, woods, bog, fording rivers, slipping down steep descents, rocks, climbing upright & hills, exposed, in the first part to the sweltering summer,[38] in the last to severe changes, nipping and cool, amidst an active enemy, in secretiveness, the inhabitants full of treachery and venom, our men often marching without food, often worse, no water, the muddiest water sometimes a precious luxury, dragging their limbs, deadly tiresome, carrying heavy burdens, nature sometimes exhausted, any moment liable to surprise, moving to every point of the compass, hither and yon, now to escape from a superior force, now in pursuit to capture him, through gaps, shoes worn out, feet bleeding, clothing torn, dirty, not only sleeping on the ground in the open air, (that was nothing), sometimes having to scrape away the snow to make a place to lie down,—fighting in some heavy historic battle one day, under arms perhaps all night in the field, resuming the march next day, halting a little while on the bivouac at night and then with knapsack on back and guns on shoulder, again resuming the march for ——— days—

continue this [39]

19th encamped two miles distant, near mouth of Antietam Creek—lay in camp there till Oct 7th. At that date moved on to Pleasant Valley, Md., and lay there till the 27th & then struck tents, and crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge at Berlin, marching to Lovettsville, Va. arriving there that night—30th marched to near Wheatland, Va. (And now commenced another march, of nine days, bivouacking at night, fighting by day, every day hearing far or near the sound of cannon, but oftener near than far.

2d. Nov. marched for Purceville, encamping there that night, (they were now following up with Gen. Pleasanton and his U. S. Cavalry the movements of the Secesh Cavalry under Gen. Stuart.)—3d on to Bloomfield.—4th on to Upperville—5th on over the Piedmont railroad, encamping near Piedmont—6th on the march, (cold spiteful snowstorm,) near Orleans, Va.,—7th lost the road, had to retrace ground, wandering a number of miles, descending a very

[38] "heat" had been crossed out and "sweltering summer" written above it.

[39] This passage, beginning with "all this through mud, rain, heat," was very difficult to decipher in the manuscript notebook. The changes that Whitman made in his revision have been recorded in the reading.

steep, rocky hill, sharp dangerous ledges of rocks, that night laying exhausted in the road and woods, in the snow—8th, started for Jeffersonton, arrived there at night, and bivouac; (the enemy, under Stewart had just left.)—9th nothing new.—10th no grub—11 on a reconnoisance, (no grub yet)—12th at 3 A. M. retired to Sulphur Springs—13th had crackers for the first time in several days—15th left Sulphur Springs at 7 A. M.,—As soon as our artillery had gone, the Secesh opened their guns on our baggage train, creating a panic among the teamsters—our artillery returned, and silenced them—same day marched to Fayettsville, and bivouack'd there—16th left camp at 7 A. M. and that night bivouack'd near Warrenton Junction—17th nothing new—18th started for Falmouth—19th encamped on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburgh—thus ending a march of about 100 days, which if properly narrated would stand on a par with anything in military movements, ancient or modern.

Next comes the battle of Fredericksburgh. 13th—the 51st (as part of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 9th Army Corps, comprising besides it the 51st Penn. 21st Mass. 11th New Hampshire & 35th Mass.) crossed the river on the 12th—advanced on the batteries on the 13, the day of the battle, fought hotly, and with unflinching courage, in the [40]

The Chaplain—the doctors (and the general account) of the adequacy of the Chaplain.

the mail—the letters in the adjutant's tent—50 letters to be sent off, franked—going to all parts

The Doctor's statement going into battle

When I went down the hill on Falmouth side and saw up the hill on the opposite side, the long rows of batteries, completely protected, we had to advance upon, I felt worse than later in the day, when in the hottest part of the fight.—The enemy had every advantage over us—we had to advance over a considerable open space exposed to their batteries and their infantry and sharp-

[40] The manuscript was left unfinished at this point. This note, relating to the Battle of Fredericksburg, properly belongs here: "*truth*—wounded in battle of Fredericksburgh between 6 and 7000 in full."

shooters protected by rifle-pits. Yet it was deliberately done. (I think there was as much bravery exhibited by our troops, in deliberately advancing, with perfect steadiness, and in their general conduct on Saturday, and sternly holding the field Sunday and Monday as was ever exhibited by any military force in the world.—(Describe the slope on the Falmouth side—the bridge—the advance.—performing surgical operations on the battlefield—Dr. Leonard at Fredericksburgh Saturday on the advance

Old vet's, (i. e. veterans)—Skedaddlers—some would skulk, of course, on their way to the fight—but not many.

Sight at daybreak—[41] in camp in front of the hospital tent on a stretcher,[42] (three dead men lying,) each with a blanket spread over him—I lift up one and look at the young man's face, calm and yellow,—'tis strange!

(Young man: I think this face of yours the face of my dead Christ!)

Butcher shop in the woods

The fenced enclosure in the midst of the woods, for butchering the beef, the just quartered cattle, in huge pieces lying around—the men with rolled up sleeves and stained arms.

Sights & sounds
& a on the
The shriek of the mule at night
the roll of drums—the men drilling with their muskets on their shoulders
—the enclosures of green boughs, for fires for cooking

The graves with slight boards, rudely inscribed with the names.
In front of the hospital, the dead brought out, lying there so still,
The piece of board, hastily inscribed with the name, placed on the breast, to be ready.
The squad at the burial, firing a volley over the grave.[43]

[41] This is the rough draft of the touching poem, "A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim." (*Inc. Ed.,* p. 259.) Cf. *U. P. P.,* II, 93.

[42] The phrase "on a stretcher" is omitted in *U. P. P.,* II, 93.

[43] These lines, which spring from the same experience at Falmouth as the

? Dec. '62 Friday 26th

Brigade Drill

About 1 o'clock, there was a drill of the ? 2d Brigade of the 2d Division of the 9th Army Corps, comprising the 51st N. Y. Vol's, the 51st Penn., the 21st Mass., (old regiments,) and the 35th Mass., and 11th N. H., under command of Brigadier General Ferrero. The Brigade turned out less than 1000 men—a significant commentary on war, for nearly every one of its five regiments originally started with as many as that number, and besides there have been a good many recruits. What remain of the men, though nearly all young fellows, have the look and gait of veterans. No show at all in the way of uniforms, but marching and evolutions perfect.

The drill closed with a spirited charge, the men shouting like wild Comanches.[44] I have been informed that the Secession troops never utter these loud cries during their movements, but are as stealthy as cats.[45] This is an error—they do cry loudly in a charge. But our troops generally go in with loud cries.

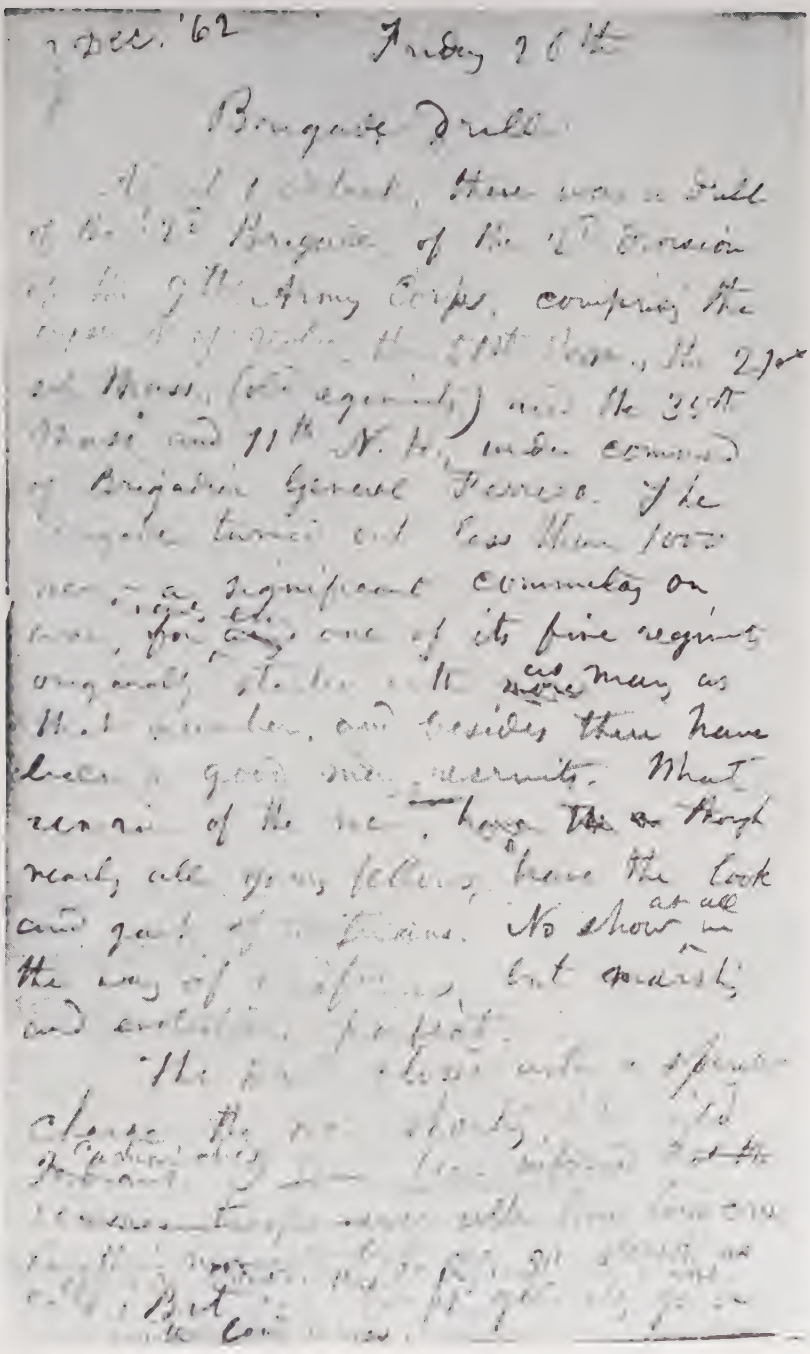
Christmas Afternoon, 1862. In Virginia, near Rappahannock Army of the Potomac

I write this paragraph in the midst of a large deserted camp ground, with the remains of hundreds of mud-huts, and the debris of an old brigade or division of soldiers all around me. On a road near at hand successive caravans of army wagons, some of them apparently interminable, with their six-mule teams, are passing and passing, with only slight intervals, nearly all the time. Not far off is camp of several hundred teamsters with rows and half-moons of wagons ranged around, and heaps of forage, hay, temporary stables, &c. In sight as I sweep my eye over the open ground, (for I can see without obstruction from two to four miles every way) I behold several other such teamsters' camps. Off outside I see the

lines above (See *C. P. W.*, IV, 38.), were probably intended to form part of the same poem, "A Sight in the Daybreak Gray and Dim."

[44] "Comanches" written over "Indians," which is crossed out.

[45] This sentence has been crossed out in the manuscript. See facsimile.



SPECIMEN PAGE FROM WHITMAN'S NOTEBOOK

carcases of dead horses and mules. The wooded parts of the surface have been cleared for fuel, & building purposes, for a hundred thousand soldiers.

I hear plainly the music of a good band, at some Brigadier's quarters, a mile and a half away; it is a beautiful, soft sunny Christmas day with thin haze in the air. Then the drum tap from one direction or other comes constantly breaking in. Where I sit, I am not within many hundred rods of any soldiers' quarters, but I can see them, regiments, brigades and divisions, spread out in the distance, at every point of the compass. All is open ground; not a particle of fence anywhere. Squads of soldiers are wandering, crossing the space, the roads, &c. at a distance; but where I sit a couple of hundred feet off a road, I am quite solitary. I am sitting on a remnant of pine log, the old groundsite of what was probably a large camp hut. I can see to the south-east the depression in the landscape, where the Rappahannock runs, and one or two signs of Fredericksburgh, (a battery could easily shell it from where I sit.) I hear the sound of bugle calls, very martial, at this distance—a fine [46] large troop of cavalry is just passing, the hoofs of the horses shake the ground, and I hear the clatter of sabres. Amid all this pleasant scene, under the sweet sky and warm sun, I sit and think over the battle of last Saturday week.

The old flag of the 51st

Old flag, all shot through with fragments of shell, bullets, &c. its staff shattered, carried sternly into seven engagements, and into the thickest of the fight, and safely brought out again—all full of shreds, fringed as with the sword, the silk stained with blood.[47]

The fighting at F [48]

Taking the army as a whole, it is almost certain that never did mortal man in an aggregate fight better than our troops at Fredericksburgh. In the highest sense, it was *no failure*. The main

[46] The next page contains Mrs. Barbauld's poem, "Life! we've been long together."

[47] See "Bathed in War's Perfume." (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 483.)

[48] Abbreviation for Fredericksburg.

body troops descending the hills on the Falmouth side, to cross the pontoon bridge could plainly see over back of Fredericksburgh, the Secesh batteries, rising in tremendous force and plenty, on the terrace required to our men's crossing exposed stretches of land,[49] which were fearfully commanded by their batteries, and also the flats thick with their rifle-pits. Yet all the brigade went forward unflinchingly. Nearer view on Saturday, the day of the fight, made everything still more ominous to our side. But still the men advance with unsurpassed gallantry—and would have gone again further, if ordered.

The comic side of death—(Joshua Ford)

Death of a middle-aged man, (he belonged to Co. E. 1st Delaware reg't.) in one of the hospitals, Jan 13th '63. Occupied bed 31, ward 6, Campbell hosp. He seemed to be perfectly conscious —he had a good-natured attentive [nurse] who never wearied of well doing—he wanted plug tobacco—he said to the nurse every few moments during the night, "Now give me another plug of tobacco—I'm going to die soon." He had plenty of rum and water, by order of the physician. He said, would often say, "Now give me some more toddy"—He wished some person would come in—liked company—he was quite curious—did not seem to mind death at all—took it very phlegmatically—(—spoke of it with perfect coolness.)—was a widower—died towards morning without pain—one of the last things was taking a drink of rum & water.

Left Brooklyn for Falmouth, Va. Dec. 16, 1862—Washington Dec. 17—Falmouth camp of 51st N. Y. V. Dec. 19th '62—Ret to Washington about Jan. 2 '62. Remained in Washington among wounded, sick, &c. in hospitals (was home in Nov. a month—Andrew died early in Dec. '63) [50] till taken sick. Left Washington June 23, 1864 for Brooklyn.[51]

[49] This last line is somewhat difficult to make out in the manuscript, and the editor has endeavored to give what he considered the correct reading.

[50] A letter (in the Bucke Collection) that Whitman received from his mother gives a graphic and extremely touching description of the circumstances attending Andrew Whitman's death. For another reference to his death, see *infra* diary entry for December 3, 1863. Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 221–222.

[51] One page of this notebook contains notes on Dante's *Inferno*. Even during the storm and stress of the war Whitman did not abandon the read-

ing of the books that he loved. On the first and second fly-leaf respectively of *The Works of Virgil,* literally translated into English prose by Davidson, New York, 1857, a copy of which is owned by Mr. Oscar Lion of New York, Whitman wrote:

"had this volume with me in N. Y.—Washington—and in Canada—1862 to 1889—(the edge-stains are from breaking a bottle of Virginia wine in a trunk with it on a journey during the war there)—

W W"

"the stains in edges are f'm breaking a bottle of Virginia wine in my satchel during a jaunt war-time 1863—Walt Whitman."

In the Bucke Collection there is a copy of *The Odyssey of Homer with the Hymns, Epigrams, and Battles of the Frogs and Mice,* Literally translated with explanatory notes by Theodore Alois Buckley, London, H. G. Bohn, 1863, on the flyleaf of which Whitman wrote, "Possess'd by me from 1868 to 1888 and read by me during those times— . . . Often in camp or Army Hospitals." The only question that arises in connection with this book is—Could Whitman have read selections from it in the hospitals as late as 1868?

RETURN OF A BROOKLYN VETERAN

THE article, "Return of a Brooklyn Veteran," [1] though unsigned, presents so many striking parallels in expression and thought with Whitman's published writings on the Civil War that we are justified in ascribing it to his hand. Besides the significant fact that it deals with the war career of his brother, George Whitman, and that the poet had previously contributed to the Brooklyn *Daily Union*,[2] it contains many peculiarities of phrase, sentence construction, and punctuation, which unmistakably point to Whitman as the author. This article was written at a time when Whitman's mind was filled with the subject of his brother's imprisonment, for whom he had been anxiously trying to effect an exchange. A careful collation of this article with "Fifty-first New York City Veterans," [3] and with the longer article [4] on the history of this regiment gathered from his notebooks, will reveal many convincing similarities in the organization of material, references to personalities and events, and stylistic mannerisms. To cite but one example, a passage in his notebook reads: ". . . all this through mud, rain, heat, snow, cold, woods, bog, fording rivers, slipping down deep descents, rocks, climbing upright & hills." [5] The article printed in the Brooklyn *Daily Union* reads: ". . . amid heat, dust, rain, snow, wading rivers, climbing or descending mountains, travelling through mud,

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Union,* March 16, 1865. The writer is indebted to Miss Edith Rosenbaum who discovered this article, and to Professor Emory Holloway under whose supervision her work was done, for permission to include it in this book.

[2] "From Washington—Military Anxieties," September 22, 1863.

[3] See *U. P. P.,* II, 37.

[4] See p. 63.

[5] See p. 77.

swamps, &c." On the basis, then, of strong external and even stronger internal evidence, this article is confidently attributed to Whitman.

Return of a Brooklyn Veteran [6]

CAMPAIGNING FOR FOUR YEARS

The exchange of prisoners of war now going on at points on James River and elsewhere is sending home quite a number of Brooklyn officers and soldiers. Among others returned within a day or two is Capt. George W. Whitman, after an absence in the service of nearly four years. Since last September he has been confined at Libby, Salisbury, and Danville, Va., military prisons. As he has many friends here (particularly in the Seventh, Eleventh, and Twentieth Wards) it may be acceptable to present a sketch of his campaigns since the time he left home in April, 1861. He is a Brooklyn boy, having been born in this city in 1829, in Tillary Street; was raised here, and his relatives and associations have been and are here. He took an early part in the struggle, being roused by the assault of the Baltimore mob on the United States Volunteers passing through there in April, 1861. He joined at that time the Brooklyn Thirteenth, a hundred days regiment, and immediately left for Baltimore, Washington, &c. The three to four months of the summer of 1861 gave him the discipline of a soldier. At the expiration of his hundred days' service he enlisted for three years or the war in the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, then organizing at Palace Garden, New York. He was mustered in as a private, but Colonel, (now Major-General) Ferrero [7] promoted him the the next day to Sergeant-Major, in which capacity he left with the regiment in October, 1861, as part of the Ninth Army Corps, under Burnside, who was preparing for his North Carolina expedition.

Sergt.-Major Whitman's first fight—after a tempestuous sea voyage, with several men lost, and great danger at times to the transports—was at the storming of the rebel forts at Roanoke,

[6] From the Brooklyn *Daily Union,* March 16, 1865.

[7] See p. 68, 76n., 80.

N. C., February, 1862. At this fight he was promoted to be Second Lieutenant. His next was at Newbern. His regiment lost in these two battles 150 men and 12 officers.

Skipping many items, Lieut. Whitman's next general engagement —the Fifty-first being sent north in July, 1862—was at second Bull Run. The regiment lost 92 men here. His next was at Chantilly, and very soon after at South Mountain—both hard contests, and mainly at night. The next, September 17, 1862, was in the thickest at Antietam. He was here promoted to a First Lieutenancy. In these engagements his regiment lost 135 men.

The latter part of the summer of 1862, with the fall and early winter, gave Lieutenant Whitman and his fellow-soldiers of the Fifty-first plenty of hardening exposure and active excitement. For about one hundred days they were on the go, either advancing, ratreating [*sic*], or in actual battle, with little or no intermission, all over Eastern Virginia and Western Maryland—up and down, across and back again, amid heat, dust, rain, snow, wading rivers, climbing or descending mountains, travelling through mud, swamps, &c., often short of grub, depending frequently for days on raw corn from the fields, sometimes losing the road, travelling much at night, always sleeping on the ground, sometimes chasing the enemy, sometimes chased by them, and fighting or sharply skirmishing at least as often as half or one-third the whole time.

His next fight was at First Fredericksburgh, Dec. 13, 1862. He was here wounded in the face by a fragment of a shell. He was promoted to a Captaincy immediately after this battle.

Captain Whitman, leaving the Rappahannock with his regiment in February, 1863, now went round with them (after camping a short time at Newport News) by way of Baltimore to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, etc., and so down into Kentucky. After some military operations here, his next experience was under Gen. Grant at the siege of Vicksburg. Next a hot and dusty little campaign, which resulted in capturing the City of Jackson, Miss. Then further service in Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, etc., thus finishing out the year 1863, in the southwestern regions of the war.

He then accompanied the regiment (what was left of it) back to New York, March, 1864, on a re-enlistment furlough of thirty days, after which they were recruited with several hundred fresh men. He again saw the Southwest—Nashville, Chattanooga, Knox-

ville, &c., but, soon returning North, joined, with the rest of the Ninth Corps, the Army of the Potomac, the latter part of April, 1864.

He went through, and in the very heat of them, all the battles of the Wilderness—6th, 7th, and 8th of May—and so onward to Spottsylvania. The Fifty-first lost heavily. Several of their officers and men killed were well-known Brooklynites. We might mention, as one soldiering item out of many, that a shell, whose explosion had killed two of his company and seriously hurt a third, struck Captain W. on the side in passing, but without doing any further damage than cutting off just half of his canteen. When he felt the water running down his legs and boots a few moments afterwards, he supposed it was blood. In the succeeding day's fight his overcoat was shot through by bullets in two places. The fighting here, and the unsurpassed courage on both sides, will live in history forever.

Continuing on at Cold Harbor; then resisting a fierce assault on the Ninth Corps, about midnight early in June; then in the movement across the James, with the ensuing contests about Petersburg, and down the Weldon road, Captain W. bore part. In the well-known attack, July 30, on the mine explosion before Petersburg, the command of the regiment devolved upon him during the latter part of the contest, and he was highly mentioned afterwards in the official report of the affair.

On the 30th of September last a reconnoisance in strong force—comprising part of the Ninth and part of the Fifth Corps—advancing to the west, attacked some rebel works near Poplar Grove Church. Our men being repulsed, the secession forces attacked in turn and with vehemence. The Fifty-first was on the extreme left, and held its line with coolness; but the troops to the right of it broke, leaving a gap, through which the Rebs. poured a column, cutting off the left. The severed men fought bravely, but were pressed further away. It was getting dark in the evening, and eventually they were taken prisoners. Capt. Whitman was acting Lieutenant-Colonel at the time.

He had now to endure that worst part of a soldier's experience of life—if that can be called life, which is worse than death—in one after another of the Confederates States military prisons; a series of many weary months of starvation, humiliation, and every pressure on body and spirit, of which the world knows too well.

He was for two months sick in hospital with lung fever, for a time very low and not expected to recover. From Petersburg he was taken to the Libby, in Richmond; then to Salisbury, N. C., and kept there some time; and then to the prison at Danville, Va., whence he was last week paroled.

His career since he started out in April, 1861, and again with the Fifty-first New York Vols., in October, same year, down to his return home to Brooklyn, two days since, has indeed been an eventful one. The crowd of occurrences and changes, both personal and public, during that time, are oppressive in their solemnity and irretrievable nature. Of the officers, in their original position, that went with the regiment, not a single one remains; and not a dozen out over a thousand of the rank and file. Most of his comrades have fallen by death. Wounds, imprisonment, exhaustion, &c., have also done their work. His preservation and return alive seem a miracle. For three years and two months he has seen and been a part of war waged on a scale of amplitude, and with an intensity on both sides, that puts all past campaigning of the world into the second class; and has had danger, hardship, and death for his companions by night and by day, in all their Protean forms. He has been in twenty-one general engagements or sieges, most of them first class of war, and skirmishing, &c., almost beyond count; has sailed the sea in long and severe storms, fought all over the blood-reddened soil of Virginia and Western Maryland, also in the Carolinas, also in Kentucky and Tennessee, also in Mississippi at Vicksburg and Jackson; and in all the Titanic struggle of the Wilderness, and so to Petersburg and the Weldon road. He has marched across eighteen states, traversing some of them across and back again in all directions. He has journeyed as a soldier, since he first started from this city, over twenty thousand miles; and has fought under Burnside, McClellan, McDowell, Meade, Pope, Hooker, Sherman and Grant. Such has been the experience, beyond what any romance could tell or narrative comprise, of one of our Brooklyn soldiers in this war the past three years and ten months. In conclusion, a remark lately made by Elliott F. Shepard,[8] of New York (the getter up of the Fifty-first Regiment), in relation to him may be given: "I love that officer, George Whitman," he said: "he is a soldier and a man to love; and is as modest as he is brave."

[8] See p. 64n.

LETTERS

WHITMAN as a youth saw life through the windows of a newspaper office, and his experiences as an editor of and contributor to various newspapers visibly influenced both his literary and journalistic style. Faithful to the canons of good journalism, he always bore in mind the type of people with whom he corresponded and wrote in a way that would hold their interest. In literature as in life, he strove constantly to be in rapport with his audience. He spoke their language and discussed matters that would appeal to them. Each letter had its own purpose, its special flavor. What a difference in content and expression between the letters addressed, let us say, to William Douglas O'Connor and those to Lewis Brown or to his mother! And so the letters printed in this section, like those printed in *The Wound Dresser*, possess value not so much as literature—literature, that is, in the formal sense—but as a revelation of Walt Whitman.

In these simple, unadorned letters to his soldier friend, Lewis Brown, and to Trowbridge, nothing is said of the romantic or spectacular side of the war. Racy, gentle, informed with humor and pathos, they reveal the deep sympathy and tenderness he felt for the sick and wounded. He consciously felt that he was called to this work as a volunteer hospital nurse, and in spite of all the suffering he was forced to witness, he liked it. The gratitude of the men whose needs he supplied was sufficient compensation. As nurse and companion to the wounded, he was putting into practice his gospel of adhesiveness, the love of man for man. What he wrote in one of the letters to Lewis Brown is true of his own letters. "I never think about literary perfection in letters either, it is the *man* & the *feeling*."

The letters to his mother and to Mrs. Abby Price, ranging from 1865 to 1873, show him as he was in the years following

the war when the nation was recovering from its wounds and attempting to build up the ravaged land. Whitman still continued to visit the sick and wounded who remained in the Washington hospitals, but for the most part he had seemingly adjusted himself to the routine occupation of a clerkship. In one letter he says that the position is "well suited to a lazy, elderly, literary gentleman." He wrote for the magazines, but he could not help feeling lonely and homesick at times. Not until his mother died did he realize how close were the ties that bound them together. Just as during the war he had written her regularly an account of his visits to the hospitals, his hopes of obtaining employment, the condition of his health, so now his chief and constant purpose in writing to her was to reassure her that all was well so that her mind might be at rest concerning him. Though these letters are plain, matter-of-fact communications, they cannot hide the great and abiding love Whitman bore his mother.

The letters to Mrs. Abby Price reveal Whitman in his lighter moments. He values the friendship of this understanding woman highly, and does all in his power to repay her for it. His efforts in behalf of the poor postmaster, Mr. Parker, his activity as a lobbyist, his indomitable courage and serene cheerfulness in the face of paralysis, his genuine interest in all things, both great and small, that concerned the household of Mrs. Price—these portray Whitman at his best. In any estimate of his work and character, one cannot afford to ignore the body of letters he wrote.

TO LEWIS K. BROWN

The case of Lewis Kirk Brown, who is mentioned a number of times in *C. P. W.*, IV, 225, 227, 229, 234, reveals the tender, the "adhesive" side of Whitman. Brown enlisted at the outbreak of the war when he was only eighteen years old. Near Rappahannock station on August 19, 1862, just before the second battle of Bull Run, he was wounded by a shell in the left leg. Though taken a prisoner he was so severely injured that

he was left behind with the other wounded prisoners, and lay in a semi-conscious state, exposed and untended, for four days. He was then removed to the Armory Square Hospital. Unfortunately the wound did not heal; atrophy and paralysis set in, and on January 5, 1864, Whitman made an entry in one of his notebooks, describing the operation on Brown's leg. "To-day after dinner Lewy Brown had his left leg amputated five inches below the knee—(the surgeon in charge examined it the day after it occurred)—I was present at the operation." An illegible part of the notebook refers to the giving of ether. "The surgeon in charge amputated, but did not finish the operation, being called away." The rest of the page, which is defaced and illegible, relates to the stitching of the wound and the coming out from under the influence of the ether.

Lew bled and they thought an artery had opened. They began to cut the stitches again and make a search, but after some time concluded it was but a surface bleeding. They then stitched it up again and Lew felt every one of the stitches though partially under the influence of the ether. They did not think it safe to give him any more as he had already taken it excessively. I could hear his cries and sometimes quite loud, and half-coherent talk and caught glimpses of him through the open door. At length they finished and they brought the boy in on his cot and took it to its place. I sat down by his side. . . . He talked quite a good deal. His face was very pale, his eyes dull. He asked often about me. He remained very sick, opprest for breath, with deathly feeling in the stomach &c & great pain in the leg. As usual in such cases he could feel the lost leg very plainly. The toes would get twisted and not possible to disentangle them. About 7 o'clock in the evening dozed into a sleep, quite good for a couple of hours. The rest of the night was very bad. I remained all night, slept in an adjoining cot. (The same next night.) He had a very good night watch, who remained.

This entry, written probably at Brown's bedside, poignantly reveals the nature of Whitman's ministrations to the wounded.

These three letters were deposited in the Library of Con-

gress by Mrs. Lewis Kirk Brown, and were accompanied by a memorandum prepared by Miss McGill. The letters were written before the amputation took place. They are a characteristic expression of the deep friendship and affection he felt for these sick and wounded soldiers. They voice in plain, racy prose the sentiments that Whitman embodied in his "Calamus" poems.

Washington, August 1, 1863.

Both your letters have been received Lewy—the second one came this morning, & was welcome, as any thing from you will always be, & the sight of your face welcomer than all, my darling—I see you write in good spirits, & appear to have first rate times—Lew you must not go around too much, nor eat & drink too promiscuous, but be careful & moderate, & not let the kindness of friends carry you away, lest you break down again, dear son—I was at the hospital yesterday four or five hours, was in Ward K—Taber has been down sick, so he had to lay abed, but he is better now, & goes around as usual—Curly is the same as usual—most of the others are the same—there have been quite a good many deaths—the young man who lay in bed 2 with a very bad leg is dead—I saw Johnny Mahay in ward E,—poor fellow, he is very poorly, he is very thin, & his face is like wax—Lew I must tell you what a curious thing happened in the Chaplain's house night before last—there has been a man in Ward I, named Lane, with two fingers amputated, very bad with gangrene, so they removed him to a tent by himself—last Thursday his wife came to see him. She seemed a nice woman but very poor. She stopt at the Chaplain's—about 3 o'clock in the morning she got up & went to the sink, & there she gave birth to a child, which fell down the sink into the sewer runs beneath, fortunately the water was not turned on—the Chaplain got up, carried Mrs. Lane out, & then roused up a lot of men from the hospital, with spades &c. dug a trench outside, & got into the sink, & took out the poor little child, it lay there on its back, in about two inches of water—well, strange as it may seem, the child was alive, (it fell about five feet through the sink)—& is now living & likely to live, is quite bright, has a head of thick black hair—the Chaplain took me in yesterday, showed me the child, & Mrs. Jackson, his wife, told me the whole story, with a good deal I haven't told you—& then she treated me to a good plate of ice cream—so I staid there

nearly an hour & had quite a pleasant visit. Mrs. Lane lay in an adjoining room. Lew, as to me & my affairs there is nothing very new or important—I have not succeeded in getting any employment here yet, except that I write a little, (newspaper correspondence &c) barely enough to pay my expenses—but it is my fault, for I have not tried hard enough for anything—the last three weeks I have not felt very well—for two or three days I was down sick, for the first time in my life, (as I have never before been sick)—I feel pretty fair to-day—I go round most every day, the same as usual—I have some idea of giving myself a furlough of three or four weeks, & going home to Brooklyn, N Y but I should return again to Washington, probably. Lew, it is pretty hot weather here, & the sun affects me—(I had a sort of sun stroke about five years ago.)—You speak of being here in Washington again about the last of August—O Lewy how glad I should be to see you, to have you with me—I have thought if it could be so that you & one other person & myself could be where we could work & live together, & have each other's society, we three, I should like it so much—but it is probably a dream—Well, Lew they had the great battle of Gettysburgh, but it does not seem to have settled anything, except to have killed & wounded a great many thousand men—It seems as though the two armies were falling back again to near their old positions on the Rappahannock—it is hard to tell what will be the next move—Yet Lewy I think we shall conquer yet—I don't believe it is destined that this glorious Union is to be broken up by all the Sesech South, or Copheads north either—Well my darling I have scribbled you off something to show you where I am & that I have rec'd your welcome letters—but my letter is not of much interest, for I don't feel very bright to-day—Dear son you must write me whenever you can—take opportunity—when you have nothing to do, & write me a good long letter—Your letters & your love for me are very precious to me, for I appreciate it all Lew, & give you the like in return. It is now about 3 o'clock & I will go out & mail this letter, & then go & get my dinner—So good bye Lewy—good bye my dear son & comrade & I hope it will prove God's will that you get well & sound yet, & have many good years yet—.

Walt

Address my letters care Major Hapgood paymaster U S A at cor. 15th & F st Washington D C

Washington
August 11 1863

Dear Lewy,

I thought I would write you a few lines to day—I suppose you rec'd a letter from me eight or nine days ago—I hope this will find you in good health & spirits—I wrote to you not to go about too much, & eat & drink too freely, & I must repeat the caution—a fellow can keep himself in good condition by a little care & prudence—

Well Lewy the presentation to Dr. Bliss came off last Saturday evening—it was in Ward F—the beds were all cleared out, the sick put in other wards—the room cleaned, hung with greens &c. looked very nice—the instruments were there on exhibition the afternoon. I took a view of them, they were in four cases, & looked very fine—in the evening they were presented—speeches were made by one & another—there was a band of music &c—I stopt about 20 minutes, but got tired, and went off among the boys that were confined to their beds—the room was crowded, and everything passed off right I heard—

Lewy, we had the hottest weather here I ever experienced—it has been now about ten days, & no let up yet—Yesterday & last night was the hottest, no rain for sometime & the air prickly & burning—Still I am enjoying very good health, thank God,—better this last week than I have had for two or three months—I have some thought of going on to New York for a short time, as I have not been home now in eight months, but if I do, I shall pretty surely return here before long—Lewy the draft has been put through here in Washington the past week—they drafted lots of Secessionists & quite a good many darks—(I wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to draft all of both them kinds)—I don't hear any particular war news,—the Army of the Potomac is down around Warrenton—there are conscripts arriving there to fill up the regts. more or less every day—it will be a great & sudden change of life to many, especially such weather as this.—I believe I told you in my last letter about the strange way the baby was born in the Chaplain's—Well the baby is alive and growing like a pig, & the father Mr. Lane is getting well, Mrs. Lane ditto—Dr. Bliss is just going off on a furlough—the Chaplain & wife have left on a furlough—Taber & the rest in Ward K are all right—there have been quite a good many deaths in hospital the past week or so, the heat is bad for the poor wounded

men—Well Lewy I must now wind up—I send you my love my darling son & comrade, & request you to write me soon as convenient, how you are getting along & all about things—I will write again before very long, till then good bye & God bless you dear son.

Walt Whitman

Address care Major Hapgood paymaster U S A cor 15th St & F st Washington D C

Washington
August 15 1863

Lewy, your letter of August 10 came safe, & was glad to hear all about you, & the way you are spending the time—Lew you must be having first rate times out there,—Well you need something to make up what you have suffered—You speak of being used well out there—Lewy I feel as if I could love any one that uses you well, & does you a kindness—but what kind of heart must that man have that would treat otherwise, or say anything insulting to a crippled young soldier, hurt in fighting for this union & flag? (well—I should say damned little man or heart in the business)—Should you meet any such you must not mind them, dear comrade, & not allow your feelings to be hurt by such loafers—(I agree with you that a rebel in the Southern army is much more respectable than a Northern Copperhead.) Dear son, when I read about your agreeable visit of a week, & how much you enjoyed yourself, I felt as much gratified as though I had enjoyed it myself—& I was truly thankful to hear that your leg is still doing well, & on the gain—you must not mind its being slowly, dear son, if it only goes forward instead of backward, & you must try to be very careful of your eating and drinking &c. not indulge in any excesses & not eat too much flummery, but generally plain food, for that is always best, & it helps along so much.—Lewy I believe I wrote you an acc't of the presentation to Dr. Bliss—he is now off North for three weeks—Dr. Butler, (ward D) is in charge—some of the doctors & wardmasters have been drafted—poor Johnny Mahay is not in very good spirits—he was to have an operation performed before Bliss went, but he went off and did not do it—Johnny is pretty low some days—Things in Ward K are pretty much the same—they had some improvements in the Hospital, new sinks, much better, & the grounds in front & between the wards nicely laid out in flowers & grass plots &c.—but Lew it has been awful hot

in the wards the past two weeks, the roofs burnt like fire—There is no particular war news,—they are having batches of conscripts now every day in the Army—Meade is down on the Upper Rappahannock & fords & around Warrenton—Lee stretches down toward Gordonsville, they say his headquarters is there—folks are all looking toward Charleston,—if we could only succeed there, I don't know what Secesh would do—the ground seems to be slipping more & more from under their feet—Lew, the *Union* & the *American Flag* must conquer, it is destiny—it may be long, or it may be short, but that will be the result—but O what precious lives have been lost by tens of thousands in the struggle already—Lew you speak in your letter how you would like to see me—well my darling I wonder if there is not somebody who would be gratified to see you, & always will be wherever he is—Dear comrade, I was highly pleased at your telling me in your letter about your folks' place, the house & land & all the items—you say I must excuse you for writing so much foolishness,—nothing of the kind—my darling boy when you write to me, you must write without ceremony. I like to hear every little thing about yourself & your affairs,—you need never care how you write to me Lewy, if you will only—I never think about literary perfection in letters either, it is the *man* & the *feeling*—Lew, I am feeling pretty well but the sun affects me a little, aching & fulness on the head—a good many have been sunstruck here the last two weeks—I keep shady through the middle of the day lately—Well my dear boy I have scribbled away any thing for I wanted to write you to-day & now I must switch off—good by my darling comrade, for the present, & I pray God to bless you now & always. Write when you feel like it, Lewy. Don't hurry.

Walt.

Address still care Major Hapgood, paymaster U S A at cor 15th & F st Washington D C

TO J. T. TROWBRIDGE.[1]

Washington, Dec. 27, 1863.

Dear friend,

I have left word at the office Armory Square hospital about

[1] Mr. Will S. Monroe, of Waterbury, Vermont, was kind enough to send me copies of these letters.

Caleb Babbitt's descriptive list. Poor boy, I should like much to see him and soothe him.[2] About the package of books, direct them to me, (if you should find convenient to send them) to Washington 456 Sixth St. north, 3d story back room. Should you see Mr. Shillaber,[3] tell him I see Frank McDonald every day or so. I saw him last evening, saw his wound and examined it—he still lies constantly in bed. The wound is not in a very favorable way, yet nothing really serious. Mr. L. must write and send papers to him &c often as convenient. I am well and in hospitals every day. So dear friend good bye for present.

WALT WHITMAN.

Address care Major Hapgood, paymaster U. S. A. Washington D. C.[4]

Washington, Monday February 6, 1865.

My dear Friend:

As you see by the date of this, I am back again in Washington, moving around regularly, but not to excess, among the hospitals. . . . My health is pretty good, but since I was prostrated last July, I have not had that unconscious and perfect health I formerly had. The physicians says my system has been penetrated by the malaria,—it is tenacious, peculiar and somewhat baffling—but tells it will go over in due time. It is my first appearance in the character of a man not entirely well.[5]

[2] See "Cases Mentioned in Whitman's Published Work," p. 150.

[3] Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), one of the editors of the *Saturday Evening Gazette* (Boston), was disposed to be friendly toward Whitman and his work. In a letter to Trowbridge, February 6, 1865, Whitman frankly asks him to prepare a short favorable notice for Shillaber's paper stating that he was again attending the wounded as a volunteer nurse in the Washington hospitals. That Whitman was at this time trying to call attention to his work is apparent in a letter, "The Soldiers. Soldiers in the Streets of Washington—Extracts from a Diary—Four Brothers, but One Left—Boys in the Army—An Unknown Hero," which he contributed to the New York *Times*, March 6, 1865, and nearly all of which he incorporated in *Specimen Days*. In the postscript, however, he says, "As I am now, after an interval, visiting the hospitals again, and among the soldiers, wounded or ill, or in their camps or barracks, as during the past two years, I would like to state that letters by mail to the sick or wounded, directed to me simply to Washington, D. C., will reach me."

[4] Cf. letter from Trowbridge, December 21, 1863, which appears in *Camden*, II, 109.

[5] The first paragraph of this letter is given in Perry, pp. 152–153.

The talk here is about the late Peace Conference—the general statement accepted is that it has been a failure and a bubble—even the war is to go on worse than ever—but I find a few shrewd persons whose theory is that it is not at all sure of its being a failure—they say that the President and Mr. Seward are willing to avoid at present the tempest of rage which would beat about their heads, if it were known among the Radicals that Peace, Amnesty, *every thing,* were given up to the Rebels on the single price of re-assuming their place in the Union—so the said shrewd ones say the thing is an open question yet. For *my* part I see no light or knowledge in any direction on the matter of the conference, or what it amounted to, or where it left off. I say nothing, and have no decided opinion about it—not even a guess (but rather leaning to the generally accepted statement above).

My dear friend, I haven't your last letter at hand to see whether there is anything that needs special answer—I hope to hear from you often. For the present Farewell.

Walt Whitman

Direct to me simply Washington, D. C., as I call for my letters daily at the post office. Should you have an opportunity to see Dr. Le Baron Russel, 3 Mt. Vernon St., tell him I wished you to thank him for many favors and contributions to the men in times past, and that I am now back in Washington. If perfectly eligible, it might help me in the cause of the men, if you were to prepare a paragraph for Mr. Shillaber's paper, if he were willing to publish it, stating that I am now as a volunteer nurse among the Hospitals at Washington & in the field as formerly. Write soon as convenient.

W. W.

Washington, Friday, March 3, '65.

My dear Trowbridge,

Your letter has reached me—my best thanks for your contribution to the wounded and sick, and shall be applied in most needy cases. You speak of seeing Dr. Russell,[6]—has he not rec'd a N. Y. *Times* of two months since containing a sketch of my visits to

[6] Dr. Le Baron Russell, of Boston, sent money to Whitman during the war, to be spent as he saw fit on the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. See Donaldson, pp. 152–154; *Camden,* II, 202.

hospitals—[7] I thought one had been sent to him. The paragraph in the Gazette by Shillaber is very kind. I do not wish you to send me any of the papers. Nothing new or special with me—I believe I told you I was working a few hours a day, a sufficiently remunerative desk in Indian office—I spend a couple of hours a day or evening in the hospitals. Farewell.

WALT WHITMAN.
Washington, D. C.

TO HIS MOTHER [8]

Department of Justice, *Thursday night—½ past 8* [9]

Dearest mama, I will write you a line, to begin my letter, before I leave the office—I have been sitting here alone for a couple of hours, having a good time, all by myself, nobody in the building besides me, but the watchman—

—Mama dear, I suppose you got the order in my last—I have also sent you the old Franklin Almanac—write if it arrived safe.—There is nothing new or special—I am well, & only hope your cold is better—I sometimes think a bad cold is about as aggravating as anything one can have—I saw Grant to-day on the avenue walking by himself—(I always salute him, & he does the same to me.) [10]

Friday forenoon ½ past 11

I have been hard at work all the forenoon—it is a cloudy day here, threatening rain—Mama dear, I don't seem to think of anything to write about this morning—Love to you—& to George & Lou if they are there.

WALT.

I send you a couple of Washington papers.

[7] Refers to the article, "Our Wounded and Sick Soldiers—Visits among the Hospitals," which appeared in the New York *Times*, December 11, 1864.

[8] From MSS. now in the possession of the Pierpont Morgan Library.

[9] Written in 1871.

[10] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VIII, 14. For significant comments Whitman made about Grant, see *C. P. W.*, IV, 279, 280; VII, 247, 250, 266; VIII, 227, 237, 242.

Department of Justice, *Dec. 25—Evening ½ past 6*—[11]

Well mama dear,—Christmas day is finished, & I thought I would just send you a line—We have had a mild day, as warm as spring.—I took dinner at O'Connor's by invitation—we had an excellent dinner—I am invited to Dr. Channing's this evening, but I hardly feel like going, & shall not go—They are very clever people, & have invited me to Newport next summer—[12]

I am writing this in the office, (alone in my own room)—I have just time to catch the mail—I hope you have had a nice Christmas, mama dear—May be George & Lou are with you—(I hope you will all take a glass of the Spanish wine)—

I believe I told you in my last that I wrote to Martha and Han—Good bye Mama dear, for this time, & Love to you & Lou & all.

Walt.

Mother I will send the order in my next.—the bells are all ringing for 7 o'clock church—there is a chime of bells in one of the churches—they are playing an old hymn tune—it sounds good—it is a beautiful moonlight night.

Department of Justice, Dec. 27 1871 [13]

Dearest Mother,

There is nothing special to write about to-day. The new Attorney General Mr. Williams has been in once or twice—he is a tallish, western sort of man, wears a stove-pipe hat—is rather spare & a little round shouldered—sallow complexion—long legged—seems quite plain in his talk—Ashton says he is a good man—we will see—He takes his seat about the 10th Jan.

½ past 10 forenoon.—Mama, your letter has just come—It is too bad to have such a puppy as Stanton annoying you.—He is one of the Heyde sort, it always seemed to me—

Mother write to me how it turns out—whether they leave or not.

I see you have it very changeable there too—After the severest cold spell ever known here so early, we are just now having it mild

[11] Written in 1871.

[12] In a letter to Pete Doyle, October 17, 1868, Whitman describes a visit he made to the house of Dr. Channing. See *C. P. W.*, VII, 32.

[13] An incomplete version of this letter is given in an article, "Letters of Walt Whitman," in *Putnam's Monthly*, V, 166.

& warm enough for spring—it rained here this morning, but is now bright & pleasant—

I suppose Lou will be with you now—I should like first rate to just drop in on you all—

I continue to get letters &c from abroad about my book—I believe I told you I got one the other day from Denmark, from the editor of the principal magazine there. He is preparing a review & partial translation of my writing— [14]

Mama dear I hope you will have a pleasant holiday week, what's left of it—Don't let Stanton annoy you, the dirty scamp—Love to you dearest mother, & to George & Lou & all.

WALT.

Write by next Sunday if convenient, & tell me if the order came safe.

Mother give the enclosed $1 to the letter-carrier, if you think it proper—

Department of Justice, *Monday noon—Jan. 1, 1872.*

Well mother dear, New Year has begun—it is the funniest one yet—there is a fog as dark as Egypt, sometimes you cant see a rod before you—it has been so for two days steady—very muddy, & spells of drizzling rain—I am well & hearty—I am just informed that I am to be transferred over to the Treasury Building, into the Solicitor of the Treasurer's office (it is in the Department of Justice—is a branch of it.)—Mr. Williams, the new boss, wishes to bring some friend of his here—I do not know that I shall dislike the change—I can tell better all about it in a week or two—I have applied for a good long leave of absence, to commence about Feb. 1st—I shall probably get it, but without pay, (or with only a small part pay)—I am willing to take a leave without pay—I want to come home for a while, both to be home, & to see about the new edition of my books—I am real well & fat & hearty this winter—but I believe I have got a little set against one thing & another here, (especially the grub,) & I want a change for a couple of months very much—

—Mama dear, I want to hear about your last week—& George & Lou—I sent three letters to you last week, & papers—I knew that

[14] Rudolph Schmidt translated *Democratic Vistas* in 1874. A letter Whitman wrote to him on December 7, 1871, is given in *Camden,* II, 159.

policeman Doyle that was shot dead here—he was Pete Doyle's brother—I was at the funeral yesterday—it was in the papers I sent you—Love to you dear mama

WALT.

I forgot to say Arthur Price is here,[15] on the iron-clad *Mahopac* —the vessel is at the navy-yard—expects to sail soon—I am going down this afternoon to go on board the ship & see him—he is well & hearty.

Wednesday noon—Jan. 3, [1872].

Dearest mother,

Your letter of Sunday night came this morning—it seems indeed "after a storm comes a calm"—You must have had quite an exciting week—still I think it must have been kind of good to have had George and Lou home—Was Lou as kind and helpful as ever? About being alone, if you feel as I do about it, it is a satisfaction to be by one's self as you grow old—(though perhaps not too much)—I was glad to hear about little Jim & Georgey—

—I am glad the Stantons are gone—they would only have been a continual nuisance—Mama I shall come home, (if nothing happens more than at present known) and stay two months, & then return here to my place—I shall write in good time before—

Mama dear, you must try to take as much comfort as you can—I hope Gracie comes in frequently—& Mrs. Mormon too—(she seems to be a good neighbor)—

WALT.

This is the 2nd letter this week.

Department of Justice, *Friday evening—after 6*—[16]

Mama dear, I believe I must send you a line for Saturday though I have little or nothing to write about—I am sitting here alone in the office, writing by my lamp—I went over to Baltimore last evening for a little trip—saw Mr. Emerson—John Burroughs wanted to go over & hear him—it was not interesting to me at all—but we

[15] Arthur Price was the son of Mrs. Abby Price.

[16] This letter was written in January, 1872. It is given in the aforementioned article in *Putnam's Monthly*. In a letter to Benton, written in January, 1872,—given in Clara Barrus, *The Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, I, 155,—Burroughs describes how he and Whitman traveled to Baltimore in order to hear Emerson lecture on the "Sources of Inspiration."

had a pleasant little jaunt—got back about ½ past 11—Nothing different in the office—I expect to go over in the Treasury Building, in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasurer, as I told you—the new Attorney Gen'l Mr. Williams has assigned me there—but several important bits of work have had to be done just now, & to-day and yesterday I have had to do them—(as the old ladies say "I guess they'll miss me a good deal more than they 'spected")—so I have been held on to here so far—

—Mama dear I hope this will find you well of your cold—and that you'll have a good Sunday—Congress convenes again next Monday—I met a man who saw Jeff about nine days ago in St. Louis. Good bye for this time, dear mother—

WALT.

Tuesday morning—Jan. 23—[1872].

Mother I wrote you yesterday in my letter that I had a bad cold—I felt quite disagreeable yesterday, but went to bed early, & had a good sleep—to-day, Tuesday, I have felt all right.—It has been snowing some here to-day.—I have been out walking though—It is not cold—As I write this, I am sitting here in the office, (Treasury Solicitor's) at 8 o'clock—have been reading & writing all by myself—

—Mother you get Mrs. Bruce to give you Gracie's address in Iowa—I have just got some nice copies of my Am. Institute piece from Boston,[17] & I will send her one—let Mr. or Mrs. Bruce write the address on a slip of paper and you enclose it in your next—The last time I saw Arthur Price here he invited me to come down to the Navy Yard here to visit his vessel, the *Mahopac*—so Saturday, after I left work, I went down—but found myself a day after the fair—the vessel had gone about an hour before I got there—I believe she has gone to Norfolk.

—Mother on those envelopes you have just cross out draw a

this way

line over "~~Department of Justice,~~" when you send them, & leave the rest, (like you did your last)—and they will come safe

—I got your letter this morning—it is too bad the letter Mat sent Christmas was lost—that was a real nice present of a barrel of flour—

[17] *After All Not to Create Only* was printed in Boston by the Roberts Brothers. This poem afterwards became the "Song of the Exposition."

—Poor Mat, I feel real blue to think of her condition—[18] but perhaps she will come round yet,—and may be live as long as any of us—Well Mama dear, I will close for to-night & finish it to-morrow—

Wednesday afternoon—Jan. 24

Mother I am feeling well to-day—I think my cold must have been a false alarm, or else I have got off very easy—

—The weather is bitter cold here to-day, but bright & clear—

What do you hear from George—I kind of hope he will not go to Milwaukee—should not wish to have him & Lou live so far away, unless the inducement is very great—

—Nothing new in the office—I like this place just as well as the other—I have not a room to myself, it is true—We are pretty well crowded.—they are mostly young men, & a good deal of noise & moving about—but I don't mind it, as it is only from 9 to 3—& my work is much easier—Has Eddy got well of his cold?—I shall probably be on hand to eat some of Mat's cake—Good bye for to-day Mother dear—

Walt.

LETTERS TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE [19]

Washington, February 4, 1865.

My dear friend,

As you see by the date of this, I am again back in Washington. I spend a portion of my time around among the Hospitals as formerly—I find a good many bad old lingering wounds, & also a good many down with sickness of one sort or another—& the latter are receiving accessions every day—especially as they appear to be breaking up the Corps Hospitals in front down in Grant's Army—A good many of the men have been sent up here—day before yesterday I saw a string of over a hundred ambulances, bring up the men from the depot, to distribute them around the different Hospitals.—My health is pretty good, & I remain in good spirits considering.—I have a little employment here, of three or four hours every day. It is regular, & sufficiently remunerative—Sundays I

[18] Jeff's wife, Martha, was suffering from consumption.

[19] From MS. letters now in the possession of the Pierpont Morgan Library.

spend most of the day in the Hospitals—during the week a few hours from time to time, & occasionally in the evening.

—Abby, I write in haste to catch this evening's mail, so will not make out much of a letter. I was not able to get over and make you a parting visit, as I wished.

I send my love to Emily and Helen and all—

WALT WHITMAN.

Direct to me simply to Washington, D. C. as I go to post office for my letters.

July 30, 1866.

My dear friend,

I write mainly to see whether I have got the right address—to find whether this reaches you—If so please give me an answer as soon as convenient.

As you see, I am still in Washington—have a small place in the Attorney General's office—pleasant, agreeable, &c. but pretty moderate pay. My health has been good—& I have got through the hot weather all right—

—It is a long while since I have heard from you—& indeed it is nearly a year since I have been in New York—Direct to me Attorney Gen's office, Washington—I expect to come north soon for a short time—Love to Helen, Emily, Arthur & all.

WALT.

Mother is living at 840 Pacific St. bet Washington & Grand Av's Brooklyn.

Washington, Aug. 1, 1866.[20]

Dear friend,

I have just received your letter, & respond immediately because by what you have written, it may be that you can do me a great favor—I have obtained leave of absence, & am coming to New York, principally to bring out a new & much better edition of Leaves of Grass—that unkillable work!—[21] Mother's apartments in Pacific st are very limited, & I had decided to get a lodging room in N. Y. or Brooklyn, so as not to incommode my folks at home—taking my meals at the restaurants, & home &c—leaving

[20] This letter is given in *Putnam's Monthly*, V, 166.

[21] This refers to the fourth edition of *Leaves of Grass*, which appeared in New York in 1867.

my time free for my work &c—*Now have you such a room for me,* at a fair price?—I hope you have, for that would be very agreeable—your going off for a week or two would not make any difference—as a lodging is my main object—write *immediately* & let me know, as my leave of absence will probably date from Monday next, 6th inst—

Mrs. O'Connor has gone west, with her mother, for the summer—Wm O'Connor is well—We all speak of you—The weather is almost perfect now-a-days—

I am writing this by my window in the south front of the Treasury building, looking down the beautiful grounds in front, and across & down the Potomac for miles, & across to the green hills all along Arlington Heights, very beautiful & cool—a view of great expanse, & very comforting every way—also a pleasant breeze coming in steadily from the river.—

—I have an agreeable situation here—labor moderate, & plenty of leisure—My principal work is to make, (from rough drafts) the letters, answers, law opinions, &c that go from the Attorney General to the President, or to the Secretary of State, & the other Heads of Departments—The rule is that none but such officers as just named have a right to require information from Attorney Generals —So you see I have to do only with the big men—

There is one regular soldiers Hospital left here, in K Street—I go there once or twice every week—it is still a great privilege to go—You would be amused as well as distressed, to know how many old wounds are lingering along yet—youth and hope struggling against fate—but the latter, alas, almost always conquering at last—it is indeed a great privilege to soothe the lingering days & months of many of these cases.

WALT.

Mother is quite well, & comfortable—considering her age—brothers, sisters & the children, all well, at last accounts.

Washington, Oct. 27, 1866.[22]

Mrs. Price, & all
My dear friends,

I sent you a telegram ten minutes ago, telling you that I have

[22] This letter is given in part in an article, "Reminiscences of Walt Whitman," by Helen E. Price, in the "Book Section" of the New York *Evening Post,* May 31, 1919.

just succeeded in getting an order from the Attorney General for Mr. Parker's pardon.[23] The pardon will probably go from here, (from the State Department,) on Monday next—the day you will get this note—it will be directed to the Jail at Plymouth. I have had much more of a struggle than I anticipated—the pardon clerk knew the case, & was filled with Mr. Dana's [24] reports upon it. When we meet, (or perhaps by letter, before), I will give you a more detailed account of the progress of the affair here, & its fluctuation. But no matter—it has ended successfully.

I have written to Aurelia Parker, & sent the news, the same mail as this.

I am fearfully well—indeed so red & fat that people stop in the street & gaze at me.

In the office, & my work everything goes on as usual. We are having delicious weather, coolish & bright.

Has Arthur gone then? Well you will value him all the more, when you have him again.

Helen & Emmy.

My dear friends, I send you my best love—Go over & see my mother when you can—Best remembrance to Mr. Arnold—Also to Mr. Price.

Walt.

Washington, Dec. 10, 1866.

My dear friend,

Yours of the 8th has just come. I am glad indeed to hear that you are free from asthma, & are feeling well.

I should be truly happy to become acquainted with Mrs. Andrews —I am sure I should like her very much.

[23] Otis Parker, a postmaster in Monument, Massachusetts, was arrested and convicted of the charge of robbing the mails, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Of the seven counts in the indictment against him, he was found guilty of only one. The family was too poor to fight what they regarded as an unjust decision. It so happened that Mrs. Price was a friend of Mr. Parker's niece; upon hearing the sad story of this man's undeserved misfortunes, she appealed to Whitman. Perhaps he could do something to lighten the sentence. The case was laid before him, and he promised to take it up with the Attorney General. How successful he was in his efforts is told in the letter.

[24] Richard H. Dana was the District Attorney at the time Parker was convicted.

For a month or so, I have not been very well—My trouble takes the form, sometimes, of neuralgia—but is a complication—(the doctor says it probably all dates back from that time I got saturated with hospital malaria)—But I keep around, & go to the office just the same—now for four or five days have felt much better—

—The O'Connors are well—The Consul at Rio Janeiro is James Munroe—Our Minister to Brazil, resident in Rio Janeiro, is James Watson Webb.—

I send my love to Helen and Emmy & all—I have rec'd a letter from mother to-day—she seems to be about the same as usual—I hope Helen or Emmy will just go over & visit her without ceremony, as often as possible.

Give my respects to Mr. Arnold—also to Mr. Price—It would give me the greatest pleasure to see you or Helen here in Washington.—I rec'd your friend's (Katy Hinds) letter at the time—I have had no letter from Mr. Parker's family—I am writing this by my window in the office—it is a fine view, ten miles of river, & away across to Virginia hills, ever so far—My place is an easy & pleasant one here in the Att'y Gen's office—And now for the present dear friend, Farewell.

Walt.

Washington, Wednesday, March 13, 1867.

Dear friends, all,

I have just rec'd the letter of the 10th—I sympathize deeply with those of you that have suffered with pains & illness—but hope, from the wording of what you write, that it is now all over.—Poor Emily—it must have been such agony—that kind of distress—(ear ache)—is about as severe as any thing can be, for human endurance—I hope Emily will try to go over, soon, and make a good call on Mother—Mother isn't well—she has rheumatism pretty bad—I am sorry to hear that Helen has attacks of such head-aches—& that you too have been unwell—I do hope you are now both of you well, & may continue so.

There is nothing important or new in my affairs here—I am still in the same Office—find my work mild & agreeable, & the place one remarkably well suited to a lazy, elderly, literary gentleman—

The O'Connors are well as usual—They have to move, the end of this month.—Mr. Parker wrote me, some time since, & I have written an answer & sent it.

—I still go to the Hospitals—always go Sunday afternoons.—We are having a dark, cloudy, rainy time here, just now—not for a novelty—I have good health, & good spirits—I send love to you & Helen & Emmy & all, not forgetting Mr. Arnold—Remember me to Arthur when you write—God give you health, in body & in spirit—Farewell.

Walt Whitman.

Washington, March 27, 1867.

My dear friend,

Although your letter I see has the N. Y. post office stamp, Mar. 25, I have only just rec'd it. (2 o'clock Wednesday, p. m.)—I have talked with Thomas Harlan, he treated me very well—My impression is, there is little or no chance of getting Congress to pass, at this time, a special resolution or law putting the ruffles on the list of exempts—There is no Committee of Ways & Means yet appointed in the H. of R.—True, any member could offer such a Bill, & if it had powerful influence, they *might* suspend the rules & pass it—but there are too many both in House & Senate who would almost certainly object—one objection would be that ruffles are matters of ornament &c. &c and ought to pay a tax, if anything does—

—Still, I will try what I can do—I will see a few of the members, forthwith,—I have one in my mind, I think may be the best one I can get to offer a Bill,[25] & if he is willing, we will try it on—Had I known it when the Committee & House were cooking the Bill, I have no doubt I could have got it put in with the ¶ including shirt-bosoms, &c.—But that's poor consolation.—

—There is nothing new or important with me. I am well as usual, & working the same; (not much.)—Love to Helen and Emmy & all.

Walt.

Washington, July 27, 1867.

My dear friend,

Will some of you, the first time you go down town stop at office (or shop) of E. Godkin, 130 Nassau st. & see if you can get me two or three copies of a new paper the *London Chronicle,* with a piece about *Leaves of Grass* &c.[26] I think it must be the paper for June

[25] This gives an unusual picture of Whitman in the role of a lobbyist.

[26] An article by William Michael Rossetti, "Walt Whitman's Poems," appeared in the London *Chronicle,* July 6, 1867.

22,—(though it may be June 29—or June 15)—but you must look & see—Godkin is the American agent.

—I am well as usual,—work in the same office—all goes on the same in the office & generally. Mother has moved to 1194 Atlantic street—(not *av.*)—opposite Hamilton st. You take Fulton av. cars.

Ellen O'Connor is going for the summer to coast of Rhode Island,—her little girl Jenny, is afflicted with bad swellings &c of joints—appears to be scrofulous—William O'Connor is well—How are you all?—Write me a good long letter—tell me all the news—all about the girls, & Mr. Arnold,—& the last from Arthur, & everything—

So good bye for this time—I send you my love dear friend & same to the dear girls,—& to all.

WALT.

If you can get the papers, direct them to me Attorney Gen's Office.

Washington, April 10, 1868 [27]

My dear friend,

I rec'd your first letter of about a month ago (March 9,)—I enquired of a friend in the revenue office, about the tax under the new law,—& whether ruffles would be exempted, &c.—& on or about the 11th March, I wrote you what I had learned viz: that they were to be exempted—& also all the gossip & news,—about the O'Connors, & about myself, literary matters with me, and how I was situated here, and about things in general—*of course* a mighty interesting letter it must have been—and a dreadful loss not to get!—for I infer by your second letter April 7, just rec'd, that you did not get it—which I deeply regret, for I don't like to be supposed capable of not responding to those that are almost the same as *my own folks*—(I put both the old & new No's on the address—perhaps that made it miscarry,) but let that go—

The changes in the Attorney Gen's office have made no difference in my situation,—I have had the good luck to be treated with "distinguished consideration" by all the Attorney Gen's—Mr. Speed, Mr. Stanbery, & the present one Mr. Browning—I couldn't wish

[27] This letter, with the omission of the postscript, is given in *Putnam's Monthly*, V, 166.

to have better bosses—& as to the pleasantness & permanency of my situation here, it is not likely to be affected, as far as at present appears, unless Wade, coming in power, should appoint Harlan, or some pious & modest Radical of similar stripe, to the Attorney Generalship—in which case, doubtless, I should have to tumble out.

My dear friends, I often think about you all—Helen & Emily in particular, & wish I could look in upon you,—Sunday afternoons—I warmly thank you for your hospitable offers—

—Give my best respects to Mr. Arnold & Mr. Price—I shall have a piece in the Galaxy for May—it will be called "Personalism"—is a continuation of the piece on Democracy [28]—shall have a poem soon, (perhaps in May No.) in the Broadway magazine [29]—I am well as usual—the impeachment is growing shaky—it is a doubtful business [30]—I am writing this at my table in office—as I look out it is dark & cloudy with a chill rain, but the grass is green & I see the river flowing beyond. With love.

Walt Whitman.

I saw William & Ellen O'Connor last night—told them I should write you to-day—Both charged me to send you their love—little Jenny is well & active. I send you a newspaper same mail with this.

Washington, September 7, 1868.

Dear Abby:

I have leave of absence commencing first of next week, and intend coming on to New York, for a while, to spend the first part of it.—Are you so fixed that you can give me a room?—You must answer candidly No, if not—please write at once—I am well as usual—Nothing very new or important with me. The advent of the new Attorney General Mr. Evarts, does not seem likely to affect my position here. But there have been many dismissals of clerks in the Departments. The O'Connors are well—the little girl has picked up amazingly,—goes about, indeed, as strong & nimble as a grasshopper—

—In a last letter Mother said she had not seen any thing of

[28] "Democracy" appeared in *Galaxy,* December, 1867.

[29] The poem, "Whispers of Heavenly Death," appeared in the *Broadway Magazine,* October, 1868.

[30] Cf. *Camden,* III, 157. *C. P. W.,* VIII, 196, 221.

Helen or Emily for some time—I suppose you have been off in the country.

Love to all—& good bye for the present.

WALT.

Washington, Monday, Sept. 14, 1868.[31]

Dear Abby,

I shall come in on the train that leaves here in the middle of the day, to-morrow Tuesday, 15th, & gets in New York at 10 at night—so I shall be up there by or before 11 to-morrow night—(*to-night* for you reading this.)

I am really pleased that you can accommodate me, & make great reckoning of being with you, & of my room, &c—but wish [to] have it distinctly understood, in all friendship, that I *pay* for *my room, &c,* just the same as any body else—*positively* I will not come on any other terms—& you must just let it be as I say this time—I have lots of money—in fact *untold wealth*—& I shall not feel right if you undertake to alter this part of my programme—I am feeling well & hearty—I wish you to read my piece in the "Broadway London Magazine," just out—it was written for you among the rest.

—In a few hours I shall be with you.

WALT.

Providence, R. I., October 21, 1868.

Dear Abby,

I shall return to New York to-morrow, Thursday—leaving here at ½ past 12, noon, and getting in N. Y. about 8—& intend to go on to Washington on Monday next, 26th. I have been at the Channing's—Jeannie is quite unwell,—but bears it like the heroine she is—William O'Connor is there—I am now at Mr. & Mrs. Davis's—am treated with the greatest hospitality & courtesy every where. Yesterday Mr. Davis took me out riding—went down to Field's point off the bay—& thence to the domain & factories of the Spragues,[32] & so to Olneysville &c &c—as interesting a ride & exploration as I ever had in my life—

—I have seen Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman [33]—& like her. We had

[31] This letter is given in *Putnam's Monthly,* V, 167–168.

[32] Cf. *C. P. W.,* VIII, 37.

[33] The fiancée of Edgar Allan Poe. Cf. *Camden,* III, 504–505.

yesterday here to dinner Nora Perry,[34] Wm O'Connor, Dr. Channing, &c—To-day Mrs. Davis had intended to take me out riding, but it is threatening rain, wind east & skies dark—so it will have to be given up. I like Mr. Davis very much. I am very glad I made this jaunt & visit—Love to you, Helen, Emily, & all.

WALT.

Washington, April 7, 1869.

Dear Abby,

Here I am in the same office, at the same desk, writing to you again—though the interval has been too long—but I will try not to let so long a time elapse in future.

There is not much difference with me, in any respect—I have been, & am quite well, considering—though I have had trouble from a cold during the winter & spring.

—My situation in the office continues the same—The new Attorney General, Mr. Hoar, treats me very kindly—He is from Concord, Mass. & is personally intimate with Emerson.—Washington has been swarming with office-seekers—about half of whom have left—thousands *in disgust*—it is quite a curiosity to see them around the Departments,—in the hotels, and at the White House & Capitol—

The O'Connors are well as usual—William is still in the Treasury Dep't—I spent last Sunday evening with them, at their house—I am still boarding at the same place—I expect to bring out the final edition of my book the ensuing summer—stereotyped—(*positively last appearance* for the season &c) [35] as the play bills say.

Abby I have been waiting till I felt in the mood to write a long, *good,* interesting letter to you all—but it's no use waiting—so I write this.—Don't be mad at me because I have been so negligent—You all have my love & "best respects" to boot—now I should like just to come in & spend the afternoon & evening with you & Helen & Emily—& then have a good bouncing argument with Mr. Arnold, about finances, patriotism &c &c—*What do you think of Grant,—*

[34] Contributed an article to *Appleton's Journal,* April 22, 1876, called "A Few Words About Walt Whitman."

[35] This refers to the fifth edition of *Leaves of Grass,* printed in Washington, D. C., 1871. Later copies, however, are dated 1872.

his doings—especially some of his diplomatic appointments—Washburn for instance?

—Good bye dear friends—Love to you all.

WALT.

Washington, July 15, 1869.

Dear Abby,

Every thing here goes on pretty much the same with me. My health has been good since I last saw you. It is very monotonous here, & I sometimes feel like pulling up stakes in desperation—Abby I have little to write about, only I wanted to write you something—I hear from you occasionally by mother's letter—What a good girl Helen is, to go and make those nice calls on mother—I am very grateful to her for so doing, & hope she will continue always—the same good affectionate Helen—& indeed I am sure she always will be—

It is very hot weather here—to-day it is 96 or '7—I am sitting here at my desk in the office—there is quite a breeze pouring in the window, but it is a warm wind—half our clerks are away on vacation.

—I shall leave Washington soon after the middle of August—then I will see you all, & we will have some good talks.—

Good bye dear Abby—I send my love to Emily, & all—The O'Connors are well—Jenny grows like every thing.

Affectionately

WALT.

Washington, April 21, 1871.[36]

Dear Abby,

I have seen Major Saxton, & handed him your note, & the accompanying paper—he said he knew the 4th Auditor personally, & would see him about it, & would probably write to you within three

[36] In the interval separating this letter from the previous one sent to Mrs. Price, a Washington letter had appeared in the New York *Evening Mail* on October 27, 1870. The fact that Whitman had the proof sheets—now in the possession of Mr. Oscar Lion, of New York City—of this letter would seem to indicate that he was its author. The style is unmistakably his. "The papers here," the letter reads, "have all paragraphed Walt Whitman's return to town and to his desk in the Attorney General's office, after quite a long vacation. His figure is daily to be seen here moving around in the open air, especially fine mornings and evenings, observing,

or four days. So Arthur is home, & you are all well—what with the baby & all you women—what jolly times you must have—I wish I could just drop in and take part in them

—With me, nothing very new or special—I am well & hearty—I feel first-rate the greater part of the time—and as to streaks of the other kind of feeling, I am thankful they are so few—for you know I am getting to be an old fellow—though my temperament for buoyancy & fun I believe increases instead of diminishes.

—I shall take my vacation considerably earlier than usual, this summer—so it wont be long before I shall see you all. Love to all—not forgetting the baby.

Walt.

Abby, Willard Saxton's address is—1st Comptroller's office—Treasury Dep't.

Washington, Friday evening, Feb. 21.[37]

Dear Friend Abby, and all my friends Helen & Emmy & Mr. Arnold

I will write a line only—My paralysis still leaves me extremely feeble—& with great distress in the head—*but I shall certainly re-*

listening to, sociably talking with all sorts of people, policemen, drivers, market-men, old women, the blacks, or dignitaries; or, perhaps, giving some small alms to beggars, the maimed, or organ-grinders; or stopping to caress little children, of whom he is very fond. He takes deep interest in all the news, foreign and domestic. At the commencement of the present war in Europe he was strongly German, but is now the ardent friend of the French, and enthusiastically supports them and their Republic. Here at home he goes for general amnesty and oblivion to secessionists; he speaks sharply of the tendency of the Republican party to concentrate all power (as he says) in Congress, and make its legislation absolutely sovereign, as against the equal claims, in their spheres, of the Presidency, the Judiciary, and the single States.

"Altogether, perhaps, 'the good, gray poet' is rightly located here. Our wide spaces, great edifices, the breadth of our landscapes, the ample vistas, the splendor of our skies, night and day, with the national character, make our city, above all others, the one where he fitly belongs.

"Walt Whitman is now in his fifty-second year, hearty and blooming, tall, with white beard and long hair. The older he gets the more cheerful and gay-hearted he grows." A similar pen-portrait was contributed to the New York *Daily Graphic* on November 25, 1873.

[37] The reference to Martha's death establishes the date of this letter as belonging to 1873.

cover—mind just as clear as ever—I have lost my dear, dear sister Martha, in St. Louis—I appreciate your kind letter Abby dear, and it is possible when I get better it may be just the thing for me to come on a few days—but at present I can hardly move ten steps without feeling sick [38]—

I am sitting here now in the rocking chair in my room writing this—most of the time alone which suits me best—it is paralysis of left side—Love to all

WALT

(My address is Solicitors Office Treasury)

Camden, Sept. 9, 1873.

Abby, your letter has come, & is welcome. Dear Abby, & dear friends all, the doctors say I will get well, & I say so too—but whichever way it goes, it will be all right—the little Philadelphia paper piece was about the right statement of my case from a favorable point of view—I shall remain here for the present—I get around middling well—the worst is bad spells in the head which persistently return—if I get a little better I may like to come on & pay you a visit—upstairs will do just as well for me, as I get up & down better than you would think. I will write to you beforehand should I come.

—My brother Jeff has come on from St. Louis for a while—stopt here yesterday though only a few hours—has gone on to N. Y. to a good sailing excursion, a week on a yacht voyage—I told him to call on you—& he will if he can work it—My brother & sister here are well as usual—Eddy the same

Helen if you see Miss Hillard tell her I rec'd her letter & thank her for it—I have not felt to write to her, or any one but my sisters, about mother's death—the greatest dark cloud of my life—the only staggering, staying blow & trouble I have had—but *unspeakable*—my physical sickness, bad as it is, is nothing to it.

[38] In a letter (now in the possession of the Pierpont Morgan Library) written about this time to Miss Helen Price, Mrs. Whitman describes the nature of Whitman's paralytic attack, which affected his left side, his arm, and leg. Eldridge helped to nurse him. The doctor who treated him said that the stroke was "caused by his accident of the cut and inflammation of his arm when in the hospitals."

LETTER TO A SOLDIER

Sept. 2, 1873.

Dear soldier boy,[39]

I have been very sick for many months—& am still unable to work or go round. But think I shall recover yet. I send you a paper same mail with this, containing a little piece that describes my case. I rec'd your letter of last June have not only been sick, but in much trouble & affliction all summer—& I now write at a venture to see whether you are in Warren—& if so you must write to me at once. I have not forgotten you, my loving soldier boy, & never shall.

Walt Whitman
322 Stevens st.
Camden,
N. Jersey.

[39] From a manuscript in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society. The "soldier boy" mentioned in the letter was Mr. Byron Sutherland of Minneapolis.

POEMS

IN this section is included the first draft of certain poems later perfected and incorporated in *Drum-Taps*, and of some others which Whitman did not use and which are now given for the first time. A number of poems already included in the work of other Whitman scholars have been omitted, but wherever the manuscript of a war poem differed in some respects from any printed version, the editor has not hesitated to reprint it exactly as it stands in the original.

A BATTLE.[1] (SCENES, SOUNDS, &C.)

The varied [2] sounds of the different missiles—the short s-s-t of the rifled ball
Of the shells exploding, leaving a small white cloud,
The hum and buzz of the great shells,
The [3] grape, like the rushing whirr [4] of wind hurtled through the trees, bursting like a fan

[1] This poem was elaborated and perfected in "The Artilleryman's Vision" (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 268). It is an interesting first draft, clearly showing Whitman's characteristic method of composition. It is to be found in the same notebook, stamped with gold, "Walt Whitman—1862," in which are contained the notes for the article on the "Fifty-First New York City Veterans." An examination of the facsimile will demonstrate that it is not possible to reconstruct this poem exactly in the order in which Whitman would have wished it to be printed. A number of lines have been marked in the margin, "Tr. to beginning," and Mr. Barton has assumed the editorial liberty of transferring these lines back to the beginning of the poem. But Mr. Barton failed to note that the very next line, the second in his version (Barton, p. 50), is marked, "tr. to back," a notation which perhaps applies to the next four lines which are also bracketed. The present editor has deemed it advisable to print the poem without changes or transpositions, indicating in each case the revisions Whitman probably contemplated.

[2] "different" had been crossed out and "varied" substituted.

[3] The next word "hurtled" is crossed out and is used further along in the same line.

[4] "whistle" had been crossed out and "rushing whirr" substituted.

The [5] rattle of musketry from your own side never intermitted—
from the other side, the short th-h-t, th-h-t, th-h-t, with irregular intervals between,
The peculiar shriek of certain shells,—the thud of the round ball falling in the soft earth,
The shouts and curses of men—the orders from the officers,[6]—
The wild cry of a regiment charging—(the colonel leads [7] with his unsheathed sword)
The gaps cut by the enemy's batteries, (quickly fill'd up, no delay,)
The groans of the wounded, the sight of blood,
Sometimes the curious lull for a few seconds,[8] an awful quiet as firing on either side (ceased)
The[n] resumed again, the noise worse than ever,
All of a sudden from one part of the line, a cheer for a fine movement or charge,[9]
The opening of the fight, when the skirmishers begin, the irregular snap, snap [10]
The positions of the dead, some with arms raised, poised in the air,[11]
Some lying curl'd on the ground—the dead in every position
The wild excitement and delight infernal,
One [12] reach'd forward, with finger extended, pointing—one in the position of firing
(Some of the dead, how soon they turn black in the face and swollen!)
The scene at the batteries—what crashing and smoking!—(how proud the men are of their pieces!)
The chief gunner ranges and sights his piece, and selects a fuse of the right time,

[5] The word "continual," given in Barton, p. 50, is crossed out. This line, as given in the manuscript (see facsimile), varies considerably from Mr. Barton's version.

[6] The next part of this line, "the shouts of men," has been crossed out.

[7] The original word "leading" has been crossed out and "leads" put in its place. See facsimile. Cf. Barton, p. 51.

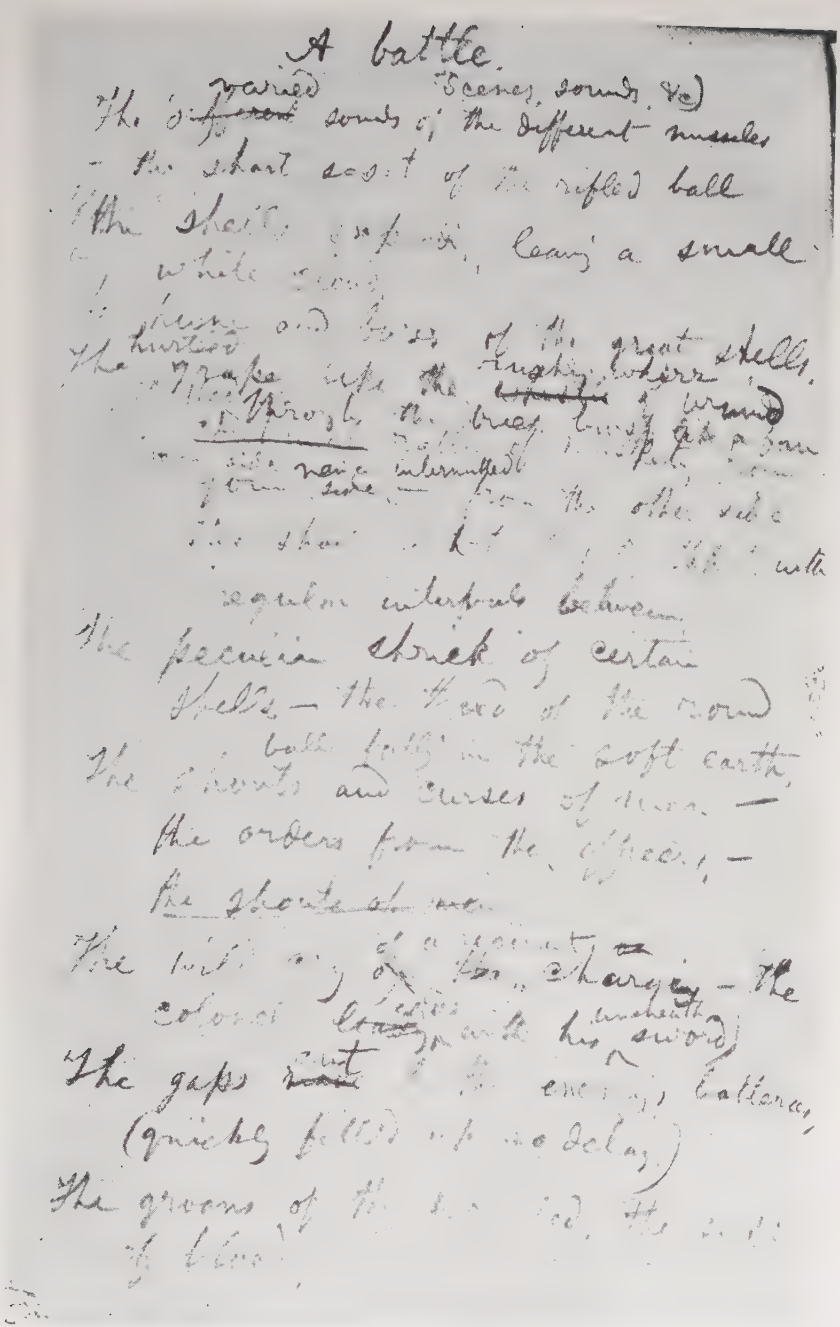
[8] "moments" has been crossed out and "seconds" written on top of it. Cf. Barton, p. 51.

[9] Above the word "charge" is written "spirited attack."

[10] The beginning of this line is marked, "Tr. to beginning."

[11] The beginning of this line is marked, "tr. to back." The next two lines are bracketed, but no indications are given as to where they belong.

[12] Substituted for "Some."


A battle.

(Scenes, sounds &c)

The varied sounds of the different muscles

– the short scout of the rifled ball

the shell's explosion, leaving a small

while cloud

thunder and hiss of the great shells.

The Trajectory of the Mighty Projectile

through the tried breasts of armed

men – the rare intervals

regular interval between

the peculiar shriek of certain

shells – the thud of the round

ball falling in the soft earth,

The shouts and curses of men –

the orders from the officers, –

the shouts of

the wild cry of the charging – the

colonel's voice with his sword

The gaps cut in the enemy's battalions,

(quickly filled up without delay)

The groans of the wounded, the cries

of blood

After a shot see how he leans aside and looks eagerly off, to see the effect!
Then after the battle, what a scene! O my sick soul! how the dead lie,
The wounded—the surgeons and ambulances—
O the hideous hell, the damned hell of war
Were the preachers preaching of hell?
O there is no hell more damned than this hell of war.
O what is here? O my beautiful young men! O the beautiful hair, clotted! the faces![13]
Some lie on their backs with faces up & arms extended!

Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell of ether, the odor of blood,
The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms of soldiers!—the yard outside also fill'd,
Some on the bare ground—some on planks or stretchers—some in the death-spasm,
An occasional scream or cry—the doctor's shouted orders or calls.
The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the flash of the torches,
These I resume as here I chant—I see again the shadowy forms—I smell the odor.[14]

Scene in the woods on the peninsula—told me by Milton Roberts, ward G, (Maine).

After the battle of White Oaks Church, on the retreat, the march at night—the scene between 12 & 2 o'clock that night[15] at the

[13] Compare with this manuscript fragment:
"& the profuse beauty of the young men's hair, damp with the spotted blood, their shining hair, red with the sticky blood,—clotted with spots of blood—
—the shining beauty of the young men's hair dampened with clots of blood—"
Notice the first tentative statement and then the final revision.

[14] Evidently a fragment that had been worked over a number of times and had now reached its final form. Cf. "A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown" (*Inc. Ed.*, pp. 258–259).

[15] This is clearly the rough material, the germ out of which grew the beautiful poem, "A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown" (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 258).

church in the woods, the hospital show at night, the wounded brought in—previous the silent stealthy march through the woods, at times stumbling over bodies of dead men in the road, (there had been terrible fighting there that day, only closing at dark)—we retreating, the artillery horses feet muffled, orders that men should tread light & only speak in whispers [16]—

Then between midnight & 1 o'clock we halted to rest a couple of hours at an opening in the woods—in this opening was a pretty good sized old church used impromptu for a hospital for the wounded of the battles of the day thereabouts [17]—with these it was filled, all varieties, horrible beyond description [18]—the darkness dimly lit with candles, lamps, torches, moving about, but plenty of darkness & half darkness [19]—the crowds of wounded, bloated and pale, the surgeons operating—the yards outside also filled—they lay on the ground, some on blankets, some on stray planks, or [20]—the despairing screams & curses of some,—the murky darkness, the gleaming of the torches, the smoke from them too—out of their senses, the doctors operating, the scent of chloroform, the glistening of the steel instruments as the flash of lamps fell upon them.[21]

At Antietam there was a very large barn & farm house—the barn was filled with wounded, & the barn yard as full as it could

[16] Whitman has condensed this into two lines:

"A route through a heavy wood with muffled steps in the darkness,
Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant retreating," (*Loc. cit.*).

[17] Cf. "We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the dim-lighted building,
'Tis a large old church at the crossing roads, now an impromptu hospital," (*Loc. cit.*).

[18] In the poem this becomes, "I see a sight beyond all the pictures and poems ever made," (*Loc. cit.*).

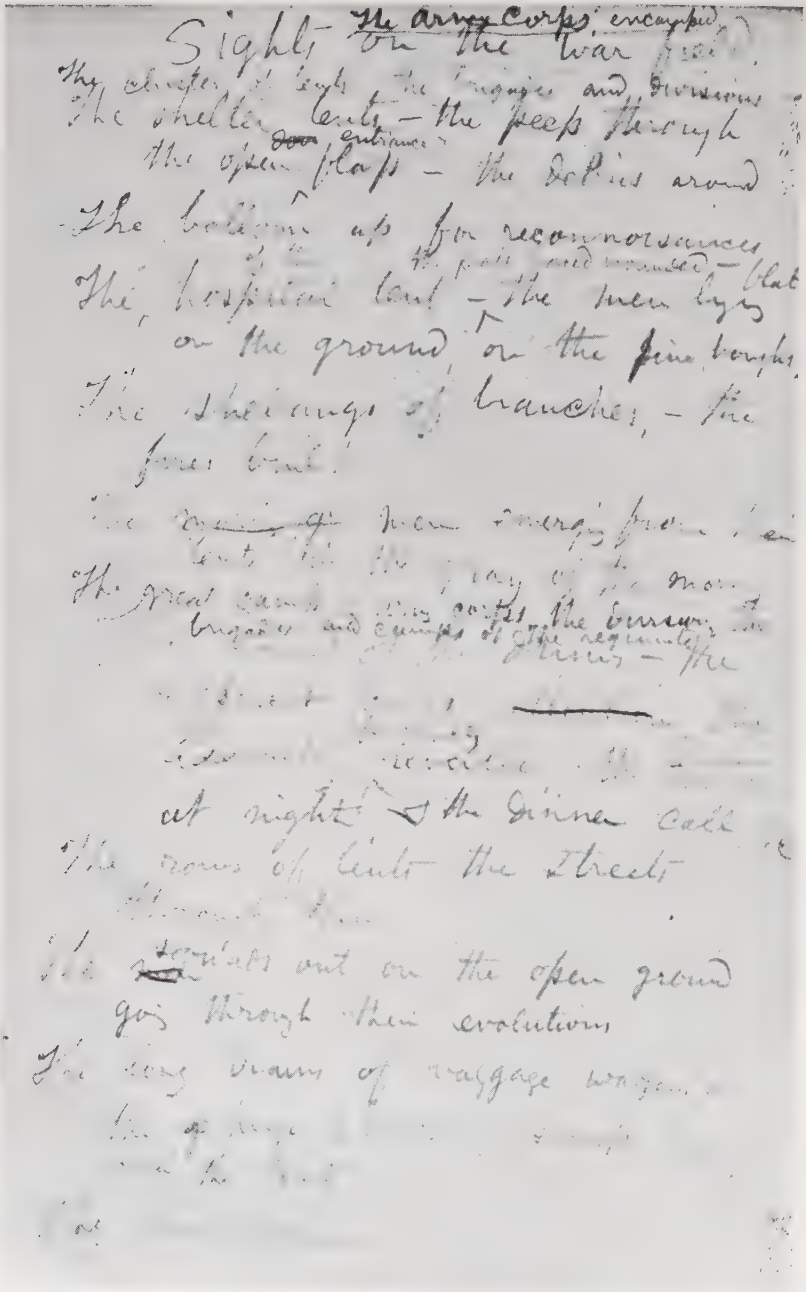
[19] The poetic transmutation of this line is particularly felicitous:

"Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving candles and lamps,
And by one great pitchy torch stationary with wild red flame and clouds of smoke," (*Loc. cit.*).

[20] Compare with photostat of former poem. Cf. the following two lines:

"The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms, the yards outside also fill'd,
Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers, some in the death-spasm sweating," (*Loc. cit.*).

[21] Cf. the facsimile and the lines in the poem, "A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown."



ROUGH DRAFT OF A WAR POEM

stick—a peaceful barn, now bloody—the fragrant hay they used to place the men on for operations—they turned the cattle out of their stalls.

SIGHTS—THE ARMY CORPS, ENCAMPED ON THE WAR FIELD

The clusters of tents—the brigades and divisions
The shelter tents—the peep through the open entrance flap [22]—the debris around
The balloon up for reconnoisances
The sights of the hospital tent—the pale-faced wounded—the men lying flat on the ground, on the pine boughs,
The shebangs of branches,—the fires built
The men emerging from their tent in the gray of the morning
The great camp of army corps, the divisions, the brigades and camps of the regiments
The sound of the drums—the different calls, the assembly, the early reveille, the tattoo at night, & the dinner call, &c.
The rows of tents, the streets through them
The squads out on the open ground going through their evolutions
The long trains of baggage wagons—the huge clouds of smoke rising over the tents
The ambulances—[23]

QUICKSAND YEARS THAT WHIRL ME I KNOW NOT WHITHER 1861–2

Years that whirl I know not whither
Schemes, politics fail—all is shaken—all gives way
Nothing is sure [24]

[22] Cf. the facsimile.

[23] This poem is taken from the same notebook which contains the article, "Fifty-First New-York City Veterans," and there are many references in the notes for that article which Whitman incorporated into this skeletal poem.

[24] Two drafts of this poem printed in its final form in 1865 and 1867 (see *Inc. Ed.*, p. 374.), are to be found on the opposite pages of one of Whitman's notebooks. For all changes as they exist in the manuscript, see facsimile of these two versions. It is evident that the version which I print second has been more carefully revised and more nearly resembles the poem as

Only the theme I sing, the great Soul,
One's-self, that must never be shaken—that out of all is sure,
Out of failures, wars, death—what at last but One's self is sure?
With the Soul I defy you quicksand years, slipping from under my feet.

QUICKSAND YEARS THAT WHIRL ME I KNOW NOT WHITHER. (1861–2.) [25]

Quicksand years that whirl me I know not whither,
Your schemes, arrangements, politics, fail—your laws, lives gives way [26]—all is shaken, eluding [27]
Only the scheme [28] I sing, the great, possess'd Soul, eludes not
One's-Self, need never be shaken—that stands firm—that out of all is sure,
Out of politics, wars, death—what at last but One's-Self is sure?

as if "One's-Self"—as the term is used in the inscription at entrance [29]

What do you call One's-Self? (Came one asking me
What is one's-self? (what myself or yours?)
This curious identity
This something that gives me the pow—

printed in *Leaves of Grass*. Mr. Barton gives what he considers the correct version of the first draft of this poem, but omits the above line, "Nothing is sure," and part of another line, "that out of all is sure."

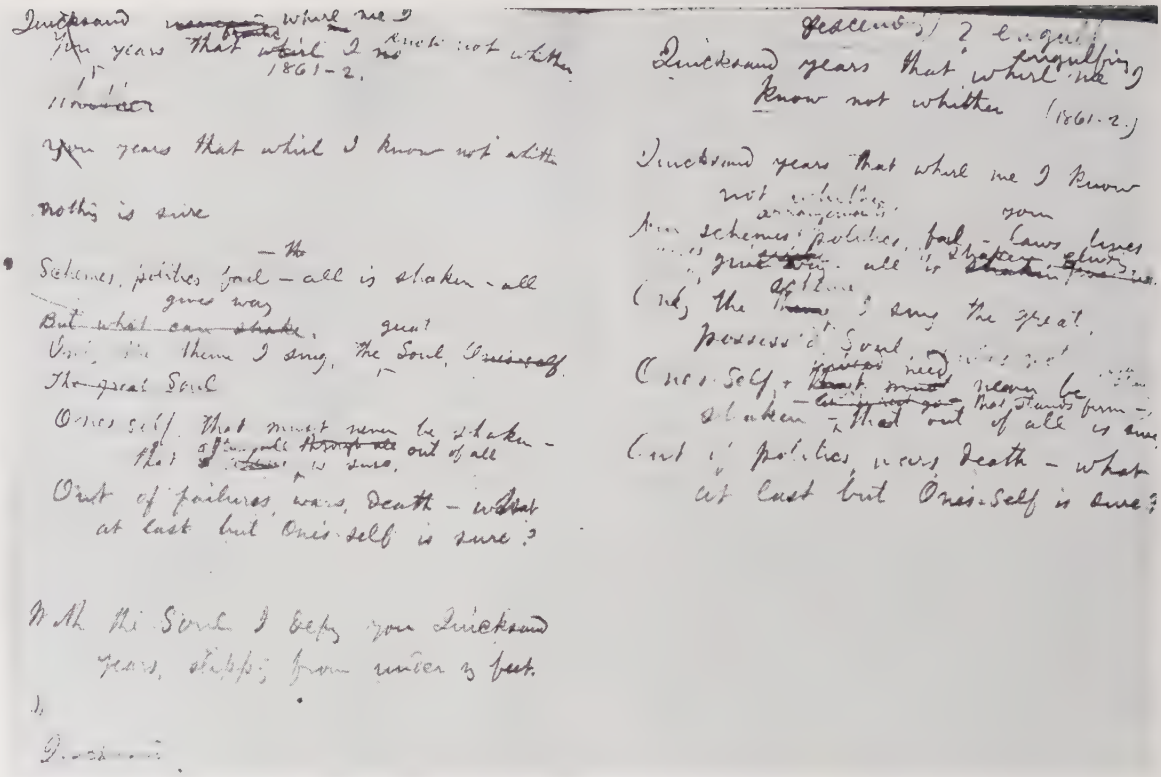
[25] This second draft closely resembles the printed version in the *Inc. Ed.*, p. 374. Whitman's search for the right connotative word is illustrated in each of the two drafts. In the title of the first he has tried and rejected the adjectives "insane" and "frantic," before deciding on "quicksand." In the second draft he is still apparently undecided, as the question mark above the title would indicate, whether to use "engulf" or "engulfing" instead of "whirl."

[26] The original expression, "give way," had yielded to "eludes." This in turn was crossed out and "gives way" (*sic*) written in.

[27] This line was considerably altered before it reached its final form. Whitman omitted "all is shaken," and changed the last part to "substances mock and elude me." (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 374)

[28] The word "theme" had been crossed out but it is replaced in the printed version. (*Ibid.*)

[29] Cf. the first section of *Leaves of Grass*, called "Inscriptions," particularly the poem, "One's-Self I Sing." (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 1) See also "What Am I After All." (*Ibid.*, p. 328)



TWO DRAFTS OF "QUICKSAND YEARS"

WILLIAM GROVER SHOT FOR DESERTION

O the horrid contrast & the sarcasm of this life—to know who they really are that sit on judges benches, & who they perched on the criminal's box—to know [30]

While all this gaud & tinsel shines in people's eyes amid the countless officers straps, amid all this show of general stars, & the bars of the captains & lieutenants—amid all the wind & puffing and infidelity—amid the swarms of contractors and their endless contracts, & the paper money—and out from all this—stalks like a phantom that boy, not yet nineteen years of age, boy who had fought without flinching in twelve battles (no veteran of old wars better or steadier) stalks forth I say that single simple boy, out of all this huge composit[e] pageant, silently, with a bandage over his eyes—the volley—the smoke—the limpsey falling body & the blood streaming in strains & splashes down the breast.[31]

[30] Cf. the poem, "Transpositions," which first appears in 1856:

> "Let the reformers descend from the stands where they are forever bawling—let an idiot or insane person appear on each of the stands;
>
> Let judges and criminals be transposed—let the prison-keepers be put in prison—let those that were prisoners take the keys." (*Inc. Ed.,* p. 362)

[31] From the Lion Collection. For a general expression of his sympathies for the deserter see *C. P. W.,* IV, 93. A Whitman hospital notebook, in the Huntington Library, contains an interesting entry, a description of Joseph Grover, the brother of the soldier who was shot for desertion. Joseph Grover came into the Armory Square Hospital, Ward A, on June 25, 1863. Whitman noticed how the father, an elderly man, wept bitterly, and in his heart he pitied both father and son. William Grover, of Company A, 46th Penn., a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, was shot at Leesburgh for desertion. He had been in the service for two years and was reputed to be a good soldier. Extreme love for his mother, the nostalgia to return home—it was this which caused his untimely death. Seeing that others had gone off for a time and come back without detection, he was tempted to try it too. On June 25, 1863, Whitman spoke with a woman from Lewiston, the town where William Grover had been raised, and she told him all about the boy whom she had known ever since he was a child. William Grover, it seems, had never been allowed a furlough during his whole two years of service. Whitman sincerely mourned his cruel and unjust fate. In this hospital notebook he put down the fact that the New York *Herald,* June 25, 1863, contained, on the very first page, an account of the deaths of

APRIL 1865

I heard
The blue birds singing
I saw the yellowish green where it covered the willows
I saw the eternal grass springing up
The light of the sun on the bay—the ships, dressed with
I saw in the distant city the gala flags flying
I saw on the ships the profusion of colors
I knew of the fete, the feasting
—Then I turned aside & mused on the unknown dead
I thought of the unrecorded, the heroes so sweet & tender
The young men
The returned—but where the unreturned
I thought of the unreturned, the sons of the mothers.[32]

William Grover, William McKee, and Christopher Kumbart, all three of whom were shot for desertion.

[32] Cf. "The Return of the Heroes."

"I saw the day the return of the heroes,
(Yet the heroes never surpass'd shall never return,
Them that day I saw not.)" (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 303)

Part II
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL

DIARY FOR 1863

WHITMAN'S diary was not kept regularly and, with a few notable exceptions, it is little more than a memorandum book. Yet it is of decided interest in that it gives us a day-to-day glimpse of Whitman at the most active and critical period of his life. It is true that there are many blanks and omissions of important details. Whitman was not methodical by nature, but his failure to write a full, intimate diary was surely not caused, as some critics would have it, by his inveterate laziness. The Civil War taxed every ounce of Whitman's mental and physical energy. After his morning duties as a copyist in Major Hapgood's office, he betook himself in the afternoon, and frequently in the evenings, to the military hospitals, and conscientiously did his work there as nurse and companion of the wounded. Besides enduring the exhausting strain of caring for the sick and wounded, he was forced to keep up a voluminous correspondence. He wrote to the parents and relatives of the wounded soldiers and of those who died; he wrote to his mother, his brothers, numerous friends and acquaintances, and to those who generously donated money to his hospital fund. Occasionally he contributed articles to the newspapers. It is clear he had but little time for himself, practically no leisure in which to indulge the luxury of introspection that a diary really demands.

Nevertheless, certain entries in the diary are of particular importance, since they touch on matters—for example, his relation to Lincoln—that have been misunderstood. Furthermore, they serve to present Whitman's activities in the proper chronological perspective. Finally, they comprise the first printed specimen, of any length, of Whitman's writings in this form.

April 16, 1863. Sent letter to George, Lexington, Ky.—first saw Calving P. Riegel (is from York Co. Pa. father a minister—has been teaching school)

April 17. Rec'd letter from Jeff and dear mother—today went with C. P. R. to Smithsonian Institute—collection of Indian portraits, scenes, &c. mostly by Stanley [1]—chemical apparatus room—collection of stuff'd birds—room for sculptures—&c.—the Building is good, solid, &c.—the grounds around are fine—I must go walk there oftener.

I weigh 196½ pounds.[2]

April 18. Spent about 4 hours in Armory Sq. Hospital—gave Clinton Minzey some preserved peaches—took Dr. Stewart to him. He said he would bring him before the board & favor his discharge —went through the other wards, distributed papers & envelopes to all that wanted—Gave John T. Lund a book—wrote a letter for Thomas Wren—Dennis Barret, 169th N. Y. Vol.[3]

April 20. Spent the evening in Armory Sq. with Lew Brown,[4] & others—saw Dr. Augusta black surgeon U. S. A. (with Major's Commission).

April 21. Sent letter to Sergeant Thos. B. Sawyer, Co. C.—11th Mass. Vol.[5]

April 22. Saw Henry Howell, of Brooklyn—sent letter to dear mother—sent letter to George, Mt. Sterling, Kentucky—Dr. Augusta called this evening—Spent 3 hours at Armory.

April 23. Darkish rainy, east wind, season very backward, no leaves out worth mentioning. Sent letter to Futch—Spent two hours at Armory.

April 24. Rainy morning—the season is from three to four weeks behind hand—not warm enough yet, this season, to be oppressive.

[1] This entry furnishes another illustration of Whitman's deep interest in the Indian. As early as November 7, 1846, he printed an essay in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* on "Indian Life and Customs. A True Subject for American Antiquarian Research." (*The Gathering of the Forces,* II, 136.) See "An Indian Bureau Reminiscence" (*C. P. W.,* VI, 158) and Holloway, p. 222.

[2] Cf. the letter to his mother, April 15, 1863, "I believe I weigh about 200." (*C. P. W.,* VII, 147.)

[3] Cf. *C. P. W.,* VII, 148, 150.

[4] See letters to Lewis Brown, pp. 94–98.

[5] Cf. *Camden,* III, 107. See "Cases Mentioned in Whitman's Published Works," p. 150.

Rec'd letter from dear mother—sent letter to George, including mother & Harris of April 2d.

April 25. Fine bright, coolish day. Spent 3 hours early in afternoon at Armory, & 3 again in the evening. Sat with Lew Brown till quite late.

April 26. Sent letter to Han [6]—(paper to George)—sent letter to Thos. Sawyer.

April 27. Rec'd letter from Jeff.

April 28. Rec'd letter from dear comrade & brother Thos. P. Sawyer, serg't. Co. C. 11th Mass. Vol.—sent letter to dear mother [7]—Major Hapgood & Charley Eldridge returned from paying the army. Sent letter to Eagle.[8]

April 29. Sent letter to Mr. Lane.[9]

April 30. Fast Day.

May 1. Rec'd letter from dear mother—(warm & sunny, with a slight haze in the air)—sent letter to George, Winchester, Ky.—most lovely nights, full moon sky pale transparent yellowish green.

May 2. Rec'd letter from Mr. Lane—$5 from W. C. Kingsley—sent letter to Amos Vliet [10] Campbell Hosp.—sent letter to Will W. Wallace—Gen. Hosp. No. 3 Nashville [11]—papers to George—battles at Chancellorsville & Fredericksburgh.

Saw the procession of rebel prisoners (about 100) march down Pennsylvania Ave. under guard, to the Old Capitol Prison. We

[6] Hannah Louisa Whitman, sister of Walt Whitman.

[7] Letter printed in *C. P. W.*, VII, 149.

[8] In *The Wound Dresser* (*C. P. W.*, VII, 149) Whitman also refers to a letter sent to the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* on April 27, 1863. Professor Holloway informs me that he has been unable to find it in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* for that date, and Whitman, in fact, says, "I suppose my letter never appeared in the *Eagle*." (*Ibid.*, p. 161.) Professor Holloway discovered a "W. W." letter, so signed on April 20, but it was from Virginia; it appeared on the 27th. Perhaps the letter included in *U. P. P.*, II, 26, is the same as the one he originally sent the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle;* at any rate it refers to young Howell.

[9] Mr. Lane, who contributed money to Whitman's hospital fund, was the chief engineer of the Brooklyn water works, where Jeff was employed.

[10] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 96, 135.

[11] Will Wallace was an army steward in charge of a hospital in Nashville. A letter of his urging Whitman to come to Nashville and live with him is in the possession of Professor Holloway. See Holloway, p. 215.

talk brave & get excited & indignant over the "rebels," & drink perdition to them—but I realized how all anger sinks into nothing in sight of these young men & standing close by them & seeing them pass. They were wretchedly drest, very dirty & worthless in rig, but generally bright good looking fellows—I felt that they were my brothers, just about the same as the rest—I felt my heart full of compassion & brotherhood, & the irrepressible absurd tears started in my eyes,—these too are my brothers—it was in the look of them & in my heart [12]—the common people these, American, silent proud young fellows—(there was not one single expression of insult or comment from the crowd, along Pennsylvania Avenue—not the slightest—the prisoners were surrounded with a cordon of guards with loaded muskets)—to have suffered! what a title it gives!—all the honors, the President at his levee, the ribbon'd & starr'd ambassadors, the — — — the [13]

—These must & shall yield, curious as it seems, to prisoners in war clothes, with wretched blankets, marched to prison, surrounded by armed guards—these must yield to the poor boys, faint & sick in hospitals, without grace, have not an eye for pictures, have [14] not read the older poets, but have amputated limbs.

May 3. Hooker's advance still fighting—glorious nights—soft fine full moon.

Sunday Evening, May 3, '63. Armory Sq. Hosp. Ward D. to 5 wounded or sick with fever &c. distributed a small pot of nice apple jelly—fed 2 who were very weak with a spoon.[15]

May 4. Hooker's battle around Fredericksburgh—tonight the wounded begin to arrive from Hooker's command.

May 5. Sent letter to Moses Lane—rec'd letter from Fred Gray.[16]

[12] This passage, up to this point, is quoted by Mr. Furness in a note (p. 226, note 77), but he dates it May 3, 1863. The above passage, which follows the spelling and punctuation of the manuscript, differs in some respects from Mr. Furness's version. Whitman wrote this entry at the end of the notebook and headed it, "May 2, '63." Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 153.

[13] The manuscript at this point is in a fragmentary, unfinished form.

[14] A question mark is written over this word. Cf. Furness, p. 75.

[15] From another notebook, the "Christian Commission" notebook.

[16] See "A War-Time Letter" (*U. P. P.*, II, 21). The letter is addressed to Nat and Fred Gray, "boon companions of the Pfaffian days." Ben Knower (see *infra*, diary jotting for May 6) also belonged to this group of Bohemian cronies.

Saw portrait of Prince of Wales on a Penn ave. car in Washington—May 5, '63.

May 6. Rec'd letter from Jeff.—rec'd letter from Ben Knower, 105 Reade St.—cold, dark, heavy rain the last two days & nights—very bad for Hooker.

May 7. Last night we heard of Hooker recrossing the Rappahannock,—news very depressing.

May 8. Sent letter to George—Winchester.

May 9. New rig.

May 10. Spent the day at Armory. Wrote many letters.

May 11. Corp. Geo. Keeler, Co. A. 20th Conn. is at Stanton Hospital. Chas. McMonoro, Co. G. 11th Mass. is at Armory. E. H. Eggleston, Co. B. 20th Conn. is at Finley.—Sent letter to Mr. Lane—rec'd let. from Mr. Lane.—Hot weather.

May 12. John T. Keeher, Co. C. 11th Mass. is at Campbell. Thos. E. Sullivan, Co. C. 11th Mass. also at Campbell. And Pfuld, Co. C. 11th Mass. also at Campbell.—Hot weather.

May 13. Wrote to mother dear.[17] Wrote to Mr. Lane. Wrote Mrs. Eveline Ballou, Sullivan Ashland Co. Ohio.—went over to depot for Wm. H. Moore, 126th Penn. to bring him up to his brother, James Moore in Ward 1, Armory Hosp.—rain in afternoon.

May 15. Letter from Mr. Lane—$5 from J. B. Kirkwood & Conklin Brush.[18]

May 16. Letter from dear mother & one from George—bundle from home—wrote to Mrs. Sarah A. Hudson, Rock City Falls, Saratoga Co. N. Y.—At Armory—death scene in Ward E.

May 17. At Armory Sq. afternoon & night—sent letter to Jeff.

May 18. Wrote to George—also Han—have had 4 good days now—just right temperature.

May 21. Rec'd letter from George at Lancaster Ky.

May 24. Spent nearly all day[19] in Armory Sq. Hospital—went through every ward, from A. to K. & in the tent wards, for erysipelas, &c.

May 25. More than 4000 emigrant passengers arrived in New York from Europe this day.

Are now 10,000 contrabands in Washington—Alexandria 3000—

[17] Letter printed in *C. P. W.*, VII, 153.

[18] Both employed at the Brooklyn water works under Mr. Lane. Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 160, where this letter from Mr. Lane is mentioned.

[19] This was on a Sunday.

they shove them off, the men to work, the women & children to places—1500 have died.

May 26. Sent letter to dear mother.[20] Spent 3 hours evening in Armory.

May 27. Sent letter to Tom Sawyer—a procession of contrabands, men, women, & children, 300, just up from the front, through Penn. Av. guarded by cavalry.

May 28. Rec'd letter from Mr. Lane, with $10 from himself—also letter from Jeff.

May 29. Visited Columbia Hospital forenoon—Armory Sq. Afternoon.

May 30. Rec'd letter from dear mother.

June 17. Mat's little girl born at 11 o'clock to-night.[21]

June 20. Rec'd letter from Jeff—a little girl born—all well.

September 15. Sent letter to Tom Sawyer. Sent letter to dear mother.[22] Sent papers to George.

September 16. Sent letter to Thuly Smith—saw death of Lorenzo Stray, in Ward F Armory.

Wounded & sick coming in again from front, from the cavalry fight, & the breaking up of the reg. & brigade hospitals.

September 17. Sent letter to Moses Lane—sent letter to Sam Probasco.[23]

September 18. Peaches good & plenty here in Washington—20 cts. $\frac{1}{4}$ peck—(I buy them often, they are acceptable to sick, cut up with sugar.)

September 19. Rec'd letter from Thuly Smith—Allen King said he had rec'd letter from 51st dated Sept. 11th.

October 1. Among other things in my visits to hospitals I commence reading pieces.[24]

2000 blacks have been enlisted in Maryland and up to date for

[20] See *C. P. W.*, VII, 159.

[21] The birth of Jeff Whitman's daughter, Jessie Louisa. "Mat" refers to Jeff's wife, Martha. On this occasion Whitman writes, "I am sure from Jeff's description it is a noble babe—and as to its being a girl, it is all the better. (I am not sure but the Whitman breed gives better women than men.)" (*C. P. W.*, VII, 166.)

[22] See *C. P. W.*, VII, 196.

[23] Mr. Probasco contributed money to Whitman's hospital fund.

[24] For differing opinions regarding Whitman's reading of these "pieces," see Barton, p. 67, and Trowbridge's *My Own Story* (Boston and New York, 1903), p. 382.

the U. S. A. under the direction of one officer alone—Col. Birney—& the work is still going on.[25]

October 4. Letter in N. Y. *Times* celebrating Washington.[26]

October 5. Sent letter to Thuly Smith either this day or yesterday.

October 6. Receiving now the letter from L. B. Russell—Margaret Curtis & Hannah E. Stevenson, Boston.[27]

October 9. Jerry Taylor (N. J.) of 2d dist. reg't slept with me last night—weather soft, cool enough, warm enough, heavenly.—rec'd letter from Jeff with $10 from Mr. Kirkwood.[28]

October 10. Rec'd letter from Jeff—with $5 from Moses Lane—$2 from J. D. Martin—$1 from Henry Carlow—wrote to Caleb Babbitt.[29]

October 12. Rec'd letter from J. Redpath, Boston[30]—wrote to him.

October 13. Photographs from Brady's, Washington.[31] sent letter to dear mother.[32]

October 14. Wrote to George, enclosing two letters from mother.

October 15. Sent Mrs. Price [&] George papers.

October 16. Sent letter to dear mother—Got Jeff's letter—Andrew is pretty bad.[33] Moved to 456–6th St. bet. S & D—paid $5 in advance.

[25] See Appendix for a number of newspaper clippings kept by Whitman, relating to the enlistment and heroic services of negro troops.

[26] "Letter from Washington," which appeared in the New York *Times*, Sunday, October 4, 1863. Reprinted in *U. P. P.*, II, 29.

[27] All three contributed generously to Whitman's hospital fund. A copy of the letter is given in Donaldson, p. 147. For letters from Margaret Curtis and Hannah E. Stevenson see *Ibid.*, pp. 147, 150.

[28] For distribution among the soldiers. For discussion as to the amount Whitman actually distributed in this way, see Donaldson, pp. 142–158; Barton, p. 67.

[29] For a discussion of Caleb Babbitt's case, see "Cases Mentioned in Whitman's Published Works," p. 150.

[30] James Redpath, author of *The Public Life of John Brown*, published by Thayer & Eldridge in 1860, was a loyal and devoted friend of Whitman. He aided him in obtaining money for his hospital work in Washington, and even solicited Emerson for contributions. For more detailed information about him, see Donaldson, pp. 142–153.

[31] Cf. Whitman's conversation with Traubel on a photograph of the poet by Brady, *Camden*, III, pp. 552–553.

[32] Letter printed, *C. P. W.*, VII, 211.

[33] In the Bucke Collection there are a number of interesting letters by Jeff and Whitman's mother, relating to Andrew's sickness and death.

October 17. Lewy Brown with me.

October 18. Rec'd letter from dear mother—Andrew is better somewhat.

October 19. 3 shirts, 1 under. 1 dr., 1 hdkf.

October 20. Wrote to dear mother.[34] John Stilwell, Comac L. I.—sent papers to R. W. Emerson[35] & Dr. Channing.—Josiah.

October 21. Sent 40 (or 41) hdk'fs & napkins—to-day a dept'n of slaveholders from Md. waited on President to remonstrate against taking slaves for soldiers—President told them he should take all slaves he could for soldiers—should take them not only from Maryland, but from all the border states & all slave states———[36] The necessities of the country demand it & it should be done.

October 22. The sunset (write this on Louisiana Ave. at 6th St. looking at the sunset)—it is the most languidly I have ever seen. The crimson golden light floods the west, floods all with the same peculiar hue, slightly veiled with haze.

October 23. Hugh A. Roe—Co. M. 9th N. Y. Cav. Ward 5 Lincoln.

October 31. Called at the President's house, on John Hay—saw Mr. Lincoln standing, talking with a gentleman, apparently a dear friend.

November 1.[37] His face & manner have an expression & are inexpressibly sweet—one hand on his friend's shoulder, the other holds his hand. I love the President personally.[38]

[34] Letter is printed in *C. P. W.*, VII, 213.

[35] See, for Emerson's interest in Whitman's war work, Donaldson, pp. 143–149; 152–154; and the article by Mrs. W. D. O'Connor in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1907.

[36] Illegible word in the manuscript is here omitted.

[37] Though this entry overlaps the space marked November 1, it was evidently all written at the same time, on October 31.

[38] Cf. the descriptions of Lincoln by Whitman in *C. P. W.*, IV, 120; V, 241; VI, 203; VII, 171; and in *Camden*, III, 22–23; 554. Whitman called on John Hay in order to secure a railroad pass to New York. He was returning home for a rest from the strenuous duties of the hospitals. Mr. Barton seizes on this incident, as noted in the diary, to prove that Lincoln was not aware of Whitman's existence. Since they were near enough to meet, he asks, why didn't they greet each other? Why didn't John Hay introduce Whitman? See Barton, pp. 79–80. Mr. Barton, however, does not quote the sentence in the diary which says, "I love the President personally." Had he included it, the whole force of his thesis would have been considerably damaged. Moreover, the fact remains that Whitman saw Lincoln pass many,

November 2. Came through to-day from Washington to Brooklyn. Got home about in the evening—very pleasant trip, weather fine, country looks good, the great cities & towns through which I passed looked wonderfully prosperous—it looks anything else but war—everybody well drest, plenty of money, markets boundless & of the best, factories all busy—I write this in Brooklyn.[39]

November 4. Opera (Lucrezia Borgia)—Medori, Mazzoleni, Biachi very fine.[40]

November 5. Am home these days. Mat's little one a most splendid child.—rec'd letter from Lew Brown.

November 14. Went down over the line of the water works with Jeff—went to Hampstead Pond—stopt at the engine pump at East New York.

November 16. Opera. Wrote to Ellen O'Connor.

November 17. Wrote to Elijah Fox.[41] Wrote to Han. Wrote to Eldridge.

November 25. Saw a large regiment of blacks, marching in from the country, all armed & accoutred with the U. S. uniform muskets &c. March up Broadway about 11 o'clock tonight.

December 1. Parted with Andrew this morning. Wrote to George.

December 2. Returned to Washington—came through last night by railroad.

December 3. Andrew died—I have just rec'd a telegraphic dis-

many times in Washington, was familiar with the character and achievements of the man, felt a great and abiding veneration for his memory, and wrote "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," at his death.

[39] A number of reasons prompted Whitman's return to Brooklyn. First of all, the hot Washington weather had drained him of his strength, and he seriously needed a change. Besides, his brother, Andrew, was suffering from a fatal sickness. The note of dissatisfaction in his mother's letters may have been another contributing factor in causing him to return. Finally, he wished to find a publisher for *Drum-Taps* and *Memoranda of a Year*. See Holloway, p. 215.

[40] Whitman was very fond of the opera and had heard *Lucrezia* played before. On March 21, 1863, Jeff, who also enjoyed the opera, wrote to Whitman, "Walt I wish you could hear a man that is singing here by the name of Bellini. . . . He certainly would carry you back to the old Castle Garden and Bertina singing 'Spiritio Gentile.'" Unpublished letter in the Bucke Collection.

[41] A letter to Elijah Fox, one of the wounded soldiers Whitman tended in the Armory Square Hospital, is given in *Camden*, II, 380. It is dated November 21, 1863. For other references to Elijah Fox, see *Camden*, II, 137, 138; III, 101, 102.

patch. Wrote to George—Han—Jeff.—Dr. Russell—John Stilwell.

December 17. Sent letter to Jeff—Alonzo S. Bush—Co. A Indiana Cav.—C. H. Babbitt, Mason Gen. Hosp. Boston.[42] E. D. Fox, Wyoming.

December 19. Wrote to John Stilwell—Liv. J. Brooks—Co. B—17th Penn. Cav.[43]

[42] See "Cases Mentioned in Whitman's Published Works," p. 150.

[43] *Ibid.* Another page of this notebook contains a receipt (written out by Whitman) for the partial payment of rent. On October 16, 1863, Whitman had hired a room on the third floor of a house at 456 Sixth Street. The rent was to be ten dollars a month, "gas &c service" included. The receipt was signed by E. S. Baker.

WAR MEMORANDA

THESE war memoranda, in conjunction with the articles from the New York *Leader* in the first section of the book, show Whitman's early interest and involvement in the war. Though fragmentary, the evidence contained in these diaries proves once more that Whitman did not remain aloof from the national struggle.

Later, when he served in the Washington hospitals and visited the front, he eagerly wrote down stories that the soldiers told him, for possible literary use in the future. Some of these jottings were worked into the text of *Memoranda during the War*. Others, however, remained unused.

Victor Smith (Evening June 30, '62) Met a man who introduced himself to me as *Victor Smith*—in the government employ on the Pacific Coast, Northern Oregon, as collector &c. there—he and his wife thought very much of L. of G.—said it had made a disturbance between her and her sister, &c. Said that Mr. Chase, (Secretary of Treasury) one evening, seeing the book on the centre table, said, "How is it possible you can have this nasty book here?"—&c. &c.[1]

Afternoon, July 3d, in front of Hospital, Broadway—*Aaron B. Cohn*—talk with—he was from Fort Edward Institute—appears to be 19 years old—fresh and affectionate young man—spoke much of a young man named Gilbert L. Bill (of Lyme, Connecticutt) who thought deeply about Leaves of Grass, and wished to see me.

[1] This conversation showing Whitman's keen concern for the fate of *Leaves of Grass,* is the basis of the story he later told to a group of friends. See *Camden,* II, 397. This incident, though told about twenty-six years later, agrees substantially with the record he made of it in 1862. How Salmon P. Chase, in spite of Emerson's letter of recommendation, refused to appoint Whitman to office because he was the author of a "nasty" book, is described by J. T. Trowbridge in the *Atlantic Monthly,* February, 1902. Cf. *Camden,* II, 397.

June '62—Elijah Tompkins—1304 Broadway—join'd 2d N Y artillery—deserter—arrested in Brooklyn '64.[2]

John Macready (Nicaragua Jack) Aug. 16 '62.—with wound in his forehead—red shirt—yellow haired—has been in ship of war —Nicaragua two slave voyages—2d one was taken and thrown in Moro Castle, Havana, 7 months—New York boy born—28 years old.

William Robinson, Brooklyn lad, (Socratic nose)—Aug. 16—driving on 23d St.—is going to enlist—said he would enlist with me in two minutes—has enlisted in 2d N. Y. artillery.

Merriman—(Aug 16th) at Pfaff's—young man was with John Brown—strong abolitionist of course—black-eyed, (with a cast)—pale—makes a good impression on me.

Mr. Deming, (lawyer 1 Park Place—) his mother is a Whitman in R. I.—(has joined the army. Oct. '62).

Theodore M. Carr—Deserted [3]—Capt. Dawson's Co C. Monitors —Co C. Col. Conks—139th Reg. N. Y. Vol.—met on Fort Greene, forenoon Aug. 28—and came to the house with me—is from Greenville, Greene Court, 15 miles from Coxsaki. Left Sept. 11th '62.

Alanson Fargo, (Erie) Sept. 17th '62 heard of his death—was shot on Pope's retreat 15 days since,—Co E. 9th New York—was left on the field, supposed to be mortally wounded.

Later—A mistake—Alanson Fargo is living, he came home safe Oct '64. Saw Erie at Culpeper Va.[4]

William Giggee, Sept 18th '62. I heard of poor Bill's death—he was shot on Pope's retreat—Arthur took him in his arms, and he died in about an hour and a half—Arthur buried him himself—he dug his grave.[5]

Bill James, 1st Michigan cavalry—how he was taken prisoner —what a cute plausible, sleek taking devil he was—how he fooled

[2] This notebook belongs, of course, to the year 1862. The date 1864 was added later in a darker pencil.

[3] The word "Deserted" was written in later.

[4] In the next note he tells how he rode with Joseph Cornell, a stage driver and a friend of Erie, and "talked of Erie's death."

[5] It is possible that this incident may have formed the germinal idea developed in the poem, "Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night." (*Inc. Ed.*, p. 257.)

the rebels, while he was a rebel three miles from Richmond—went into the city in gray clothes—sang three nights in a concert saloon.

April 7th (they are granting furloughs liberally)—I saw seven or eight of the 14th Brooklyn going home on furlough—A pretty bad case will get 60, 50, or 40 days—others 30, and so on.[6]

Lewis K. Brown (Maryland but of Co. K. 1st N. Y. Artillery. Ward K Armory—Punishment of soldiers besides putting a man in the guardhouse (sometimes for very trivial offences to be "bucked and gagged"—it is very common in the army (Lewis K. Brown of Co. H., of Purnell's legion, Maryland)—put a stick in his mouth (like a horse's bit) tie it with a knot behind the head—then they tie the hands behind him—L. K. B. tells me he has known men to be gagged that way for six hours, as a punishmnt for running the guard and getting tight—one man (Maryland battery) was bucked and gagged for a most trivial offence, a female follower of the camp reported him for refusing to go after water for her)—Another punishment is to stand a man up on a barrel with knapsack full of brick on his shoulders—another is to take a barrel with one head out,—cut a nine inch hole through the other, and drop it over the man's shoulder, and let him stand in —— ——. Many of the young snips with commissions are of course very airish and full of petty tyranny, and harshness, punishing men for such things as forgetfulness not saluting them, & the like—drunkenness is a very common thing,—sometimes too the men are very provoking to an officer—the fault is not always on the side of the latter—but this is to be said that company or regimental opinion will always justify an officer who punishes with justice—in the case of the soldier in the Maryland battery.

Christmas night—the men had a theatrical performance, *Rob Roy*—2d floor seats reserved for the cripples—where they were all in one building, the men had the run of the whole building—2300 present at the performance of Rob Roy.[7]

Make a fuller point that the armies were composed mainly of American born & raised men. . . . We were all native born & made

[6] From the Lion Collection. This note was written in 1863.

[7] From the Bucke Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 83; VII, 232. While at Culpeper, Virginia, Whitman attended some musical and theatrical entertainments of a Brooklyn regiment.

the main bulk of the soldiery. A far larger percentage than is generally supposed, came from the Southern & Border States. There were several whole regiments from those States, and squads and individuals from them were sprinkled all through.[8]

August 11 '64—Mother was telling me at dinner to-day, how glad she was when peace was declared after the war of 1812 &c. She said her father told them he hoped they would never be compelled to see the horrors of war, as had seen others in the Revolution.

Mother's brothers were in the army at Brooklyn in 1812. She told me that her brother came down to visit them & buy them some things & she came with him. The camp must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of what is now in Washington Park.

At the close of the war, the expenses of it, purchases of supplies, pay of men, &c, were about a million dollars a day.[9]

[8] Though Whitman acknowledged that there were Irish and German regiments who fought loyally and well, he stressed the point that the Union army was a native army; the Civil War was a national war. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 63, 136; *U. P. P.*, II, 28.

[9] This fact, taken probably from Grant's *Memoirs*, is noted down on a piece of paper.

HOSPITAL CASES

IN the following two sections will be listed first, the names of those sick and wounded soldiers who are mentioned in Whitman's published work, and secondly, cases of which no specific mention can be found. Though some attempt has been made at arranging these notes, as far as possible, in a chronological order, there was no way under the circumstances of always arranging them in a strict chronological sequence. That Whitman employed a definite method in his ministrations to the wounded will be evident from what follows, but he worked under too great a pressure and in too great haste to keep his hospital memoranda in order. Another difficulty arises from the fact that these memoranda are scattered throughout a number of different notebooks and written on loose scraps of paper, the date of which it is sometimes very hard to determine. Whenever names occur more than once, the writer has deemed it advisable to bring the references together, regardless of the day on which they may have been set down. The notes contained in these two sections are the groundwork on which were built some of the most touching passages in *Memoranda during the War*, which was later incorporated almost in its entirety in *Specimen Days*.

These notes here assembled from the notebooks of Walt Whitman make no pretension to literature, nor were all of them meant to be preserved. Written on the spot, these memoranda of the hospitals served both a practical and a literary purpose for their author: they were records of the cases he treated, and they formed the groundwork of future literary elaborations and reminiscences. It was his habit to pass through a ward and put down in his notebook the particular needs and details of each case. Some constituted a brief jotting of name, company, ward, bed number, and hospital. Others were more detailed, giving the nature of the wound or sickness, the home address, and

any peculiarities of feature or temperament that struck the poet. On the basis of these records and experiences he wrote a number of articles which he contributed to Brooklyn, New York, and Washington newspapers.

Whitman asserted that the real war will never get into the books. Neither will the real history of the hospitals during the war ever get into the books. In these fragments from his notebooks and his diaries we catch a poignant glimpse now and then of the tragic experiences that lay behind them. They offer direct and valuable evidence as to the nature of Whitman's services to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Washington.

In his treatment of the sick and wounded young soldiers, Whitman followed no fixed rules, he preached no message of redemption. He cheered the men by his personal presence, his magnetism, his soothing tenderness and loving sympathy. He was both comrade and nurse, mother and father, to these afflicted and suffering young men. Whatever demands they made on him, he did his best to carry out, his sole aim being to satisfy their immediate wants, to comfort them in their distress. When they asked for tobacco, he gave it to them, though he himself did not smoke. His heart bled for these shattered and prostrate forms, and he yearned to mother them, to lavish on them that love of which they stood most in need, and which he with his curiously ambivalent nature could well supply. There can be no question but that the affection which Whitman bestowed on the wounded was, in a sense, a sublimation of his sexual nature, a fulfilment of the comradely love which he announced in the "Calamus" poems. The war marks a profoundly significant crisis in Whitman's life.

The matter-of-fact way in which he describes the scenes in the wards should not mislead the reader as to the depth of the experiences these notes reveal. They were written in great haste, often at the bedside of a patient. Besides, he had to husband his strength, to restrain his emotions, if he were not to break down prematurely. When he first began his hospital duties, he could write, "I sometimes put myself in fancy in the

cot, with typhoid, or under the knife." [1] He soon found that he was too much a part of this experience to indulge it. He remained strong and controlled because he had to. Yet the roots of the war struck deep into his being.

Though serving in the hospitals proved a severe strain on his health, he was indefatigable in serving the men, patient, affectionate, always gentle and good humored. He would distribute fruit, candy, preserves, envelopes, paper, books, whatever the men required, if he could procure it for them. His splendid physique and abounding vitality stood him in good stead during those strenuous and trying years. He adapted himself to each case, giving what was called for from the fullness of his heart. Besides distributing small gifts, he would talk cheeringly to the patients, write letters for them, expound the Bible if necessary, wash and dress their wounds, and even pray at their bedside. For he felt that what was infinitely more important than gifts or medicine was the good cheer he radiated, the love and sympathy he gave without stint.

The first paragraph of *Memoranda during the War*, is, perhaps, the best introduction to these hospital notes.

"During the Union War I commenced at the close of 1862, and continued steadily through '63, '64, '65, to visit the sick and wounded of the Army, both on the field and in the Hospitals in and around Washington. From the first I kept little note-books for impromptu jottings in pencil to refresh my memory of names and circumstances, and what was specially wanted, &c. In these I brief'd cases, persons, sights, occurrences in camp, by the bedside, and not seldom by the corpse of the dead. Of the present Volume most of the pages are *verbatim* renderings from such pencillings on the spot. Some were scratch'd down from narratives I heard and itemized while watching or waiting, or tending somebody amid these scenes. I have perhaps forty such little note-books left, forming a special history of those years, for myself alone, full of associations never to be possibly said or sung. I wish I could convey to the reader the associations that attach to these soil'd and creas'd little livraisons, each composed of a sheet or two of paper, folded

[1] *U. P. P.*, II, 22.

small to carry in the pocket, and fasten'd with a pin. I leave them just as I threw them by during the War, blotch'd here and there with more than one blood-stain, hurriedly written, sometimes at the clinique, not seldom amid the excitement of uncertainty, or defeat, or of action, or getting ready for it, or a march. Even these days, at the lapse of many years, I can never turn their tiny leaves, or even take one in my hand, without the actual sights and hot emotions of the time rushing like a river in full tide through me. Each line, each scrawl, each memorandum, has its history. Some pang of anguish—some tragedy, profounder than ever poets wrote. Out of them arise active and breathing forms."

CASES MENTIONED IN WHITMAN'S PUBLISHED WORKS

Luciana Holmes, Campbell, Plymouth Co. Mass.—Co. C. 29th Mass.—John A. Holmes.[2]

David S. Giles, Co. 5—28th N. J.—Jan. 11.

David S. Giles—Co. F.—28th N. J. V.—bed 52 W. 6—wants an apple—wants me too see about his brother John H. Giles, young man, Serg't Major 28th N. J. Vol. now some hospital in Wash.—came Christmas day.

David S. Giles,[3] 52—Campbells Hospital—(orange)—(jelly).

Chester H. Lilly—145th Penn.—Erysipelas—Jaundice & Wounded—Some preserve or *jelly,* or oranges.[4]

Henry D. Boardman—Co. B. 27th Conn. Vol.—Young man from Northford, Conn. (near 7 miles from New Haven).—Bed 25—Camp. H. W. 6—wants a rice pudding, not very sweet.[5]

Maximilian de Fisheur—Bed 37. Ward H.—Co. H. 17th Conn.—has been at Windmill Point three weeks.[6]

Erastus Haskell—Ward E. bed 5—Co. K. 141st N. Y.—rank musician—typhoid fever—I visited him from the time he was

[2] Cf. *C. P. W.,* VII, 85–89, 135, 169.

[3] Cf. *C. P. W.,* IV, 98, where this young man's initials are given. An entry in the hospital notebook in the Huntington Library states that David S. Giles asked for a book, some apples, horehound candy, and some tobacco.

[4] Appears under the initials C. H. L. in *C. P. W.,* IV, 98. Practically the same note is given in the hospital notebook at the Huntington Library.

[5] Appears under the initials H. D. B. in *C. P. W.,* IV, 50–51.

[6] Cf. *C. P. W.,* IV, 44. Also mentioned in the Huntington Library hospital notebook.

brought in the hospitals—he told me he had been sick off & on for several months—Samuel Haskell—Breesport, Chemung Co. N. Y.[7]

July 22, 1863.—Oscar F. Wilber, Co. G. 154th N. Y.—Ward K. Bed 47—talk with him July 22d '63 afternoon. Asked me to read a chapter in the New Testament—I complied, asking him what. "Make your own choice," said he. I opened at the close of one of the Evangelists in the first part testament describing the latter hours & crucifixion of Christ—he asked me to read the following chapter, how he rose again. It pleased him very much, the tears were in his eyes—he asked me if I "enjoyed religion"—I said probably not my dear, in the way you mean.[8]

Charles Miller—bed 19—Ward I. Armory Hospital—Co. D. 53 Penn.—(age 16)?—left leg amputated—father living—mother dead—no relatives or friends been to see him—gave him 20 cts.—(bed 20, doz. cts.)—wants some *apples*—uses *tobacco*—

Chas Miller—bed 19, ward I—some apples—also tobacco—(also to each of the boys each side).[9]

John Mahay—Ward E. bed 30—Co. A. 101st N. Y.—Wound through bladder at 2nd Bull Run, 29th August '62.[10]

Geo. W. Monk, Co. A—78th N. Y. V.—Ward D—bed 50 Armory—Brooklyn boy—father Wm D. Monk, Brooklyn E. D.—gun shot wound in head—feet benumbed—fine manly quiet boy—July '63.[11]

John Elliot—(Saml Elliot—father) from Cumberland Valley p. o. Bedford Co. Penn.—Did he shoot himself. Operated on chloroform—Leg taken off. Dies under operation.[12]

Livingston J. Brooks—Co. B. 17th Penn. Cavalry.

[7] This was an unusually pathetic case. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 189; VII, 180. The letter Whitman wrote (August 10, 1863) to the father upon the death of Erastus Haskell is given in *Camden*, I, 115–118. Mentioned in the Huntington Library hospital notebook.

[8] This passage is amplified and worked into the text of an article, "Our Wounded and Sick Soldiers—Visits among the Hospitals," printed in the New York *Times*, December 11, 1864, and reprinted in *C. P. W.*, VII, 101. The passage describing this scene appears on p. 112. It has also been included in *Specimen Days* (see *C. P. W.*, IV, 67–68).

[9] The second entry is from the Lion Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 42; VII, 106.

[10] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 98; VII, 120.

[11] From the Lion Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 170.

[12] Cf. description of Elliot's death (*C. P. W.*, VII, 154).

Livingston J. Brooks—Ward A—bed 47—Armory June 21—Co B—17th Penn Cav.—Int fever—brought in June 24—very sick—patient obedient—poor fellow—(born in Missouri)—Mother—Margaret Brooks, Susquehannah depot—Penn.[13]

Bethuel Smith—Co F. 2d U. S. Cavalry.[14]

Serg't Thos. P. Sawyer—Co C. 11th Mass. vol—1st brig. 2d div.—3d a.c.

Sergt Thos P Sawyer—Co C. 11th Mass. Vol.—1st brig. 2d div—3d corps.[15]

In Armory—Ward C—A noble sized young fellow M. W.[16] Co K. 6th Ohio, gun shot wound lft shoulder,—I cut up some peaches, powder them with sugar, for his supper—he relishes them much—he has suffered but lies easy now—What a splendid neck, frame, & clean complexion.

Oscar H. Cunningham—Delaware Ohio—sister—Helen S. Cunningham—gun shot wound light—thigh—Chancellorsville.

As I write this (April 12, '64,) his leg is in a horrible condition, all livid & swollen out of shape—the chances are against him, poor fellow.[17]

Reuben Farwell—Co H—1st Michigan Cav.—Plymouth Wayne Co. Mich.—father—Leroy Farwell.

Reuben Farwell—Company H—1st Michigan Cavalry.[18]

Caleb H Babbitt—Co E—34th Mass.—Mason Gen Hosp—Boston, Mass.[19]

Thos. J. Byrd—Armory Square Hospital, Ward I, bed 45—Age 19—Native Alabama—Opelaka Russel Co. Alabama.[20]

[13] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 169. Also mentioned in the Huntington Library notebook. The second entry above is from the Lion Collection.

[14] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 134.

[15] Cf. *Camden*, III, 107.

[16] Manville Winterstein has been crossed out and the initials M. W. written in its place. This note is from the Lion Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 134.

[17] Whitman was extremely affected by the death of Oscar Cunningham. Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 255, 257, 260, 268, 269, 274; *Camden*, III, 101, 107.

[18] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 134.

[19] For Whitman's interest in the history of Babbitt's case, even after he was removed from the Washington hospitals to Boston, see Perry, p. 146; *Camden*, I, 339; II, 96, 108, 109, 504.

[20] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VI, 234.

Rebel—John W. Morgan—Armory Square Hospital—ward I—Age 18—Shellot, Brunswic Co. N. C.—Gun shot in right leg above knee.[21]

James H. Williams—Ward C. bed 6—May 31—'65—age 21—Co G. 3d Va. Cav.—Millensport—Gallva Co. Ohio—father John Williams—laryngitis—fever—debility—diarrhea—May 30–31—is about as marked a case of a strong man brought low as I have seen —has.[22]

CASES *NOT* MENTIONED IN WHITMAN'S PUBLISHED WORKS

Jack Macarty—Co I 2nd N. Y. Artillery—Fort Corcora—go out by Georgetown cars.

Cody M. Reid—from Hastings, Barry Co.—Co. K 3d Michigan —Ward G. Armory Hospital—saw in Hapgood's office Jan. 10 '63.

Thomas Butterworth, bed no. 2—something to read.

Elisha Beebe—bed 3—(blond—lymphatic)

Pierre P. Hurlburt—drummer—bed 5 Campbell H.

Henry Thurer, bed 2, Ward 6—Wants to see a German Lutheran clergyman.[23]

Henry Horner, bed 63—Indiana Co. Penn.

Jan. 13th. John Watson, 49, get some apples.

Llewellyn Woodin, (bed 14) sore throat, wants some candy. Co. #. 145th Penn.

+ Bed 15—wants an orange.[24]

Bed 59. (James) wants some liquorice.

21 Cf. *Ibid.*
22 From the Lion Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 129.
23 See C. P. W., VII, 95.
24 The cross probably indicates that the request had been satisfied.

+ 57 wants me to write for his descriptive list.

Patent Office Hospital.
Ward 1 & 2—bed 53—James Woodmansee (Co. C. 114th N. Y.) —Rev. Ray Woodmansee, Norwich, Chenago Co. N. Y.

61—Camp.—something to read—a good book—Saml. F. Faries —Co. G. 1st Delaware.

+ 27 wants some figs and a book and some cakes—ginger.

+ 23 & 24 wants some horehound candy.

John W. Gaskell, Co. E. 24th N. J. V.—bed 57 W. 6 Camp.—weak and prostrated—pulmonary—sent for his descriptive list—bring him some nice cake—sponge cake.

John Berry, Co. #. 25th N. J.—bed 7—Ward I—gave him 20cts. (29th Jan)—an apple &c.—rheumatism—consumptive—no parents—can read but not write.[25]

James H. Culver—Co. B 136th N. Y.—Ward G, bed 24—a young man—Armory Hosp.—Jan. 22, '63—gave him 15 cts.—a farmer's son from Livingston Co. N. Y. down with pneumonia, talks in a whisper—has been sick two months here—7 have died since he has been here—is pretty weak, sore from lying so much in bed—would like some oranges—his brother, since he enlisted, has sold his farm, and gone to Jackson Co. Michigan—has applied this morning for a discharge—an interesting thankful young fellow.[26]

[25] From the Lion Collection.

[26] Following the description of this case, is a reference to a service in the U. S. Senate Chamber conducted by W. H. Channing on Sunday the 4th of January at 11 A. M. Then comes an extract from a Smithsonian Institute lecture by Professor Guyot, which Whitman may have attended on Monday evening, January 5, 1863. Note the "Smithsonian" lecture item, written by Whitman and printed in the *Armory Square Hospital Gazette* on January 13, 1864. A facsimile of the first page of this issue is given in Donaldson, facing p. 141. The next page of this same notebook contains a clipping from a newspaper giving a list of the hospitals in Washington and their location. Thirty-six are listed. On another

Corp. John J. Taylor—Co. F. 122d Penn.—Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Tent 12.

James Marfield—7th Va. Vol.—2 oranges.

Jarvis Spaulding—Co. F 142d N. Y.—Armory—Ward G, bed 7—from Oswego Co.—severe typhoid fever—very low—quite lethargic, needs to be roused.

John Reichart—Armory Hospital, Ward G. bed 32—128th Penn.—(fever & bronchitis)—from Reading, Pa. Only 17—a handsome boy, looks like a girl—flesh burning hot—a couple of oranges.

John Reichart (bed 32, Ward G)—an orange.[27]

April 7th 1863.

Joseph Armstrong, quiet Pennsylvania boy, very low with dysentery—I write this sitting by his bed—tells me,[28] he can't help thinking of the time when his mother died—(dysentery)—both of us are crying and very much ashamed & mad about it afterward.

Ward I. Armory, bed 43—(has sisters & young brother at home—bring him some jelly.

Joseph Armstrong, Co. H. 57th Penn.—aged 20—a very bad case of dysentery, has been growing worse several days,—poor young fellow as I see him lying there panting the sweat in drops on his face, it goes to my face—he is a stout lymphatic young man, gentle and uncomplaining,—was raised in North Rome, Bradford Co. Pa.—was all through the Peninsular Campaign—has been more or less ill in hospital convalescent camps &c for six months. His father & brother are both in the army.[29]

page Whitman has set down the name and address of Major Hapgood, an army paymaster, with whom he soon secured employment as a copyist.

James H. Culver is briefly mentioned in the hospital notebook, now in the Huntington Library.

[27] From the Lion Collection.

[28] The word "sobbing" is here crossed out in the manuscript (from the Lion Collection).

[29] From the Lion Collection.

Noah Laing—Ward I, bed 36 Armory—6th New York Ind. Battery—is from Rahway, N. J.—been out since June '61—has three brothers in the Army in the 30th N. J. Vol.—worked for A. V. Shotwell—large bakery, Rahway N. J.—there are five brothers & four of them are in the war—was at Ball's Bluff—Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill & Chancellorsville. Nearest friend A. H. Shotwell, Rahway,—Mother Margaret C. Laing, care of R. A. Drake, Plainfield N. J.[30]

John Grundke—Co. B—26th Wis.—bed 23—Ward F.—German —(wants something to read in English).[31]

Albion F. Hubbard—Ward C. bed 7—Co. F 1st Mass. Cavalry —been in the service one year—has had two carbuncles one on arm, one on muscle, healing at present yet great holes left, stuffed with rags—worked on a farm 8 years before enlisting—wrote letter for him to the man he lived with—died June 20th '63.[32]

Jack McCafferty, tent 21—Mt. Pleasant Hospital, on beyond Camp Hospital, 7th St.

Absalom Swangen—bed 22—Ward D.—shot right arm—very sick—secure some preserves.

Levi Haas, Co. B. 6th Penn.—bed 38, War I—Armory—been in 18 mos.—gun shot & wound in thigh—parents dead.—William Haas, Selins Grove, Snyder Co., Penn.

Levi Haas—bed 38—(something)—some money.

Gave 20 cts. to Julius Paul. Gave 20cts. to another man on crutches, same ward.

Corp. Justus F. Boyd. Bed 22—Co. D. 6th Mich. cavalry—been in five months, [for] sick affection of the kidneys and pleurisy—wants some paper & envelopes, and something to read—Gave him

[30] From the Lion Collection.

[31] From the Lion Collection. Also mentioned in the hospital notebook in the Huntington Library.

[32] From the Lion Collection.

12 sheets paper, & 12 envelopes—Three of them were franked by Mr. Sumner.

take (Marg. D. Valois) for Justus F. Boyd, bed 22, Ward I.—paper & envelopes.

Elihu Showater, Co. C. 155th Penn.—Bed 5—Ward H. Some tobacco.

Thomas H. B. Geiger. Ward H. Bed 47. Co. B. 53d Penn.—lost right forearm—(cakes).

Thos. H. B. Geiger. Co. B. 53d Penn.—Bed 47—Ward H.—Wounded at Fredericksburg—was hit right forearm.[33]

Caleb E. Hicks, bed 29, Ward G—gave an apple & 20 cts.—down with diarrhea—Armory.

Wm. Von Vliet, Co. #. 89th New York. Bed 37,—shell wound in the arm—Gave 20 cts.—Wants some smoking tobacco & pipe—arm amp.—turn out bad—died poor boy.

Bed 35—Ward H—pipe & tobacco.

Luther D. Livingston—Co. F. 16th Mained—was admitted 18th Jan.—Windmill Point.[34]

C. A. Hamilton—med. cad.—Ward I. Armory Hosp.—Wayne Co N. Y.

Jay C. Adams—bed 43—Ward H.—Oneida N. Y. Cavalry (independent company)—been in Armory Sq. Hospital, since 20th Dec.—very home sick.

Hiram Scholis—bed 3—Ward E.—26th N. York—wants some pickles—a bottle of pickles.

Amster Moore—bed 29—Ward D. Armory—June 22—Co F. 73d Ohio—very low—very sick indeed with typhoid fever (condi-

[33] Twice given. Also mentioned in the hospital notebook (Huntington Library).

[34] Mentioned in the Huntington Library hospital notebook.

tion doubtful)—wife Nancy Moore—Vets Washington Co. Ohio—July 26—much better.[35]

Clinton J. Minzey—Ward E—Co. M. 5th U. S. Cavalry—Mother, Mrs. Wealthy Minzey, Geneva, Ontario Co. N. Y.

To Clinton Minzey. Ward E.—parcel of cakes & crackers.[36]

A bottle of cherry brandy for a bad case of diarrhea.

To John Bechtle (Ward H) Co. G. 154th N. Y. gave my picture, book & papers.

Geo. W. Yeaton—Armory Sq. Hospital, Ward C.

Samuel H. Puckett—Bed 10—Ward B. Arm.—Co. F. 3d Indiana —wounded last March at Dumfries—some apples—(Died)

John—Philip—Leniner—Co B 149th Penn.—father—Henry Leniner, Rockland P O—Clearfield Co. Pa.—Philip was killed at Gettysburgh.

Aged 20—Philip's expression—My God—My God—I am gone too—here I go—in Dutch—killed in charge—Noon—Killed at Gettysburgh—1st of July '63—(aged 18)—John wounded first at the same time he supposed Philip was killed too.

Wm E. Vandermark—Co I—120th N. Y.—bed 39—Ward B—Sarah E. Vandermark, Accord, Ulster Co. N. Y.[37]

Jan 2—William Widner—Ward H—Dec 22—Co I—2d N Y Cav—heart disease—Rolla Widner—Frankfort Clinton Co. Ind.—apples or oranges or crabapple jelly.

[35] From the Lion Collection.

[36] See the entry for April 18, 1863, in "Diary for 1863."

[37] From the Lion Collection.

On the back of a small white hospital notebook belonging to the early part of 1864, we find this curious entry written in an illiterate hand. "April 7/64—father i have been here to se yo and yo was not at home i leave my best wishes hoping yo are well i am very well yo must come and see me good by,

W. E. Vandermark to his father Walt Whitman.

Vandermark is also mentioned in the Huntington Library notebook.

Jan 4 '64—James Taylor—bed 52—Ward H—33d bat—scurvy —father—Danl D Taylor—Lawrencevill—Tioga Co.

Albina H. Carter—bed 34 Ward B—Co. E. 6th Maine—g. s. w. lf't knee—piles bad—he gave me the marble book—father Robert Carter 2d, Blue Hill, Maine.

Dan'l J. O'Neil—Co A 7th Mass.—Fall River, Bristol Co. Mass. —g.s.w. lft hip.

Chas. H. Clowden—Ward A—bed 4—119th Penn—wife Eliza Clowden—472 North 2d St. Philadelphia—try some jelly.

Charles Davis—bed 49—Ward E—Jan 31—Co H—1st Michigan Cavalry—pretty low with diarrhea.

Walter A. Sibbitt—Ward H—bed 7—Feb 1 '64—Co H—126th N Y vol—diarrhea pretty bad—Admitted 19th Aug.—father—Jonathan Sibbitt—Port Gibson, Ontario Co. N. Y.

Ask Judge Granza at Washington house to call on Walt Sibbitt—bed 7—Ward H.

Edwin Nickerson—Ward H, bed 48—April 12 '64—Co K, 4th Maine Vol—(drafted last June '63)—very bad case chronic diarrhea —as I sit by him he looks like a skeleton, no flesh on body,—very low & weak.—sister Mrs. Emmeline D Brown—Belfast, Maine—came here March 20 from reg. hosp.—(gone home).

John Graham—Ward H—April '64—150th Penn Vol—Presidents guard.

Edwin H. Miller—Erie City, Pam—Co H—9th N. Y. Cav.[38]

James W Craffee—Ward F—April '64—Co A 86th Regt.—Morrissville, Madison Co. N. Y.[39]

Dr. Haviland (the old doctor)—Grosboro point—gov't boat—foot of 7th St.—died May or June '64.

[38] This entry is not in Whitman's hand. The soldiers themselves sometimes wrote down their name, address, and so on, for Whitman.

[39] The name, address, and regiment number are not in Whitman's hand.

George Dent—bed 11—A—Co. A 52nd N.Y.—gave him some money I think—had diarrhea & fever—has he gone home?

Jonathan Haerlter—Co A. 50th Penn—entered service 19th of August, 1861—Wounded at Spottsylvania—Mother—Mrs. Mary Haerlter—Tremont—Schuylkill Co. Pa.[40]

George E. Baldwin—Bat H—1st Ohio—Ohio.

Saml M Dyer—Co I. 5th Wis. Vol.—Argyle Lafayette Co. Wisconsin.

Albert Dolliver—Co B—111th Penn.

Ephraim Alexander—15 New York Cavalry—bed 42 Ward A—Seneca Falls, Seneca Co. N. Y.—Ephraim Alexander.[41]

Charles N Curtis—N. Y. Cavalry Co H—Essex County, New York.[42]

Norman R Coe—Co D. 6 Pa Cavalry—Maine Boom Co. N. Y.[43]

William A. Jellison—Company "H"—6th Me Reg—home address—West Enfield, Penobscot Co. Maine—father in law Herbert ——.

William Leech—Co J.—33d Wis. Vol.—Argyle Lafayette Co. Wis.[44]

Charles Hermans—Ward F—April '64—Age 19—pale young man—rheumatism—Nassau, N Y—Corp. Co K—22 reg't vet U. S.—Martindale bar—22St.

Eugene Pratt—Co F. 5th N Y Cavalry—Pike, Wyoming Co. N. Y.

[40] From the Lion Collection.

[41] Only the address and the name at the end are in Whitman's handwriting.

[42] Not in Whitman's handwriting.

[43] Not in Whitman's handwriting.

[44] Not in Whitman's handwriting.

Calvin B. Wood—bed 35—Ward H—Co L—1st Maine Cavalry—Mrs. Lucretia Wood—Harrison, Oxford Co. Maine—discharged—gone home.

Theodore Pease—Co H—19th Indiana—York Gen hospital—Penn.

Call on Frank McDonald of 1st Mass Vol—bed 21—Ward E—Arm Sq Hosp.

Alfred Hibbard—37 Reg. Wis.—Father lives in Milwaukee.

Br City hosp.[45]

John C Logan—Ward 27—Sept 3d '64—Co K—2d Penn Vol—(shell wound inside rt leg between the knees & thigh, flesh torn away—no bones fractured—but 30th July at the Petersburg mine explosion—came here about 6th Sept.—was better then than now—is but 17 years old, is from Pittsburgh—

Willard Beeman—Aged 21—83d Penn. in Brooklyn Hospital, Sept 12—has a younger brother in same reg't, same company—is uneasy about him, has not heard from him since last battle, though he was in the habit of writing twice a week—they were most affectionate brothers, always together, always loving, always true. "If it were to do over again," said Willard, "I think I should rather enlist alone—the feeling about my brother when going in a battle and anxiety about him at other times, is more than I can stand."—There were six of these Beemans, wagon makers, in ? Pennsylvania—five of them have been or are in the army. One of the five is dead. The parents are not living.

John Brower—Sunday night—Sept 4 '64—has been 14 mo's with Brooklyn 14th—discharged for illness—quite a talker—poetical tendencies—24 years old.

[45] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 122. Whitman says, "During September, and previously, went many times to the Brooklyn city hospital, in Raymond Street, where I found (taken in by contract) a number of wounded and sick from the army." (*Ibid.*)

Edwin Southard—Sept. 19—Brooklyn City Hosp.—Company H —119th Regt. N. Y. Vols.—wounded in left hand. Lost three fingers.—Hempstead.

Gaylord N Hatch—6th Co. N. Y.—sharpshooter—Caledonia—Livingston Co. N. Y.

William E. S. Reid—Co E. 129th Ill. Vol.—lost right arm at battle of Peach Tree Creek on July 20th.

Henry L. Mitchell, 5 Conn. Vol.—Armory Hosp. Ward G. bed 8 —wounded in leg—aged 19—has been 5 mos in prison in Richmond—his description of prison life in R.—was claimed as a deserter from an Alabama reg't and came very near being shot—the Col. of the 5th Conn. was mentioned.

Albert G. Knapp—Feb. 5 '65.

Charles Howard—art'y—g. s. w'd in upper lft breast.

Feb. 18—James Fluker on guard, (V. R. C.) at Mt. Pleasant Hospital—Lt. French—(on guard 19th—21st).

Bonaparte Webber—Co A. 2d N. Y. Mtd. Rifles—ward 4 Judiciary—lost rt. arm at Dinwiddie Ct. House, March 31, 1865—mother—Mrs. Pamela Webber—West Pembroke, Gennesse Co. N. Y.

Wilson Chesson—Harewood—Jan. 24, 66—Co F—5th Cav.—age 19—Pluro Pneumonia—mother—Mrs. Naomi Chesson—Plymouth, N. C.—Young N. C. boy—very sick—is not willing I should write to his mother—lies still with lack-luster eyes—

LITERARY JOTTINGS

THE jottings included in this section are but fragments which Whitman either rejected or did not have time to complete. They are the scattered seeds which have not taken root and achieved a normal growth and development. They show Whitman's ideas at the moment of inception; the material has not yet been shaped and transmuted in the alembic of the imagination. These fragments are interesting, however, in that they throw further light on Whitman's curious method of composition, his way of gathering material, his literary plans, his revisions, the quality of his mind.

Sing the death of Kepler—Columbus—Cervantes—John Brown —Burns.[1]

Put in this point *strong* that the great redeeming movements, rebellions of the world have been those—(Such as the Crusades & our own great war)—which have been mainly for *an Idea.*[2]

[1] The rest of the passage contains notes on the life of Columbus. Unaffected as Whitman claimed to be by the capture and execution of John Brown, whom both Emerson and Thoreau regarded as a hero and a saint, it is evident from this fragment that he planned writing a poem which would celebrate his death in company with that of Columbus, Kepler, and Cervantes. Though the draft contains abundant notes on the life of Columbus, there are none on John Brown. Whitman's sympathy for the stern old martyr is given in these lines from the poem, "Years of Meteors":

I would sing how an old man, with white hair, mounted the scaffold in Virginia,
(I was at hand, silent I stood with teeth shut close, I watch'd,
I stood very near you old man when cool and indifferent, but trembling with age and your unheal'd wounds, you mounted the scaffold;)
(*Inc. Ed.,* p. 202).

Cf. *Camden* II, 486, 487; III, 206, 402.

[2] These notes are for a proposed poem on the Crusades. In them he says, "Trace the connection down even to America.—An unbroken chain of sequences, causes & effects, runs through the progress of history & man.—The Crusades of the 12th & 13th centuries are tallied by the American war of the 19th." Whitman quotes a section from the *North British Review* of

Amer. Literature

Out of every hundred books written in America, (or anywhere) what do we want, for real nutriment of ninety nine of them. All these books are written for exercises for the writers, to be plain about it—and to prove that he or she can achieve a literary diploma to serve for life if necessary.[3]

A few malignants *left—with extracts from the "Brooklyn Eagle"*

There is a good feeling prevalent that, now that the Free States are unanimous, there should be a general amnesty, and no casting up of old grudges, and twitting on previous shortcomings. But there are a few malignants left at the North. They shelter themselves under the real spirit of toleration which has existed too long here to be rubbed out in a hurry. What shall be done with them? [4]

Washington Sight. (for instance

You see for instance such a sight as the following as you walk out for ten minutes before breakfast. Over the muddy crossing, (half past 8, morning of April 1st. '63) at 14th and L street a stout young woman wheeling a wheelbarrow—the wench perhaps 15 years old, black and jolly and strong as a horse;—in the wheelbarrow, cuddled up, a child-wench, of six or seven years, equally black, shining black, and jolly with an old quilt around her, sitting plump back, riding backwards, partially holding on, a little fearful, and trying to hold in her arms a full grown lap-dog—the child-wench bareheaded; and all, the dog, the stout-armed negress, firmly holding the handles, and pushing on through the mud—the heads of the pretty silver dog, and of the pictorial black, round and young,

May, 1844, containing Michaud's "Historical Crusades." When he comes to the part, "The acclaim of the multitude on their departure," he interpolates this sentence in different colored ink, "The analogy between all this & the exciting scenes at the breaking out of our own war." A hand at the left points to this note.

[3] For further jottings on literature besides those included in his published works, see Furness, pp. 65–68.

[4] For a number of interesting passages on slavery and democracy, contained in the notebooks from 1860 to 1861, see C. J. Furness, *Walt Whitman's Workshop.*

with alert eyes as she turned half way around, twisting her neck anxious to see what prospect, (having probably been overturned in the mud on some previous occasion)—the gait of the big girl, so sturdy and so graceful with her short petticoats—her legs stepping, pushing steadily along through obstructions—the shining curl'd dog, standing up in the hold of the little one,—she huddled in the barrow, riding backwards, with the patch-work quilt around her, sitting down, her feet visible poking straight out in front—made a passing group which as I stopt to look at it, you may if you choose stop and imagine.[5]

The Figure on the Capitol

Every bright day & at evening shines like a star glistening against the sky.—With her heavy cape, her shield heavy against her, & her sword—& what is it she stands for? is it the whole globe? [6]

"He went out with the tide and the sunset" was a phrase heard from a surgeon descriptive of an officer's death, under peculiarly gentle conditions.[7]

Characteristic Washington Scenes as a Panorama. 1863.

The army wagons without end, the ambulances—the group of officers & perpetual squad of soldiers—the sick crawling around, many with crutches, the pallid faces & slow weak step—the procession of rebel [8] prisoners, all ragged & dirty, as a huge raff, yet through the dirt & rags the American face & form, strong & clear appears. Under heavy guard they move along, carrying old blankets, quilts, their heads held high. No remarks from the crowd.—I have seen them often, yet never heard one sign of jeer or offensive exultation—the wounds, the shoeless, some without hats, rags around their heads.[9]

During 1863, '4 and '5

Nor is it merely a versifier's conc.—In the Secession War visiting the Army hospitals through 1863, and '4 and so on, I early

[5] From the Lion Collection.

[6] For Whitman's views on the architecture of the Capitol, especially of the dome, see *U. P. P.*, II, 31–33; Barrus, p. 14; *C. P. W.*, VII, 247.

[7] Given as a note to poem, "An Ended Day," *Inc. Ed.*, p. 416.

[8] "Secesh" is written above this word in the manuscript.

[9] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 105–106.

formed the habit and continued it to the end of specially going among them the latter part of the day.[10]

After a feverish battle perhaps next Day, (or 2 days)—the field and for a great distance around him & then the dead & wounded—blood, corpses, fragments, the dying, in some spots very thick—the cloud comes over the scene—it rains sometimes for hours—heaven looking, they lie in all attitudes—some shot through the heart—the dead lie mostly on their backs—they swell & bloat—they turn black & discolored—some falling holding the gun in their hand, just as

At com of a battle are skirmishers thrown out—both sides do it—they crawl away—[11] you will see the —[12] wriggles—some of the men are natural scouts or skirmishers—they enjoy it hugely and are in their element—the sight the men (the whole army) presented (as on their way to Gettysburg) after a day's march—(you wouldn't know your nearest oldest comrade—every face covered thick with dust—beard & skin all dirt, well set in—eyes red from the day's heat—their part of war—the sight was very curious—feet sore covered with blisters—days on the rapid march.

Light
Flame
By the Bivouac's Fires [13]

Opening of the Piece
Indian Summer

An pic-nic or day al-fresco, (describe the day)—a large company, gathered, in knots—dancing, ten-pins, talk, strolls—Dr. Vall [14] young—formerly in Armory Hospital—dinner—after dinner in a knot of persons—W. W.—in a large group (among the rest,

[10] This is from a loose manuscript scrap, of which I give but a part as the writing is extremely difficult to make out. Cf. the note to the poem, "An Ended Day," *Inc. Ed.*, p. 446.

[11] Parts of this fragment are strikingly similar to certain lines in the poem, "The Artilleryman's Vision," *Inc. Ed.*, p. 268. This story was told to Whitman by one of the Leniner brothers. See "Cases Not Mentioned in Whitman's Published Works," p. 156.

[12] The word is illegible.

[13] See *Inc. Ed.*, p. 225.

[14] The original name, which had been crossed out, was "Dr. Manton."

Dr. Vall, an army surgeon) passing away the time in telling anecdotes & stories, and a lady ask'd W. W. to tell something about his hospital experiences in the war—the conversation went on, in a somewhat desultory manner, without any thing specially memorable, until at length a lady who had not yet taken part in the conversation spoke up, "Mr. Whitman, I [have heard] it said that you formed many strong personal attachments in the army hospitals & met plenty of fine characters. Wont you tell us now, who perhaps most imprest you—who, perhaps, you loved the most, or took the strongest interest in.

The individual addressed paused a moment, looking at his questioner, and then said: Yes, I met in the hospitals the manliest & tenderest characters—I loved them all.

? piece in MS. describing the peculiar conditions in which love, compassion, reciprocal love, are drawn out)

A pause—He then spoke substantially as follows

Since you are interested, I will tell you of one case

Virginian somewhat over thirty years old, had moved to Tennessee, & married, could not read or write, had a full, somewhat bloodless, face, large blue eyes, well apart, & perfectly formed features—the excitement of some calm, beautiful animal—

Get posted on some special case of serious wound—(☞ look at Surgeon Gen's Rep't in pamphlet) [15]

The latter part of the piece is to be composed of information furnished by Dr. Vall, of what took place between W. W. and the soldier.[16]

for Note—

I entertained a brief ambition of writing & compiling at my

[15] In the Harned Collection there is a copy, which Whitman preserved, of the *Annual Report of the Surgeon General, United States Army,* 1865. On the back Whitman set down some memoranda. He names the Hicks General Hospital which contained 300 patients, the Harewood, the hospital at Devil's Island, the St. Louis Marine U. S. General Hospital. "Then," he goes on to say, "there are post hospitals wherein the troops are located.—There were 1489 patients in the U. S. Gen Hospitals on 20th of January.—200 Gen Hosp in May '65." It is possible that this is the pamphlet to which he intended to refer.

[16] Though this fragment reads as if Whitman intended to write a semi-fictional narrative of his hospital and war experiences, there is no way now of determining what he actually meant to do with it.

leisure, (with what I thought the many advantages of having been on the entire scene & sufficiently in the midst of and previous to it, and feeling that I could do justice in spirit to both sides)—& now that ten years have passed away, & about as much is known of the *onus* of it all as ever will be known,) the History of the War, in a great volume, or several Volumes. . . . But a very few attempts & reflections thoroughly convinced me how futile, (from a high point of view,) are all efforts either at a full statement of the War, in its origins, or for writing with that its vast complication—Diplomatic Civil and Domestic and Social—not less important by-play;—its Military History.[17] That ambition was soon abandoned . . . but I have thought a sort of Itinerary of my Hospital experience, might be worth while from a Democratic point of view & even be specially serviceable.[18]

Feb. 28—the brilliant silver moon, & close by it the evening star—of intoxicating softness, largeness & beauty—a night of nights, the air so fresh & —— the crowds of the avenue, the lights beaming, the windows—approach the Capitol—the slits in the dome—rising out of the dark shadow—& the slain lit up.[19]

[17] The revision of the last part of this sentence is too complicated to be clearly transcribed.

[18] The line "now that ten years have passed away," gives us an approximate date when this note was composed. It was written in 1875, at a time when Whitman was preparing his prose pamphlet, *Memoranda during the War,* for publication.

[19] This was written in 1865, and is to be found in the same small, white hospital notebook which contains some of the notes on Lincoln's death.

HOSPITAL MISMANAGEMENT

WAR tends to render both doctors and nurses callous. Whitman was immediately struck by the numerous instances that came to his attention of mismanagement and gross neglect in the Washington hospitals, and apparently began collecting material for an article on this subject. In his first known letter to the press dealing with his hospital experiences, he sharply criticizes the bureaucratic tyranny and the heartless indifference to the welfare of the sick and wounded which prevailed in the hospitals. There were hundreds of officials who were not only incompetent but altogether unsuited by temperament for their important position. Some of the ward doctors, too, were "careless, rude, needlessly strict." [1] Whitman objected to the military discipline that was imposed on these helpless soldiers. In an article contributed to the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, March 19, 1863, he describes with indignation the impudent and insolent airs of the officials at the Judiciary-square Hospital. Whitman felt that in the hospitals at least these young men who had braved death for the sake of saving their country should be free from the strict military rules and regulations which obtained in the ranks.

John D Andrews—Young man in hospital & on Fort Greene—born in Maine (Portland) mother died when [?] yrs old—father is also dead—has always been to sea—has heart disease—also syph—his statements about hospital doings—the danger of being an "interesting case"—(the soldier's episode of what happened *at the hospital at City Point*).[2]

Occurred on Thursday about sundown April 10th—stage 436—Knickerbocker—policeman 1726, (Macarthy)—outrageous conduct of policeman—pulling the driver down from his stage, tearing the

[1] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 90.

[2] This was written in 1862.

clothes off his back—and then going up to the stables, and taking him off to the station house, and locking him up all night—Brought before Justice Connolly next morning, he was discharged, even on the policeman's own statement.

Most of the Broadway squad of policemen are very well behaved to drivers, (although there are exceptions.) But new police occasionally detailed for some special occasion to Broadway are apt to be very insolent and unreasonable.[3]

Frederick Huse, private Co. I, 35th Mass. died in Campbell Hosp. died 5th Jan. '63, overdosed by opium pill & laudanum, from an ignorant ward master.

Joshua Ford, private Co. E. 1st Delaware, ward master gave him inwardly nitrate of ammonia, intended for a wash for his feet. Jan. 4th '63.[4]

Jan. 13. Speak to Penn. ag't, Major Gililand, 15th near Riggs, Co. I, 100th Pa. sick in hospital, (bed 39, Ward 6, Camp. H.) his hearing is quite gone—and he has heart disease—is a perfectly fit case for discharge, and wants to be discharged.

John G. Meyers, of 1st Penn. Rifles—scene in Ward I, Armory Square hospital—Meyers, a German who had signed muster roll in the hospital, and was hardly convalescent, was ordered off by Dr. Mitchell—scene of his arrest and conveyance to the guard house—described to me as a good soldier who had fought well for 18 mos.[5]

Dr. Mitchell of Ward K—Armory Sq Hosp.—in summer of '63 —he put Burton in the guard house for lighting a pipe for a one-legged soldier—that was his whole & entire offence—a comrade

[3] Although written in 1862, this entry, which recounts an incident of brutal and unreasonable conduct on the part of the police towards the stage-drivers, is placed in this section because it shows so strikingly Whitman's immediate resentment of cruelty and injustice in any form—a resentment which came out more strongly when he observed the treatment accorded the wounded soldiers in the Washington hospitals.

[4] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 100. "There are, however, serious deficiencies, wastes, sad want of system, in the commissions, contributions, and in all the voluntary, and a great part of the governmental nursing, edibles, medicines, stores, &c."

[5] Whitman is obviously referring to Doctor Mitchell when he says that he found one doctor "who prohibited the men from all enlivening amusements; I found him sending men to the guard-house for the most trifling offence." (*C. P. W.*, VII, 90.)

asked him to light his pipe & he did it—the doctor (Mitchell) saw it & ordered him in the guard house.

Fall of '64—Brooklyn City Hospital—the five Beman brothers —latter part of Aug. & July, Sept. 1864 (up to 13th when I write this)—visited the soldiers in Brooklyn Hospital in Raymond St. —at one time I found about one hundred there—they were all without money, except remittances from home—tobacco was most needed—I supplied them, several times, also paper & envelopes, postage stamps—& to three or four cases, a little money. Peaches, apples, sugar, cakes, &c. to appropriate cases.—Two or three times spent the evening here, reading to the men, & chatting with them. It is the dullest most low-spirited hospital I have been in. The nursing, ventilation, diet are bad & means to amuse the men entirely deficient; no visitors, no sympathetic connection with the outside world.[6]

Withdrew from one case of a wounded man & very badly wounded too, because he used tobacco, smoked; and from another soldier very sick because on one occasion he swore at some aggravating usage he received.[7]

[6] For his experiences in the Brooklyn and New York hospitals, see *C. P. W.*, VII, 122. About the hospital on Raymond Street he says, "This Brooklyn hospital is a bad place for soldiers, or anybody else. Cleanliness, proper nursing, watching, etc., are more deficient than any in any hospital I know." (*Ibid.*)

[7] This note is written on the back of a paper containing two stanzas of "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" It offers no clue as to the person to whom Whitman was referring. Whitman, as we know, distributed tobacco freely to those who asked for it.

HOSPITAL INCIDENTS

THIS section is devoted to a number of brief notes relating to Whitman's ministrations in the hospitals. Some of these notes are mere fragments; others have been incorporated in the text of his published work.

General description of my going around first lightly to all, & then selecting out the cases that are most proper for special attention or sympathy—[1] bring in description of hospitals toward last—[2] also summary of visits &c, towards very last—[3] towards latter portion from four to eight sticksfull about battles of Wilderness, Spottsylvania,—the first wounded, came in in a curious manner, on foot, hobbling, stragglers &c.—[4] the ice cream treat at Carver.[5]

Writing letters by the bed-side

I do a good deal of this, of course. Many have not written home to parents, wives, brothers, sisters, for a long time. They are poor writers, have no paper or envelopes, or something else. Many have an aversion to writing because they don't want to worry the folks at home—the facts are too sad to tell. Still, I generally encourage them to write, and have written all sorts of missives, (including love letters.) Here is the case of my writing a letter, almost as I jot down this ketch, for a sick man to his wife.[6]

N. Y. Relief Association, Penn. av. cor 7th—call for bottle of

[1] These notes, from the Lion Collection, were used by Whitman when he wrote the article, "Hospital Visits," contributed to the New York *Times*, December 11, 1864. Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 108–109.

[2] Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 115.

[3] Cf. *Ibid.*, p. 125.

[4] Cf. *Ibid.*, p. 117.

[5] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 90.

[6] Also from the Lion Collection. It is followed by the note "run in." Cf. *C. P. W.*, VII, 109.

brandy for Mrs. Reynolds, Ward F. (Massachusetts, same building).[7]

Ward I Camp. Hosp.—Send up old magazines & loose books.
Ward H. bed 37—a pipe and smoking tobacco.
Cooley—Culbertson—is back.
Stetson has gone home on furlough.
Meade is now ward master.
Serg't Hall is to be discharged.[8]
Men occupy their time in bead work.

[7] From the Lion Collection. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 98.
[8] Cf. the comment on "Red Stripe," *C. P. W.*, VII, 98.

LINCOLN AND WHITMAN

HOW profoundly Whitman was affected by the death of Lincoln is recorded for us in that noble elegy, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," in *Specimen Days*, and in his memorial lectures on Lincoln. Soon after Whitman came to Washington, he learned to have immense faith in the character and capacity for leadership of the President, and whatever he wrote about him breathed a spirit of devotion and love. During his stay in Washington, he saw Lincoln almost every day. What impressed him most in the man was his marvelous self-control. Though many forces were against him and he was in the beginning regarded with great suspicion, if not with open hostility, he persevered and carried out his dedicated work. Lincoln was the true exemplar of American greatness. Yet Whitman was inclined to be skeptical about the legendary distortions of the real Lincoln, the apocryphal stories that gathered about his name and soon gained wide currency. Whitman would give them no credence. These fabulous tales were pure invention, the coinage of idle rumor.

Finally the plan was broached of having Whitman give a memorial lecture on Lincoln, and his friends, especially Burroughs, heartily supported the idea.[1] Whitman was commemorating an event whose tragic significance, he believed, must be kept alive in the minds of the American people. The assassination was, in his eye, the culminating sacrifice of the war, and it served, as nothing else could have done, to unite the country. In Lincoln's death the future would behold the climax of the struggle of the nation against slavery.

The statement that Lincoln read *Leaves of Grass* is given in an account by Henry B. Rankin, *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln.* Mr. Barton in his book questions the truth

[1] For a discussion of the number of times these lectures were delivered, see Barrus, p. 260; Furness, p. 203, note 41; Barton, Chapter XV.

of this statement and the authenticity of the letter by A. Van Renssellaer,[2] which relates that Lincoln once said on seeing Whitman pass by that "*he* looks like a *man*." Whether he said it or not—and there is no positive evidence to show that the letter was either genuine or not—the fact remains that Lincoln influenced Whitman deeply. He admired the President with his Michelangelo face that had something in it, as Whitman phrased it, of native Hoosier quality, ugly yet strangely beautiful at times, with its deep engraved lines and kindly brooding eyes. Once when he was in the same room with the President, he wrote in his diary, "I love the President personally." [3] Beneath the coarse humor and simple exterior of the man, he saw a powerful and heroic personality, endowed with great strength and wisdom.

Brochure.—Two characters as of a dialogue between A. L.—n and W. Whitman.—as in ? a dream—or better ? Lessons for a President elect—Dialogue between W. W. and "President elect."

Lincoln's death—thousands of flags at half mast—& on numbers of them long black pennants—from the shipping densely crowding the docks, the same—numerous ferry boats constantly plying across the river, the same solemn signal—black —business public & private all suspended, & the shops closed—strange mixture of horror, fury, tenderness, & a stirring wonder brewing.[4]

April 15th—Broadway N. Y.—In the forenoon, the news had not more than been rec'd. All Broadway is black with mourning—the facades of the houses are festooned with black—great flags with wide & heavy fringes of dead black, give a pensive effect—towards noon the sky darkened & it began to rain. Drip, drip, &

[2] See Barton, pp. 97–99; *Camden,* III, 179.

[3] See "Whitman's Diary for 1863," entry for October 31st, p. 138.

[4] A notebook in the Bucke Collection contains a fragment describing how Whitman crossed the river from Brooklyn the day after the news of Lincoln's death was received, and walked up Broadway. Sadly he noted the contrast between the Broadway he had seen on gala occasions and the street before him. The stores were shut, and the entire scene, with the exception of the heavy stages rolling by, was pervaded with a solemn stillness.

heavy moist black weather—the stores are all closed—the rain sent the women from the street & black clothed men only remained —black clouds driving overhead—the horror, fever, uncertainty, alarm in the public—Every hour brings a great history event on the wires—at 11 o'clock the new president is sworn—at 4 the murder is— [5]

Lincoln's death—black, black, black—as you look toward the sky—long broad black like great serpents slowly undulating in every direction—New York is distinguished for its countless gay flags—every house seems to have a flag staff—on all these the colors were at half mast.

Dec. '73 and Jan. '74

In the public reading room, where there are on file papers from all parts of the country, I see now and then only articles, mostly communications about Mr. Lincoln's "religious opinions." One half of these communications would make him out an atheist, or infidel; the other half prove to their own satisfaction that he was an orthodox believer, at least in the broadest tenets of Christianity. Then a long lecture was lately delivered in Springfield, Ill. (Nov. '73) by a Mr. Herndon, to rake up 60 or 70 years, to argue the point, (in which he takes the negative) whether Mr. Lincoln's father & mother were formally, conventionally married! Several papers print this "lecture" in full.[6]

[5] Left incomplete in manuscript.

[6] See Appendix. Whitman was in the habit of keeping a miscellaneous collection of newspaper clippings relating to Lincoln and particularly to his tragic death. He also kept a diagram of the box and the places where President Lincoln, Miss Harris, and others sat on the night the murder was committed. The page is dated May 7, 1879. It is not in his writing and was probably drawn by Miss Harris. Among his papers in the Harned Collection there is also a journal signed A. J. B.—(A. J. Bloor)—who sent Whitman Miss Harris' story of Lincoln's assassination. In a letter of June 9, 1879, Mr. Bloor states that Whitman made a copy of selections from his journal which he had kept hastily and on loose sheets during the war. Whitman is mainly interested in Miss Harris' account, though he used what Mr. Bloor said about the actors. One part of Mr. Bloor's journal is dated New York, April 15, 1865. Another part is dated Washington, Wednesday, April 19, 1865, and describes the funeral. "All heads were uncovered as the hearse slowly passed with its nodding plumes, its flower strewn coffin and many horses, 6 or 8, led by the pall bearers. Nothing

Sketch over rapidly the war part (make it about 15 or 20 minutes)—personal sights of Lincoln—avoid going into any political or military statistical account of the war—but give if possible *a ☞ fine stirring, dramatic & elocutionary picture of the war.*[7]

could exceed the beauty of the day and calmness of the air."—In another fragment headed "Lincoln," Whitman says, "Dont fail to note pp. 213, '14, & '15, Bates's Battle of Gettysburgh.—See also pp. 13, 14 same vol." He was interested in the account of Lincoln's address at the Gettysburg Monument dedication. He sees the chance for contrasting strongly the polished, classical oratory of Everett and the simple touching speech of Lincoln. He quotes the words of Everett, "Ah Mr. Lincoln I would gladly give all my 40 pp. for your 20 lines."

[7] This is a hastily written note giving the points he must remember to include in his lecture. "Stirring, dramatic" are written more boldly and are more heavily underlined.

IMPRISONMENT AND EXCHANGE OF GEORGE WHITMAN

ANXIOUS for the welfare of his brother who was then in prison, Whitman went to extremes in his criticism of the dilatory and callous attitude of the administration toward the exchange of Union prisoners in the South, and sent a scathing communication to the newspapers on this subject. He was deeply incensed at the alleged cruel and inhumane treatment accorded Union prisoners in the South, and was inclined to credit the sensational stories of suffering and privation he heard. Whenever he speaks of the horror of these places, his indignation gets beyond his control. "There are deeds, crimes," he cries out, "that may be forgiven; but this is not among them. It steeps its perpetrators in blackest, escapeless, endless damnation." [1] No doubt a great deal of what Whitman saw and heard was true. The conditions that obtained in the Southern prisons were wretched and vile beyond the power of words to describe, and the mortality rate was pitifully high. The picture that he draws of life in a prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, is not without a degree of verisimilitude. "A large proportion of the men lived in holes in the ground, in the utmost wretchedness. Some froze to death, others had their hands and feet frozen. The rebel guards would occasionally, and on the least pretence, fire into the prison from mere demonism and wantonness. All the horrors that can be named, starvation, lassitude, filth, vermin, despair, swift loss of self-respect, idiocy, insanity, and frequent murder, were there." [2] But Whitman errs, perhaps, in assuming that this was deliberate on the part of the South, and that the South alone was to blame. Though, on the whole, the North provided better food

[1] *C. P. W.*, IV, 121.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 92–93.

and accommodations for its prisoners, both sides were guilty, as is inevitable in times of war, of brutal and cruel treatment.

No more convincing testimony than the notes included in this section could be given of Whitman's deep and genuine affection at the time for his brother. When Whitman found out that despite all his efforts his brother had not been exchanged with the others on February 18, 1865, he suspected foul play. Utterly disheartened, this is what he wrote down in the memorandum he kept of George's imprisonment and exchange: "There were many unavoidable inferences about it that look'd very bad and for a couple of days and nights I was deeply, deeply deprest. The cup had been dashed to the ground as I was holding it in fancied security to my lips." [3] George Whitman failed, however, to understand the character of the poet or appreciate the quality of his genius. He once said to Whitman confidentially, "Damn it, Walt, I think you have talent enough to write right; what are you up to, anyhow?" [4] Nor was Whitman unaware of his brother's limitations as a man,[5] yet he left no stone unturned, used every possible means of influence, in order to get him exchanged.

What Stops the General Exchange of Prisoners of War?—Three-fourths of Our Men Already Exchanged by Death, or Mental and Bodily Ruin, and the Rest will soon Follow.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle: [6]

The public mind is deeply excited, and most righteously so, at the starvation of the United States prisoners of war in the hands

[3] From the Bucke Collection.

[4] *Camden,* III, 538.

[5] *Ibid.,* p. 541.

[6] Printed in the Brooklyn Daily *Eagle,* December 27, 1864. In the Bucke Collection there is the draft of a letter Whitman sent to the editors of various newspapers asking them to print his communication regarding the exchange of prisoners and to say a word about it editorially. The same letter is given in the New York *Times,* December 27, 1864, which also contains an editorial, "What Can Be Done for Our Prisoners?" apparently in response to Whitman's request.

of the Secessionists. The dogged sullenness and scoundrelism prevailing everywhere among the prison guards and officials, (with, I think, the general exception of the surgeons,) the measureless torments of the forty or fifty thousand helpless young men, with all their humiliations, hunger, cold, filth, despair, hope utterly given out, and the more and more frequent imbecility, I have myself seen the proofs of in so many instances, that I know the facts well, and know that the half has not been told, nor the tithe either.[7] But there is another and full as important side to the story. Whose fault is it at bottom that our men have not been exchanged? To my knowledge it is understood by Col. Mulford, our capital Executive Officer of Exchange, and also by those among us who have had longest and nearest contact with the secession exchange officers, that the Government of the latter have been and are ready to exchange man for man as far as prisoners go, (certainly all the whites, and, as I understand it, a large proportion of the blacks also.)

Under the President (whose humane, conscientious and fatherly heart, I have abiding faith in,) the control of exchange has remained with the Secretary of War, and also with such personages as Major General Butler and Major General Hitchcock. In my opinion the Secretary has taken and obstinately held a position of cold-blooded policy, (that is he thinks it policy,) more cruel than anything done by the Secessionists. Ostensibly and officially saying he will not exchange at all, unless the Secession leaders will give us, on average terms, all the blacks they capture in military action, the Secretary has also said (and this is the basis of his course and policy,) that it is not for the benefit of the Government of the United States that the power of the Secessionists should be repleted by some 50,000 men in good condition now in our hands, besides getting relieved of the support of nearly the same number of human wrecks and ruins, of no advantage to us, now in theirs.

Major General Butler, in my opinion, has also incorporated in

[7] A fragment, to be found in the Bucke Collection, seems to contradict Whitman's emphatically stated opinion of prison life in the South. In it he refutes the idea that prison life is degraded and unhappy. He says that the men were generally in good spirits, patriotic, and behaved in a manly way. Though deaths occurred every day and there were many wounded and sick, the men returned in healthy condition. Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 120.

the question of exchange a needless amount of personal pique, and an unbecoming obstinacy. He, too, has taken his stand on the exchange of all black soldiers, has persisted in it without regard to consequences, and has made the whole of the large and complicated question of general exchange turn upon that one item alone, while it is but a drop in the bucket. Then he makes it too much a personal contest who shall conquer, and an occasion to revenge the bad temper and insults of the South towards himself.

Of Major General Hitchcock, the public may judge what a valuable contribution he brings to this matter of exchange, from a remark he has made not long since, that "none but cowards are ever taken prisoners in war."

This is the spirit in which the faith of the Government of the United States toward fifty thousand of its bravest young men—soldiers faithful to it in its hours of extremest peril—has been, for the past year, and is now handled. Meantime, while the thing has been held in abeyance in this manner, considerably more than one-fourth of those helpless and most wretched men, (their last hours passed in the thought that they were abandoned by their Government, and left to their fate,) have been exchanged by deaths of starvation, (Mr. Editor, or you, reader, do you know what a death by starvation actually is?) [8] leaving half the remainder closely prepared to follow, from mental and physical atrophy; and even the remnant cannot long tarry behind. So that the Secretary and the Major-Generals mentioned, may find their policy work out even more than they calculated.

In my opinion, the anguish and death of these ten to fifteen thousand American young men, with all the added and incalculable sorrow, long drawn out, amid families at home, rests mainly upon the heads of members of our own government; and if they persist, the death of the remainder of the Union prisoners and often worse than death, will be added.

Walt Whitman.

Feb. 4th. Maj. Gen. Hitchcock has promised to direct a special exchange in favor of George & Sam Pooley.[9]

[8] Cf. *C. P. W.*, IV, 121.

[9] A memorandum that Whitman kept, now in the Bucke Collection, gives a complete account of his frantic efforts to secure an exchange for his brother George, who was then a prisoner in Danville.

Feb. 6—Wrote to George—Danville Va.

Sutter 51st (George's trunk)—S Kipp cor F & 9th St.—Model House.

Feb. 13 '65—Wrote to Capt. Mason, enclosing $28, for box of provisions he purchased & sent to George from City Point.[10]

Feb. 18—rec'd Capt. Mason's letter dated City Point 16th—says George's box went on the 10th inst from City Pt. Says he rec'd the $28 I sent him.

Feb. 27 '65—wrote to Lt. Col. Mulford, asking if he can tell why the 51st officers did not come up from Danville about the 18th with the rest.

Feb. 28—Called on Gen'l Hitchcock at his office—He sent the memorandum to Lt. Col. Mulford—

> The filth deviltry at Andersonville pen
> Men changed by thousands become [11]

George left Danville Feb. 19 & came to Richmond, (Libby)—was there till the 22d Feb.—then came down the river to flag of truce boat, was exchanged, & passed by steamer to Annapolis, 23d Feb. '65 (got the two boxes of things in Richmond)—wrote to mother from Annapolis Feb. 24—drew two months pay that day.

George arrived home in Brooklyn Sunday nine—March 5, 1865—Washington April 29, '65.[12]

[10] Cf. *Camden,* III, 292.

[11] Two lines in blue pencil on a loose slip of paper, evidently intended for a poem on Andersonville Prison. Cf. *C. P. W.,* IV, 121.

[12] George came home looking thin and showing the effects of his imprisonment. He had been in the hospitals there about six weeks and the doctors had despaired of his life. He lay in a delirium until at last the fever ran its course. When that happened, he thought the end had come. It was dark. Calling one of the nurses to raise him up, he asked for paper and pencil and wrote, what he thought to be his last letter, to his mother. Then he closed his eyes and waited for the approach of death. He fell into a deep sleep and awoke in a hot sweat just at dawn. His naturally robust constitution had saved him. He had led a life of privation and misery. His things had been stolen and he was practically without clothing. The prison officials gave him but little food to eat; he virtually starved. What kept him alive was a diet of beans and cornbread. When the prisoners finally arrived at Annapolis, a number of them died from overeating. When his furlough was over, George refused to accept an extension of time which Whitman promised to secure, and decided to report promptly to his regiment.

APPENDIX

LIST OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

Whitman, as has been said before, was undoubtedly collecting material for a prospective history of his experiences during the Civil War. In the *Memoranda during the War* he had given a vivid and faithful record of what he saw in the hospitals and in the camps, but this record was at best fragmentary, and he hoped eventually to fuse all his material into a unified account which would be a prose complement to *Drum-Taps*. Following his usual method, he gathered material from newspapers, much of which has unquestionably been incorporated in *Specimen Days*.

It is difficult—and, perhaps, not altogether worth while—to disentangle these bits of information from the context into which they have been skilfully embedded. Yet this list of newspaper clippings has been included because it may prove helpful in many ways. It not only affords important evidence as to the nature of Whitman's interest and his reactions to many phases of the Civil War; it also has some bibliographical value. It is to be hoped that someone will go to the trouble of mounting and arranging these clippings in the Harned Collection so that they may be preserved for future investigators. For they are important both as source material and as indicating that Whitman went frequently to contemporary newspaper accounts for his information.

1. Boston *Herald,* April 18, 1881. Records Whitman's visit to Boston to read his commemoration address on Lincoln.[1]

2. San Francisco *Sunday Chronicle,* December 7, 1879. A clipping relating to the death of Lincoln.

3. Philadelphia *Ledger,* November 3, 1880. Relating to the Andersonville Prison Pen.[2]

[1] Cf. Barton, p. 197. This lecture was delivered on April 15, 1881.

[2] Aside from his personal interest in the war, Whitman was deeply concerned about the treatment the Union prisoners received at the hands of their Southern captors. His brother George had suffered untold agonies

4. New York *Evening Post,* September 24, 1881, "Lincoln's Death-Bed." [3]

5. "Abraham's Place in History," newspaper clipping dated April 18, 1865. Name of newspaper not given.

6. "The Grave of Lincoln," article in newspaper dated 1874.

7. "Abraham Lincoln's Religion," Toledo (Ohio) *Index,* April 2, 1872, by Col. W. H. Herndon.[4]

8. Review of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" by Ward A. Lamon.

9. Long article from the Philadelphia *Press,* February 11, 1884.[5]

10. *The Sunderland* (England), July 7, 1876. A review of Whitman's *Memoranda during the War.*[6]

11. *The Evening Star* (Philadelphia), Saturday, January 16, 1892, "Men and Memories." [7]

12. Clipping from the New York *Times,* October 15, 1883 (the

there, almost dying of a fever in the poorly equipped and ill-managed prison hospital. See *supra,* "The Imprisonment and Exchange of George Whitman." To Whitman the prisons were living and eloquent testimonies of the horror and unspeakable cruelty of war.

[3] Whitman went to elaborate pains to verify every detail of the assassination, from eye witnesses and newspaper accounts. He was eager to know exactly how Booth leaped to the stage, caught his boot belt on the drapery, fell on one knee, recovered himself and rose, and how he cried, "Sic semper tyrannis!" The eye of the dramatist is here at work; Whitman was seeking vividness as well as accuracy. See *supra,* "Lincoln and Whitman."

[4] Whitman comments on this article that Col. W. H. Herndon in his lecture at Springfield, Illinois, on December 13, 1873, tried to prove that Lincoln was illegitimate and that he was an infidel. He adds, "make this tally with Mrs. Stowe."

[5] This gives the text of Beecher's eloquent sermon on Wendell Phillips, the great Abolitionist orator.

[6] This is a highly commendable review. "No poet of any clime—not even Shakespeare, Scott, or Southey—ever depicted the woes of war so powerfully and touchingly as Walt Whitman does, as it were with a few blurred pencil strokes, in these memoranda."

[7] This article was incorporated in a book of reminiscences by John Russell Young, *Men and Memories.* New York, 1901. "More than any other poet," the writer says, "he identified himself with the civil war." Mr. Young stresses the point that for Whitman this war was not, as it was for Garrison and Greeley and others, a war for emancipation to which every other issue was subordinated. For Whitman the moral value of the war was the restoration of the Union. "It was a Union war, the war of men, the war of the private soldier. . . . The soldier is the theme."

date set down by Whitman himself) on the finding of a Union soldier's diary.

13. Clipping containing war figures, headed "The Number of Troops Furnished by Each State and Territory during the War." No date.[8]

14. Proof sheets for article, "Fifty-first New-York City Veterans," printed in the New York *Times,* October 29, 1864.[9]

15. "Waste of Life in Our Armies—Duty of the Government." Neither name nor date of paper is given.

16. The *Daily Republican,* August 8, 1872, "General Grant's Character." [10]

17. Clipping with Whitman's writing at top: "Some details of surrender of Lee at Appomattox." He dates it, "Phil Press, July 1, 1883."

18. The Philadelphia *Press,* July 26, 1886 (this is given in red ink in Whitman's handwriting). Article relates to the number of Union soldiers captured by the Confederates during the war. The number is estimated at 212,608.

19. M. D. Conway's article in the *Fortnightly Review,* November 17, 1886.[11]

20. The *Sunday Morning Chronicle,* November 10, 1867, "Walt Whitman." A reprint of Robert Buchanan's article which appeared in the *Broadway Magazine,* November, 1867.[12]

21. "A Shameful Case of Sickness," in the Camden (N. J.) *Democrat,* December 5, 1874.[13]

[8] This is a statement issued by the War Department, giving the number of men furnished from April 15, 1861, to the close of the war.

[9] On the reverse side Whitman notes the date on which the article appeared, and adds "reg't captured at Petersburg." This article is reprinted in *U. P. P.,* II, 37.

[10] At the top of the paper this is written in Whitman's characteristic scrawl: *"Gen Grant*—a good statement—character, manners &c."

[11] This article quotes a friend as saying that at a moderate estimate, Whitman "has been in contact with, and in one form or another, either in hospital or on the field, personally ministered to, upward of one hundred thousand sick and wounded men."

[12] The article discusses *Leaves of Grass* and *Drum-Taps.* Of the latter it says, "It is more American and somewhat less mystical than the 'Leaves of Grass.'" This article was reprinted in Buchanan's *David Gray and Other Papers,* 1868.

[13] This is a reply to an editorial, contemptuous in tone, which appeared in the New York *Tribune.* The Camden paper states that the origin of Whit-

22. Proofs for "Our Wounded and Sick Soldiers," printed in the New York *Times,* December 11, 1864.[14]

23. Interview, "Walt Whitman," in the Philadelphia *Press,* March 3, 1880.[15]

24. *The National Reformer,* August 2, 1874. An article by James Thomson ("B. V.").[16]

25. The Springfield *Republican,* April 19, 1876. A letter by Sanborn giving some reminiscences of Whitman.[17]

26. "A Summary of the War," dated July 20, 1886.[18]

27. "Prison Memories." Describes the twelfth convention of the Union prisoners of war. The only date given is 1885.

28. "Ex-Prisoners of the War." Another clipping describing the same convention.

29. "Grant to Buckner," reporting an interview between the two. Only date is July 15.

30. Small clipping headed "Short History of the War." No date.

31. "The Book of Death." The date marked is August 1885. The article mentions the fact that the records of the Libby Prison are now preserved in the government archives at Washington.

32. Clipping giving comments of General Beauregard. The date in the margin, marked by Whitman, is 1884.[19]

33. Fragment from the *Century Magazine,* November, 1884, which states what General Bee said to General Beauregard, "Look

man's disease was due to "overstrained labor continued night and day" in the hospitals and on the field from 1862 to 1865.

[14] On the back of the last sheet Whitman wrote, "Army Hospital letter. (good)." Included in *C. P. W.,* VII, 101. Also incorporated into *Specimen Days.*

[15] At the top Whitman has written, "Pennypacker's interview." "The final cast and coloring of Whitman's poetry," the writer says, "is taken from the Secession war (the Union war, as he calls it. . . . Whitman dwells with more satisfaction on his doings in those four years than on his now world-renowned literary productions."

[16] Reprinted in his *Walt Whitman the Man and the Poet.* London, 1910.

[17] On the other side Whitman has written at the bottom, "very good letter—by Sanborn."

[18] This clipping is pasted on the reverse side of a note from the law offices of McIlduff & Torrance. In the margin is written, "Beecher on Grant —Phil. Oct 27 '85."

[19] " 'If Jefferson had not obstructed my design,' says General Beauregard." Between the words "says" and "General Beauregard" Whitman had inserted a carat and written "in 1884."

at Jackson's brigade; it stands there like a *stone wall.*" Below in ink is written "how name come."

34. Above a newspaper clipping relating to the war, Whitman has written, "Aggregate of War Dead." Where the paper says that a million lives were lost in the war in four years, Whitman puts in at the side, "(Says a newspaper, July 24, 1865)." [20]

35. Clipping from the New York *Tribune,* February 26, 1879. Contains an interview with Hon. Willard Warner, who describes General McPherson's death.

36. Clipping from the New York *Methodist* (no date). Gives the death-bed testimony of a Major-General as "to the black troops' courage." [21]

37. Small clipping regarding Colored Volunteers.[22]

38. Clipping concerning Colonel E. Wild's plan to raise a "Wild African's brigade." [23]

[20] The paper thinks that this figure, which includes the fatalities among the South and those among the sick and wounded, is probably too high. Whitman adds in the margin, "(I think not at all too high—W.)" One passage of rhetorical eloquence is marked off and in the margin is Whitman's comment "run in," which would seem to indicate that he probably intended to use it in his account of the war. A quotation will show what kind of prose then particularly appealed to Whitman. "Long years of hope, love, joy, of towering ambition, of successful enterprise, of beneficial influence, were before them." The first sentence of the paragraph marked off—"The lives cut off have been mainly those of the young"—voices a thought Whitman frequently stresses in his memoranda of the war.

[21] Whitman manifested a keen interest in the activities of the colored troops who fought in the war. On a separate slip he has written, "the 1st Kansas Col. Vol. is a fine reg't—two or three Co's are of Indian breed—they fight like demons, use the knife, scalp the dead &c. They are real warriors, in every respect, nothing to take them back." On a yellow scrap of paper this note: "Blacks—Mrs. Hannah Moses anecdotes the fact that several of the best pilots in the U S ships in the attack on Charleston were blacks." Whitman records any news relating to the negroes in the army. It interests him to know, for example, that there is a black engineering regiment, the first regiment Louisiana engineers, which was ordered to serve for three years.

[22] States the fact that the first Kansas Colored Volunteers is full. Beneath this clipping Whitman has written, "Gen. Blunt has ordered the 1st Kansas colored, (Col Williams) to Baxter's Springs, extreme south-eastern portion of Kansas—there is probably going to be work there in Arkansas - the prize is important there in the rich desmesnes, the Indian territory, &c. &c."

[23] In the margin Whitman writes that Wild is from Massachusetts and has lost an arm, but "is quite an old campaigner."

39. Article states that General Thomas is at Vicksburg and that "he will organize 50 colored regiments—has the skeletons of them already formed." The date marked by Whitman is August 28.

40. Letter from near Columbus, Ohio, printed in the New York *Tribune,* April 22, (no year).[24]

41. The Washington *Chronicle,* April 24, (no year). A clipping relating to the formation of a negro regiment. Whitman sets down the information that three other regiments composed of negro troops were formed at Lake Providence, lower Mississippi, under General McPherson's authority: the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth "Louisiana infantry of African descent."

42. Clipping from the New York *Tribune,* May 1, (no year), which Whitman marks "seems reliable." It relates that the slaves "are stampeding at a great rate to Western Missouri—swarm across the line in droves taking wagons, horses, cattle, & one sort of truck & another. Sometimes they make a real procession, (would be mighty good for an artist to paint)."

43. Clipping which reads, "One tomb at Arlington contains the remains of 2111 unknown soldiers." [25]

44. Whitman has mounted Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—taken from a newspaper—and written at the top, "Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburgh."

45. A copy of the *Annual Report of the Surgeon General, United States Army,* 1865.

46. Article from the *Daily Chronicle,* July 22, 1865, "Conversations with Gen. Thomas," relating to the negro regiments in the Mississippi Valley. One of the smaller captions reads, "Sixty Rebel Plantations under Loyal Culture."

47. Clipping describing a letter by Major General Hunter to Governor Andrew, praising the colored regiments under his command.

48. Clipping, mounted on white paper, mentions the attack of the second regiment Louisiana Guards, in which they lost six hun-

[24] On this clipping Whitman writes, "At Helena, the new negro regiments are progressing favorable. In 3 days after Gen Thomas left for Vicksburgh 800 had enlisted in the 1st Arkansas infantry of African descent."

[25] Whitman writes at the bottom, "in the great National cemeteries—of which there are so many—each has a tomb or section devoted to the unknown dead." Cf. *C. P. W.,* IV, 138–139.

dred men and nearly every officer. "Their behavior upon this occasion," reads the clipping, "has forever settled the problem of using negro troops." At the top Whitman writes, "In Bank's attack on Port Hudson May 26 ?"

49. Clipping entitled "General Thomas's African Labor System," which Whitman dates May 16, (no year).

50. "The War Meeting of the Colored Men," which Whitman dates March 16, (no year).

51. "Colored Troops in Kentucky," from the New York *Tribune*. The date at the head of the article is: Louisville, Ky., June 17, 1863.[26]

52. Clipping (Whitman dates it July 25, 1863) describes the heroism and bravery of the first regiment of young Minnesotans.

53. Clipping (no date, no title) reporting the rapid enrollment of negro troops down the Mississippi.

54. Clipping from the Washington *Chronicle,* May 26 (no year), dealing with the enlistment of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth. Whitman writes over it, "Boston letter."

55. Clipping from the *Daily Morning Chronicle,* Monday, April 20, 1863, "The Arming of Negroes in the West." [27]

56. Clipping, "Colored Men in the Navy."

57. Clipping from the Washington *Chronicle,* April 16, 1863, "Diabolism of the Guerillas." [28]

58. Clipping containing a published letter, which is headed, "The Great Gallantry of the Negro Troops at Milliken's Bend."

59. Mounted on the back of a page of instructions from the United States Christian Commission are three clippings. The first tells of a large number of negroes enlisting. The second, which Whitman says is a despatch from New York to the Washington *Chronicle,* June 22, (no year), describes the expedition of Colonel Montgomery. The third, from the Washington *Chronicle,* June 23,

[26] It describes the willingness of negroes, who up till then had been harshly treated, to dig trenches and even to fight.

[27] It contains a speech of Adjutant Thomas to Grant's Army, begging the soldiers to tolerate and respect the negro troops. There was considerable hostility at first to the presence of negroes as soldiers in the Union forces.

[28] Whitman marks the paragraph which describes the brutal murder of twenty negroes by a band of rebel guerillas. Cf. *C. P. W.,* IV, 94.

relates to General Thomas and the spirit of the negro soldiers.

60. Clipping containing figures of the number of men in the army and the number of Confederate troops.

61. Clipping from the Washington *Chronicle,* August 4, 1865, "Brevet Colonel Clifton K. Prentiss." Another clipping from the New York *Times,* August 23, 1865, also mentions death of this officer.

62. Clipping from the New York *Herald,* May 27, 1879, containing obituary of William Lloyd Garrison.

63. Clipping, "The Iowa Regiment."

64. Clipping from Woodstown *Register,* May 14, 1878, which notes the publication of a two-volume book, "Record of Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Civil War—1861–1865."

65. Clipping, "Color in Old Gouldstown," dated by Whitman Sunday, May 31, 1875. It describes the thorough mixing of races in a New Jersey settlement.

66. Article, "War Memoirs," by General Custer in *Galaxy,* June 1876.

67. Whitman's "Letter from Washington," which appeared in the New York *Times,* October 4, 1863. Reprinted in U. P. P., II, 29.

68. Clipping marked *Star,* June 9, 1865, and headed "The Wilderness Battle Field."

69. Whitman's article, "The Great Army of the Sick," printed in the New York *Times,* February 26, 1863. Reprinted in *C. P. W.,* VII, 81.

70. "Life in Rebel Prisons," in the New York *Tribune,* May 14, 1878.

71. *Armory Square Hospital Gazette,* January 6, 1864 (the first issue of this magazine); February 3, 1864; February 17, 1864.[29]

[29] Whitman himself states that he contributed to this magazine, but the present writer, after a thorough search through the incomplete files of the *Armory Square Hospital Gazette* to be found in the Library of Congress, has been unable to locate any articles by or references to Whitman. A long, humorous, narrative poem, "Report of the Medical Officer of the Day," signed D. W. C. Slyck, in the issue of April 9, 1864, not only contains a good description of the routine of the hospital but also contains one stanza which is interesting because it may possibly refer to Whitman's

72. "The South in the Union Army," by Felix A. Reeve, in the *North American Review.*

73. "Property Seized in the War," in the Philadelphia *Press,* August 16, 1868.

74. Clipping, "Military Executions," 1863.

75. Letter of Abraham Lincoln in newspaper in reply to Horace Greeley's attack. Date is Washington, D. C., August 22, 1862.

76. Clipping on which Whitman wrote at the top, "About Abraham Lincoln." It is a printed letter of Ward Lamon to Henry Ward Beecher about Lincoln's religious beliefs. Date of letter is January 31, 1874.

77. Clipping relating the celebration of the fifth anniversary of assassination of Abraham Lincoln, with a lecture by James E. Murdoch, who gave his recollections.[30]

78. Two clippings relating to Lincoln.

79. "The Dead of Rebellion Fame," from the New York *Times,* June, 1876.

80. Clipping, "A Sketch of Abraham Lincoln." In Whitman's writing at the top, "From Carl Schurz a Eulogy on Sumner delivered in Boston April 29, '74."

81. Clipping from the Washington *Evening Star,* April 7, 1869, describing the release of two prisoners.

habit, begun on October 1, 1863, of reading pieces of poetry to the sick and wounded soldiers.

> Permit me, sir, to call attention
> To some slight matters worthy mention,
> Which much concerns both great and small,
> Sojourners in the Central Hall.
> A muse, right from Apollo's side,
> Has in our midst come to abide!
> And now incessantly we hear
> Strains dulcet to a mortal ear,
> From noonday's call to eve's retreat,
> From evening till the taps are beat.

In the *Colophon,* February, 1930, Professor Holloway prints an article, "Whitman on the War's Finale," which contains a letter signed W. W. that appeared in this magazine on May 13, 1865.

[30] The last paragraph reads, "Mr. Murdoch interspersed his Recollections with several practical readings, which were Whittier's 'Laus Deo,' and Buchanan Read's 'Sheridan's Ride,' which were very finely rendered, and created enthusiasm in the audience."

82. Clipping, "Letter from President Lincoln."

83. Clipping on Lincoln from the New York *Tribune,* January 22, 1878.

84. Clipping, "Army of the James," its third triennial reunion, from the New York *Tribune,* October 22, 1874.

85. Clipping, a fragment from M. B. Field's *Memories of Many Men,* describing Lincoln's lying in state in the Executive Mansion and how his face was touched up by an artist.

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